DECEMBER 1972

Saturday Review

ONE DOLLAR

THE ARTS

Christmas Books: A Year-End Guide

Ideas from Coppola, Ginsberg, McKuen, Moravia

ON SALE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 2

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From Calcutta...

Report on Elizabeth Dass...

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Richmond, Virginia

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.
CALCUTTA, INDIA - CASEWORKER REPORT

TO NAZARETH HOME, CALCUTTA — DATE: MARCH 17, 1969

NAME: ELIZABETH DASS

DATE OF BIRTH: APRIL 12, 1964

NATIVE PLACE: CALCUTTA — ORDER OF BIRTH: THIRD DAUGHTER

HEALTH: FRAIL, THIN, WALKS WITH DIFFICULTY, PROTEIN DEPRIVED

CHARACTERISTICS: GENTLE, QUIET, COOPERATIVE. SPEAKS CLEARLY AND IS OF GOOD MIND. WILL BE ABLE TO LEARN ONCE HEALTH AND STRENGTH ARE RESTORED.

PARENT CONDITION: FATHER: DECEASED.

MOTHER: MALNOURISHED, RECENT VICTIM OF SMALLPOX, WORKS IN A MATCH FACTORY.

INVESTIGATION REPORT:

ELIZABETH'S FATHER USED TO BE A STREET CLEARNER, DIED FROM TYPHUS. HER MOTHER IS VERY WEAK FROM HER RECENT ILLNESS-INDEEDIT IS REMARKABLE SHE IS ALIVE AT ALL. ONLY WORK AVAILABLE TO THIS WOMAN IS IN A MATCH FACTORY WHERE SHE EARNS TWO RUPEES A DAY (26¢) WHEN SHE IS STRONG ENOUGH TO GET THERE AND WORK.

HOME CONDITIONS: HOUSE: ONE ROOM BUSTEE (HOVEL) OCCUPIED BY SEVERAL OTHER PERSONS BESIDES ELIZABETH AND HER MOTHER. HOUSE IS SO SMALL COOKING IS DONE ON THE FOOTPATH. BATHING IS DONE AT A PUBLIC TAP DOWN THE ROAD. PERSONS LIVING WITH THEM IN THIS HOUSE ARE NOT OF GOOD REPUTE, AND THE MOTHER FEARS FOR ELIZABETH.

SISTERS:

MARIA DASS, DECEASED OF SMALLPOX
LORRAINE DASS, ALSO DECEASED OF SMALLPOX
(ELIZABETH FORTUNATELY ENTIRELY ESCAPED CONTAGION)

REMARKS:

ELIZABETH WILL CENTAINLY BECOME ILL, PERHAPS WILL TAKE UP THIEVING, MAYBE EVEN MORE TERRIBLE WAYS OF LIVING, IF SHE IS NOT REMOVED FROM PRESENT HOME CONDITIONS. HER MOTHER IS WILLING FOR HER TO GO TO NAZARETH HOME AND WEEPS WITH JOY AT THE HOPE OF HER LITTLE DAUGHTER BECOMING SAFE FROM THE WRETCHED LIFE THEY NOW HAVE.

STRONGEST RECOMMENDATION THAT ELIZABETH DASS BE ADMITTED AT ONCE.

Elizabeth Dass was admitted to the Nazareth Home a few days after we received this report and she is doing better now. Her legs are stronger . . . she can walk and sometimes even run with the other children. She is beginning to read and can already write her name.

Every day desperate reports like the one above reach our overseas field offices. Then we must make the heartbreaking decision—which child can we help? Could you turn away a child like Elizabeth and still sleep at night?

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Saturday Review of the Arts

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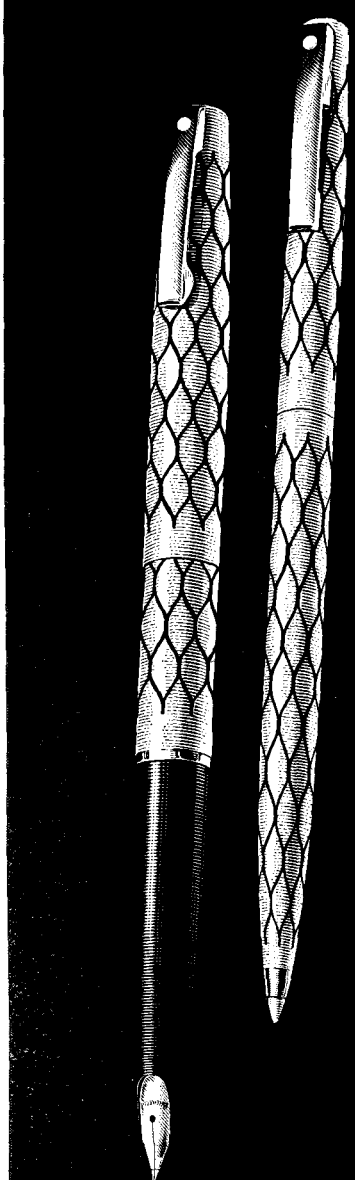

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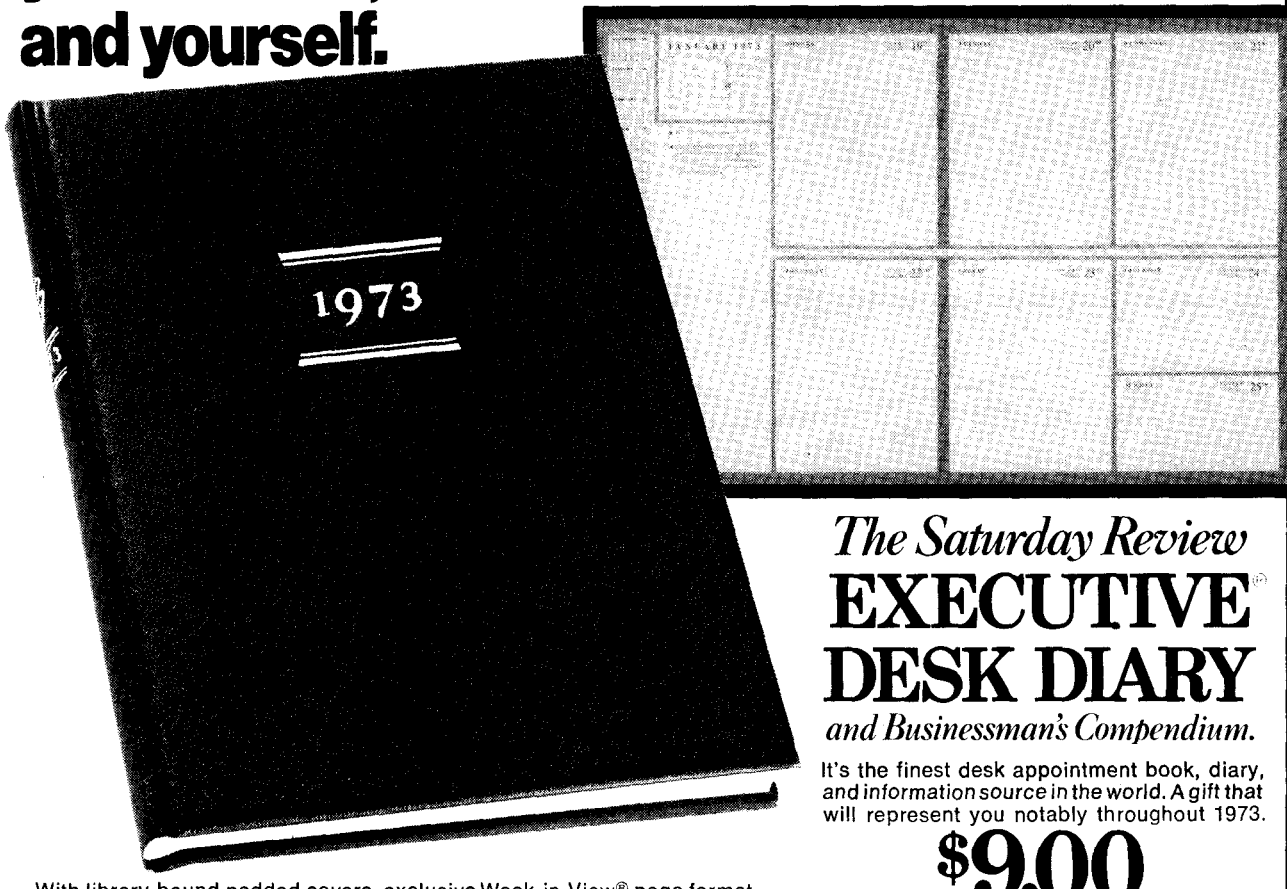

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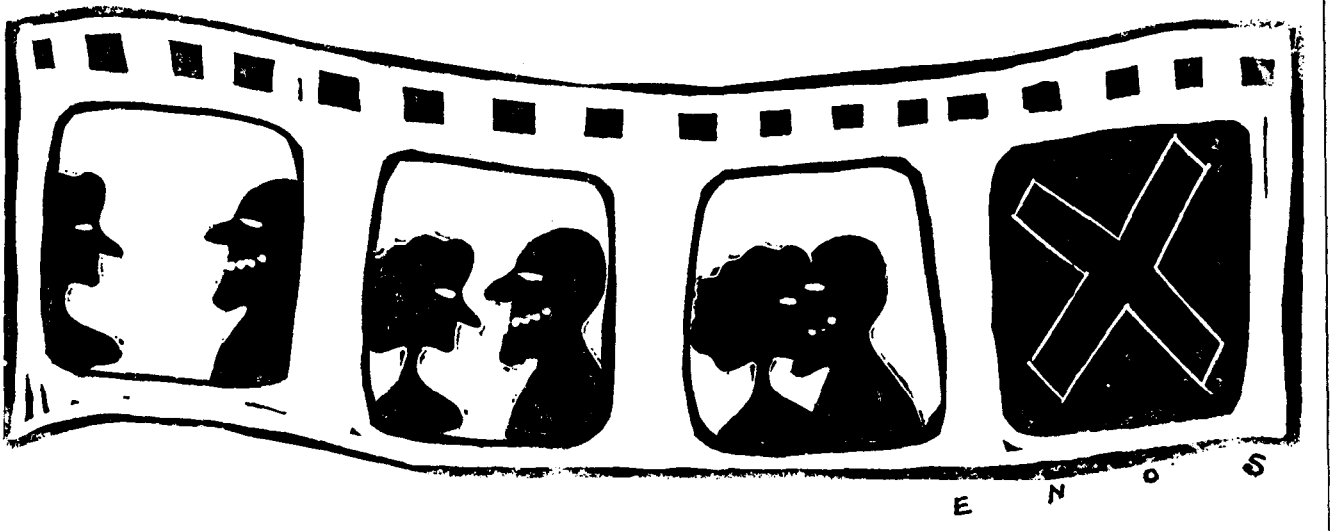
UP FRONT

DECEMBER 2, 1972



Doctor X

BY JACK LANGGUTH

LOS ANGELES, Calif.—It seemed like a harmless idea. With everyone excoriating the movie-rating system, I would drop in at the offices of the Motion Picture Association of America, sit through a screening with the raters, and record their deliberations with an evenhandedness and candor that would reconcile Judith Crist and Jack Valenti.

The first warning that this worthy enterprise might be a bit tricky came when I put through a call to the head of the rating board, Dr. Aaron Stern. (I was curious about what the "Dr." signified, but after a dozen years in Southern California I knew that inquiring into a man's credentials, at least on first acquaintance, may be taken as proof of unfriendliness.) Dr. Stern burst like Marjoe upon the wire. "You're close to a much bigger story than you know," he assured me, "a story I have never given to anyone. Hef wants it for *Playboy*, but I'm not sure that's the proper forum for it.

"As you probably know, I have been rallying the creative community against the X rating. I don't believe in it. But," the doctor lowered his voice, "there are political overtones to all this. And, of course, there's the question of how the rating system will eventually dovetail into the whole audio-visual structure. You understand what I'm saying?"

"Yes," I lied.

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We agreed that I would visit him the next week at his office. "Come at eleven thirty," Dr. Stern said. "We'll have lunch here. What kind of sandwiches do you like?"

"Anything."

"See you Wednesday."

The MPAA maintains quarters at Beverly Boulevard and La Cienega, next to the Rexall that used to bill itself as the World's Largest Drug Store. The building's lobby is as wide and sleek as the set for the office building in every Forties movie; it's the uniformed guards posted on each floor who give the place a contemporary look.

In Dr. Stern's outer office I was greeted by a secretary, who said, "Dr. Stern is in a meeting, and he can't be disturbed." I took up *Daily Variety* to while away the time with columnist Army Archerd.

Five minutes later the inner door opened and a lovely blonde stepped out, ushered by an energetic, gray-haired man. Past the threshold I saw a couch.

Of course, that was my conclusion, too. But we do Dr. Stern an injustice. Aaron Stern is a licensed psychiatrist, with an M.D. degree from New York State University and a certificate in psychoanalytic medicine from Columbia. When Jack Valenti offered him the rating job, Dr. Stern insisted on keeping time free for treating patients.

Behind his desk the doctor gave the impression of being a man in the right place at the right time. Thirty years ago, when hard-drinking Irishmen had a corner on the Breen office, that fastidiously arranged gray hair would have

Jack Langguth is the author of two novels and a freelance journalist who lives in Los Angeles.

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been suspect, those dark eyes too soulful, the references too erudite. His clothes, on the other hand, were of a modish sharpness that might cause unease at a university or in a psychiatric ward.

"Everyone wants to sit in on a rating session," Dr. Stern wearily began. "But that's not the story. *West* magazine will be touching on the real issue in a few weeks. They don't have the full story, either. You see, what everyone forgets about this office is that we do not rate ideas here. Take a film like *To Find a Man*—about two kids going out to look for an abortionist. That was a PG. Now the *idea* of abortion offends some people. But there was nothing on the screen to make it an R—or an X."

(The MPAA currently divides films into four categories: G for general release; PG, parental guidance advised; R, under seventeen admitted only with parent; X, no one under seventeen admitted.)

"Take *Clockwork Orange*. I flew to London to talk with Stanley about that X rating. At first he was angry. But I told him that we couldn't give *Clockwork* an R just because he had speeded up the camera on that *ménage à trois* scene. Because, if we did that, then any hard-core pornographer could speed up his scenes and legitimately ask for an R on the same basis. We would have created a precedent. By the time we finished talking, Stanley saw my point."

(Late in August Stanley Kubrick cut thirty seconds from two scenes in the film, and the MPAA gave his picture an R rating for its citywide release.)

The big story, the one Dr. Stern had tantalized me with over the telephone, seemed to involve cable TV. He feared that what he read as a repressive mood within the federal government soon would reduce that new avenue of communication to offering the worst sort of pap—unless, that is, the television industry faced up to the problem in "the forthright way" the motion picture industry had.

Dr. Stern had no doubt that waves of censorship were already lapping against his door. "Look at the newspapers in Detroit and Cleveland and Boston and Cincinnati," he said, "that won't accept ads for X-rated movies."

"There are more attempts at censorship now than when the rating system began?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes," Dr. Stern said, "it's much worse now."

The next movie the board was due to rate was Woody Allen's *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex*, and Dr. Stern offered to call United Artists and seek permission for me to attend. With that prospect to whet my appetite—and without having heard another word about the promised sandwich—I left his office.

Two days later everything was off. "United Artists hit the ceiling," Dr. Stern said. "They say, 'Absolutely not.'" He would be leaving town for a few days, but we would confer again on his return.

The *West* magazine article was scheduled to appear in the meantime. I knew that Dr. Stern was excited about it because an editor at the *Los Angeles Times*—which published *West* as its Sunday magazine until it shut down the supplement this fall—told me that Stern had ordered fifty copies, sight unseen.

Sunday came. Bloody Sunday, I'm afraid, at the Stern household. *West*'s writer Leonard Gross not only captured the doctor's antic style but also undertook to analyze the analyst, exhuming early struggles in Brooklyn against a mother—"unfair woman," in Dr. Stern's phrase—who could trick the boy into confessing his smallest misdeeds.

After he had revealed the suave medical practitioner as one more Portnoy beneath the skin, Gross pitted Stern in a debate against one of his critics, Bert Schneider, who produced *The Last Picture Show*. The result was something of a rout. When Dr. Stern explained that by rating films he was fighting repression, he sounded very much like that U.S. Army major who said he had to destroy that Vietnamese town in order to save it.

When next we talked, Dr. Stern was at low ebb. If he was bitter, his bitterness seemed to be directed less against *West* than toward a movie industry that was compromising him.

"I was idealistic. Maybe I've even been naïve," he said. "These people all talk about art, but they're working in the most remunerative field in history. They've never had so much freedom, and yet they keep making these perverse demands. It's not freedom they want, it's indulgence.

"Of course, I've been a pain in the ass to the industry with my concern about local autonomy and about keeping the federal government out of the business of censoring films. But the industry needs what I stand for. They want to use my credentials, and they hope my ideals won't be noticed—that's the American way.

"What the media have done to me just fills the industry's needs."

In that frame of mind Dr. Stern was probably not going to help me with the studios. I volunteered to call them myself.

"That's the better way," Dr. Stern said. "You know you'll have my full cooperation."

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I had heard that the board was going to be rating Frank Perry's *Play It as It Lays*, the film version of Joan Didion's novel. But when I called the MPAA to check, I was told that Dr. Stern had left for Europe—without, it seemed, having filled in his staff on our last conversation. His secretary asked that I please not call Universal until the doctor was back.

On his return Dr. Stern was no less wary than when he left. "You've got to get a studio to request your presence," he said. "That will get me off the hook."

"Which studios have films coming in for rating?"

"Phone around. You'll find out. It's better we're not involved."

I called Universal. "Too bad you missed the Perry film," an official said. "We won't be having anything else for at least a month."

At MGM a chatty woman in the censorship department told me that Ken Russell's *Savage Messiah* had just come in from London. "I couldn't get through the script," she said. "Couldn't make any sense out of it. But since it was shot in London, it didn't matter. We wouldn't have tried to make changes from here anyway. I can tell you one thing, though—the script was definitely an X. We'll have to cut it down to an R."

"What will that mean?"

"Well, as you know, with an R you can have all the blood you want. When it comes to sex, it's all right to roll, but you can't go up and down. Very small points.

"We never tell a producer or director what to do, and we never ruffle anyone's fur. *Melinda* was an example lately. Did you see it—black flick? That took two screenings by the rating board. The first one just told us what was wrong. The sex scenes were very, very explicit. Mr. Atkins—he was the producer or the director—wanted to leave them in. Very gently he was persuaded, until he was the one who suggested they come out.

"Dr. Stern has worked with us many times. We've called him in to talk to a producer, and he's been very helpful. What you've got to explain to a producer is that he's got a PG script except for—pardon the language—the word 'fuck' three times. The word's not important to the story. So he takes it out and gets his PG. That's the best rating there is—just a little bit of salt and spice. None of us wants an X. MGM won't even release one. The whole basis of the industry is to make money."

She was to check with the proper executives and get back to me the next day. It was shortly before 9 a.m. when

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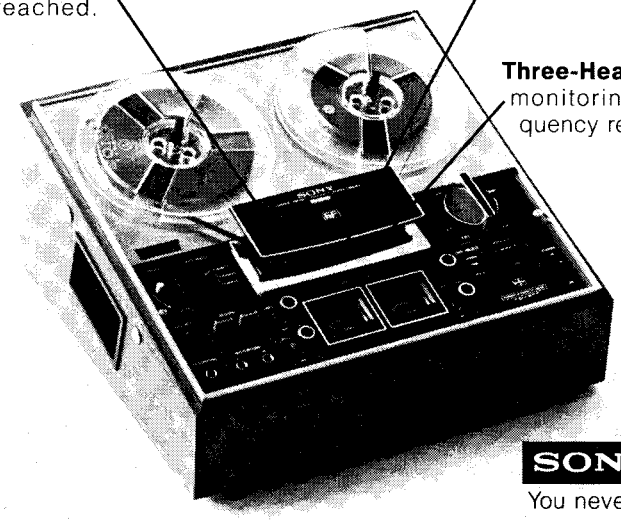

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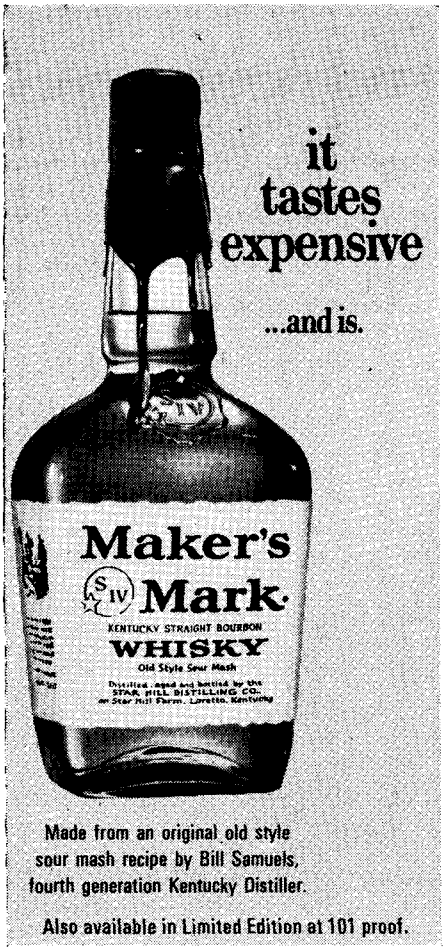

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she called: MGM did not care to have me present for the rating session. Suddenly she was quite cool. "It could misrepresent the whole procedure to have an outsider there," she said.

For good measure someone at MGM called *SR* to head me off, in case I planned to lurk unauthorized around the MPAA screening room.

Columbia said there was nothing pending over their way. At Avco Embassy there was nothing at the moment, either. The key man at Paramount was out of town. At 20th Century-Fox, however, I wound up talking with an official who seemed profoundly sympathetic.

"Does Twentieth Century release X movies?" I asked.

From the other end a sharp intake of breath. "We have a policy against X-rated films. A couple of years ago we released *Myra Breckenridge* and *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*, back to back. The board of directors decided then: Never again, not for all the money in the world."

He would check the agenda and call me soon.

But not soon enough. Within the hour a very exercised Dr. Stern was on the line. "You know," he said, "you're putting the studios in a very awkward spot."

I was flattered. "How?"

"They want to appear to be open with you, but they definitely don't want you at the screenings. I just had a call from Twentieth Century-Fox. You've made it terribly difficult for them. They want me to do their hatchet job and tell you no."

"What's bothering them?"

"Don't be naïve," said Dr. Stern, not unkindly. "It's the whole political situation. The impact of Nixon. His reelection. No one is eager to bring up the issue of freedom of the screen right now. Those boards of directors want to stay out of any controversy. Remember, you're talking about a four-billion-dollar industry."

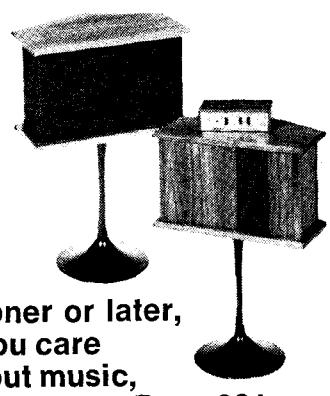
Dr. Stern's tone grew meditative. "I had a right to speak out when I did," he said. "I've made clear my personal position. I've shown them they could not usurp my sense of dignity. But if I'm voted down, I don't have the right to compromise an entire industry."

I assured him I wouldn't want him to.

"That doesn't mean you won't have a story to write in sixty or ninety days. This system can't stay dormant. There are too many pressures. Something will have to give. But at this moment the time is . . . ."

"Wrong?"

"Take my word for it," said Dr. Stern. □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The Documentary Maker

BY THOMAS MEEHAN

NEW YORK, N.Y.—During the second week of November the Public Broadcasting System presented a ninety-minute documentary film entitled *Essene*, which is the sixth in a remarkable series of *cinéma-vérité* films by Frederick Wiseman about the inner workings of basic American institutions. *Essene* (the title is taken from the Essenes, the Old Testament monastics) is a portrait of an Anglican monastery in southwestern Michigan, a subject that might strike some as tedious and uncinematic. In Wiseman's hands, however, it is rich in character, incident, and humor. *Essene* begins quietly, one might even say unpromisingly, with scenes of monks going about the day-to-day routine of their ascetic lives—raking the lawns, strolling about the grounds, praying. But as the film develops and we gradually get to know the quirky individual characters of the monks, a few of whom are more than slightly eccentric, *Essene* becomes increasingly powerful and, indeed, turns out to be a subtle and brilliant documentary.

In *Essene*, as in all of his films, Wiseman is intentionally guilty of what is known in creative-writing courses as "indirection"—that is, he never directly tells you where the film is taking place or who anyone is. Nor does he use such standard devices of the documentary as voice-over narration or the on-camera interview. Instead, his technique is to let the film tell its own story. The viewer is thus put into the position of someone who has wandered into a totally unfamiliar place, where he knows no one and no one is introduced to him. As a result, he is compelled to figure out for himself which person is which and what's going on. It is a trademark of Wiseman's that he demands a good deal of participation on the part of his viewers. Patience in this instance will be rewarded by what may be the best TV documentary of the year.

A couple of hours after I'd seen *Essene* at an early-morning advance

Thomas Meehan regularly reviews movies for SR.

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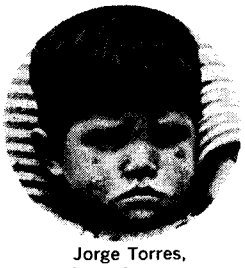
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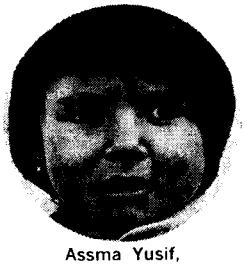
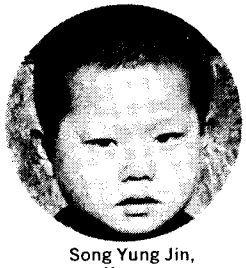
Rina Begum, Bangladesh

Carlos Bohanas, Latin America

Reshell Smith, Southern Black


Assma Yusif, Middle East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Warren Kingbird, American Indian

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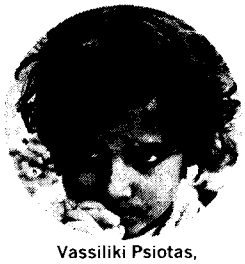
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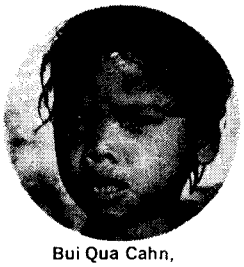
Athanasia Mapanda, Africa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Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

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Sweet psalms and hymns, — — — — —, or whispered prayer

Should from the — — — — — drift forth to bless the air.

Instead, Greek — — — — — are uttered there at night,

And Roman — — — — — honored with a rite.

What — — — — — the Lord, to let our pastor mix

The waters of the Jordan with the Styx?

A.S.

Answer No. 300 will be found on page 90.

screening, I had lunch in the Rose Room of the Algonquin Hotel with Wiseman, who was in town for the day from Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he lives with his wife and two children. A soft-spoken, long-haired former lawyer of forty-two with a pleasantly dry wit, Wiseman has the pale, haggard look of a man who spends a lot of his time in the semidark of film-editing rooms. And, in fact, he told me over a preluncheon glass of tomato juice, while he spends only a month shooting one of his films, he spends nearly six months on the editing.

Wiseman has been professionally involved in moviemaking only since the middle of the 1960s, when he produced *The Cool World*, a feature film about a gang of spaced-out Harlem juvenile delinquents, which was directed by Shirley Clarke. Previously he had practiced law for a brief time and had been a teacher of law. *The Cool World* didn't exactly set the cinema world on fire, but Wiseman's involvement in the project got him hooked enough on making movies to convince him to give up the law. Wiseman decided that he wanted not only to produce movies but also to direct them. So, in 1967, he made his first *cinéma-vérité* documentary, *Titicut Follies*, which was a study of life in a prison for the criminally insane in Bridgewater, Massachusetts. The shocking prison conditions that *Titicut Follies* exposed embarrassed Massachusetts officials, and the film was banned in the state. Wherever else it was shown, however, *Titicut Follies* received enormous critical acclaim, and, indeed, it was named the Best Documentary Film at the Mannheim Film Festival in 1967 and won the Critics' Prize at the Festivale dei Popoli in Florence in 1968. In his first attempt at directing a movie, Wiseman had turned out a picture that is recognized today as a classic of American documentary filmmaking.

Like all of Wiseman's documentaries, up to and including *Essene*, *Titicut Follies* was shot in black-and-white with a single, hand-held 16 mm. camera, while sound was simultaneously picked up by a high-fidelity tape recorder. "I shoot about thirty feet of film for every one that appears in a finished movie—in other words, forty-five hours of film for a ninety-minute documentary," Wiseman told me. "So, a film of mine is actually made—given shape, rhythm, and whatever story line it may have—in the editing room. And, of course, I do all of my own editing."

Because it contains a couple of fleeting scenes of male nudity, *Titicut Follies* has never been shown on television, but the five documentaries he has made since have been shown on PBS, which has financed his last four films. In 1968 Wiseman made his second documentary, *High School*, a look at life inside a large Philadelphia school. With a great deal of insight and humor, it showed the oddly deadening quality of education in a typically uptight and regimented middle-class American institution of learning. "It wasn't until I was halfway through making *High School* that I realized that, as in *Titicut Follies*, I was doing a study of the mechanics and the personalities within an institution," Wiseman told me. "So I didn't consciously set out when I began making films to do a series of documentaries on institutions—it just sort of happened that way, mostly because I'm fascinated by institutions and, particularly, by how authority is exercised within them."

Like *Titicut Follies*, *High School* was a major critical success, as were the next three films that Wiseman made—*Law and Order* (1969), a study of the Kansas City Police Department; *Hospital* (1969), a look at the workings of a large New York public hospital; and *Basic Training* (1971), a film that followed a company of recruits through nine weeks of Army basic training at Fort Knox, Kentucky. *Law and Order* won an Emmy award as "the best news documentary of 1968–69"; and *Hospital* won two Emmys.

"I think that the most intriguing thing I've discovered about institutions in the course of making my six films is how much alike they are," observed Wiseman during our lunch. "The bureaucracy in a monastery, I've found, is quite similar to that in a high school or a hospital. And the personalities of those who occupy positions of power in different sorts of institutions are curiously alike, too. The dean of discipline in *High School*, for example, is exactly the same sort of man as the drill sergeants in *Basic Training*, the police officers in *Law and Order*, and the prison guards in *Titicut Follies*."

Over postluncheon coffee we got back to talking again about *Essene*, which Wiseman told me he had filmed during a four-week period in the summer of 1971 and then had spent most of last fall and early winter editing. While filming it, he stayed in a guest house on the grounds of the monastery along with the two members of his crew—William Brayne, his photographer, and Oliver Kool, a youthful general assistant. Wiseman's method of making a film is simply to wander through a place and shoot whatever goings on strike him as the most interesting and revealing of its character. In other words, no scenes in his films

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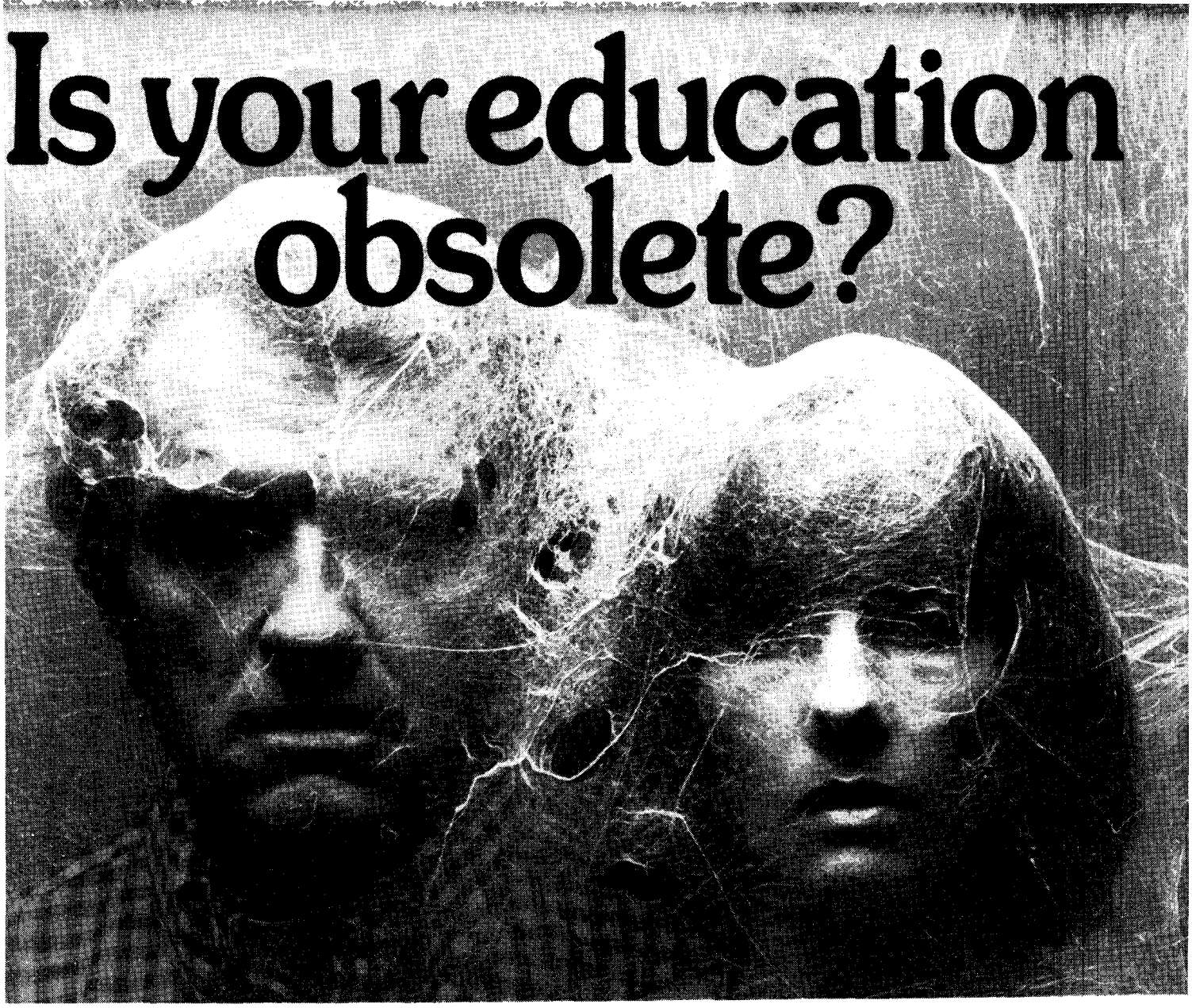

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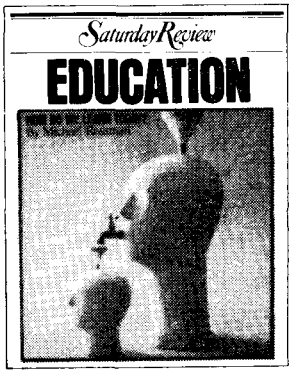

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are staged for the camera; they are simply what happens in the normal course of events. Wiseman himself handles the tape recorder and at the same time indicates to Brayne where he wants the camera directed. He shoots in black-and-white in order to be able to use natural light rather than to have to set up the klieg lights and arc lamps that are needed for shooting in color.

Something that has always bothered me about *cinéma-vérité* films is a suspicion that the presence of the camera must have an effect on the behavior of those who are being filmed—surely, people act differently when a camera is turned on them, I've thought. When I brought up this point to Wiseman, he assured me that this was not so. "For some reason that I've never quite been able to figure out," Wiseman explained, "people totally ignore the camera when they're being filmed and almost never look directly into it. For example, having watched the monks in open-prayer session when I wasn't filming them and later when I was filming them, I saw absolutely no difference in their behavior." Wiseman claims that even those who come upon the camera by chance don't react to its presence. In one sequence in *Essene* a monk called Brother Wilfrid is seen strolling about the sidewalks of the small town near the monastery and then going into a hardware store to buy a potato peeler. "I imagine that Brother Wilfrid had been in that store dozens of times before—generally alone—yet when he came in this time, trailed by Brayne with the camera and me with the tape recorder, nobody said a word about it. Instead the clerks and the other customers behaved as if Brother Wilfrid had come into the store alone, as usual. No one spoke to Brayne or me or asked us what we were doing; they simply behaved as though we weren't there. Weird. And this has happened to us time and time again."

Wiseman does no research before starting a film, preferring to "discover" the subject with an unprejudiced eye as he films it. He knew nothing about monasteries or the monastic life before making *Essene*. "The most unexpected thing I discovered about monasteries is that the open-prayer sessions, in which the monks meet once a day to pray aloud and to talk out their problems, are remarkably similar to encounter-group sessions at a place like Esalen," Wiseman told me. "And yet most of the monks have never heard of Esalen or of encounter therapy.

Among the occupational hazards of filmmaking is finding oneself, when the day's work is ended, at a place where there is nothing to do. "The month that I spent filming *Essene* was alternately one of the most fascinating and most boring that I've ever spent," Wiseman remarked as we strolled out of the Algonquin. "And I suppose that the worst thing about that month was the food. The meals in the monastery were far from gourmet fare, to put it mildly, and the nearest town had only greasy-spoon luncheonettes to eat in. So, toward the end of my stay, I found myself driving each evening to Kalamazoo, a round trip of eighty miles, just to get a Baskin & Robbins ice cream cone." □

Ms Moorman's Water Music

BY MARY BREASTED

NEW YORK, N.Y.—On October 28 the retired Hudson River Day Line cruiser *Alexander Hamilton*, whose berth these days is at the South Street pier at the tip of Manhattan, was packed from stem to stern with what was undoubtedly the weirdest cargo of its history. In addition to a complement of some 100 artists and a steady stream of spectators and/or listeners, the *Alexander Hamilton* had on board roughly 140 television sets, some of which served as parts of a bed; forty-odd videotape recorders, used for all sorts of bizarre purposes; tuna fish sandwiches displayed in jars together with such unlikely condiments as motor oil, cranberry juice, and stove bolts; electric spaghetti; a Free Store; and much, much more.

The occasion was New York's Ninth Annual Festival of the Avant-Garde, an event that has been held in a different location and in a different manner—in 1968 it was staged as a parade—each year since its organizer, Charlotte Moorman, conceived of establishing a festival for artists whose works are too zany to be heard in conventional concert halls or exhibited in conventional galleries.

Ms. Moorman, a short, spunky cellist, is herself a sort of one-woman vanguard. She is known and loved in New York for her crazy cello concerts, which she likes to give in unlikely places and in unusual attire (or none at all). Last summer in London she played an ice cello—in the nude; the concert ended when the instrument melted—and Ms. Moorman got frost-bite of the breast, which was not part of the score.

"I would give a concert on the moon, if they would let me," Ms. Moorman said to me aboard the *Alexander Hamilton* some hours before she donned a diving suit to play a plastic-coated cello in a Plexiglas tank filled with water. Ms. Moorman went on to explain that the two talents required of all artists invited to participate in the festival were inventiveness and the ability to perform in public. As I strolled about the ship, however, it struck me that quite a few of the artists must have been chosen for their lack of inhibitions, a character trait that was not always accompanied by much creative talent. A notable example was the man who, dressed in a gown made of wire and strips of wood, stood blindfolded in front of very hot spotlights, foaming at the mouth and hanging vegetables on ropes with clothespins—for something like eight hours straight—while another artist, sitting on a thronelike seat and wearing a multihorned wooden helmet, read aloud what he said were his dreams.

Almost all of the exhibits were either electrical sculptures or conceptual events (the fancy term artists use for happenings, or pieces of living sculpture, such as the piece conceived by the man who foamed at the mouth) or a mixture of the two. So many of the works depended upon electricity that Con Edison had had to set up a special generator on the pier next to the boat. Everywhere you looked you saw television screens playing video film or showing live the milling crowd on board the ship. And everywhere you went you heard the squeaks and vibes and unintelligible sci-fi sounds of electronic music.

A typical sculpture was Nam June Paik's *TV Bed*, which consisted of eight TV sets, six of which were lined up under a thick piece of glass to form the mattress and two of which formed

Mary Breasted, who writes for the Village Voice, *says she plays the guitar and the piano but has never played either instrument underwater.*

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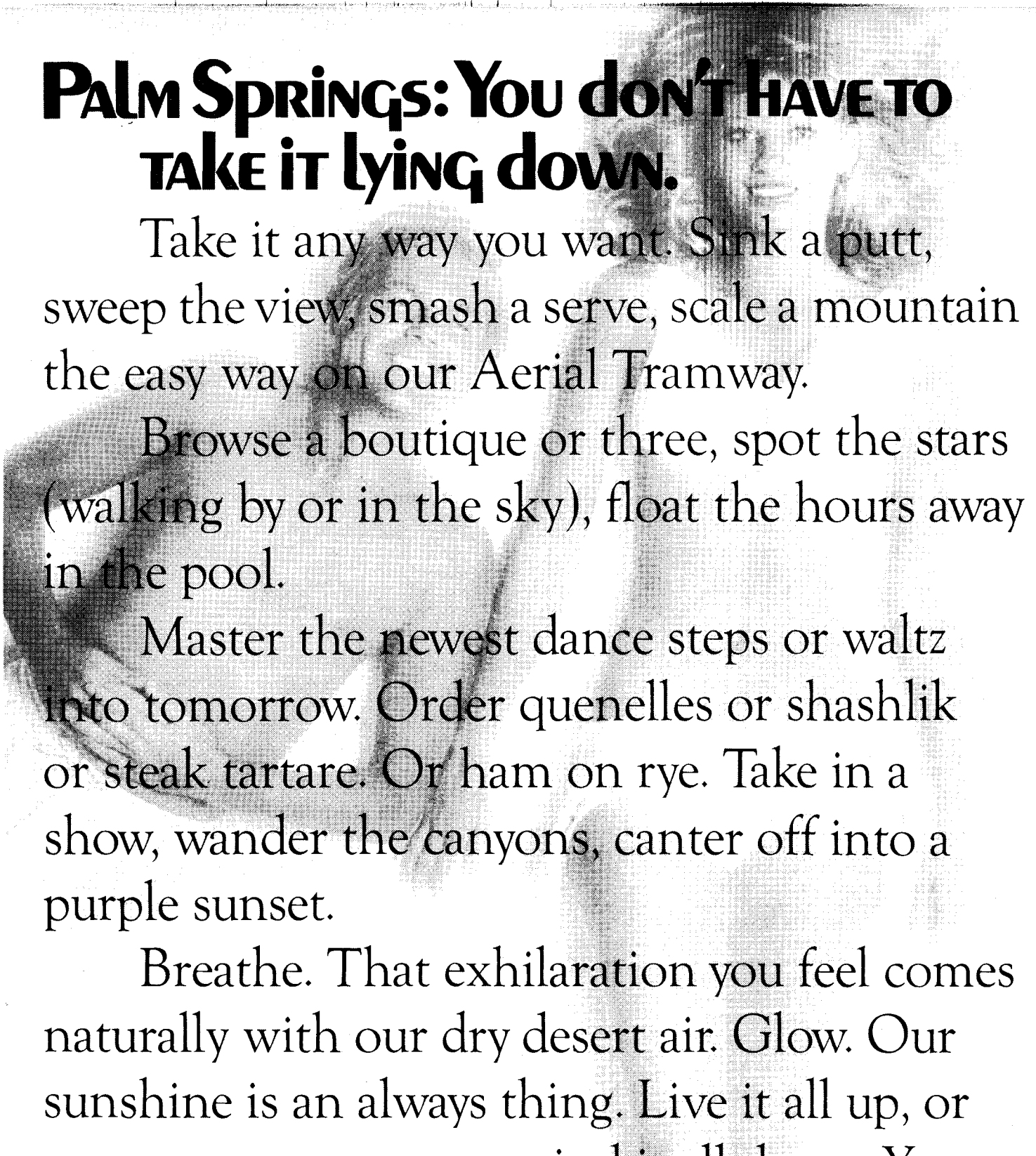

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the head of the bed. A video camera fixed above the bed was focused in such a way as to show on all eight of the TV screens the face of anyone who lay down on the bed.

Shigeko Kubota's multivideo-screen show, *Video Birthday Party (60th) of John Cage*, was made up of a collection of TV sets playing video tapes of Cage and others performing Cage's music. Elsewhere, five television screens showed moving abstractions that pulsated in conjunction with music. (Later in the day the same five screens showed rock star Tina Turner giving a concert that drew the biggest crowd of any exhibit save Charlotte Moorman's underwater *Unterwassernachtmusik*.

Down in the ship's galley Elizabeth Phillips, a Bennington senior, stood by a table wired so as to make it very sensitive to the touch. Having strewn garlicky spaghetti across her tabletop, Miss Phillips encouraged spectators to pick up the spaghetti, which, when moved, made weird ululations over her electrical equipment.

In another section of the ship Dr. Franklin Morris of Syracuse University had set up an elaborate multimedia display that featured three simultaneous slide shows, grotesquely costumed people who acted like characters out of de Sade's madhouse (one girl fried eggs, using a saw as a spatula, and cackled as her crooked glasses slid down her nose), and odd bits of sculpture, including a smiling dummy that seemed to be hung by the neck and looked like President Nixon. Dr. Morris's show, which was accompanied by the unmelodious sounds of electronic music, was titled *A Moog Synthesizer, Oscilloscope, Kinescope Event.*

My favorite electrically powered exhibit was set up in a small cabin on the top deck. The door to this cabin bore a sign that read Do Not Enter, and the single window opening out onto the corridor was boarded up to about eye level so that you had to stand close to see what was inside. A huge noise that seemed to come from the cabin blared in the corridor, and people crowded up to the window to see what was making all that racket. They came away laughing—the noisemaker was a tiny electric train going around a track laid out on a table.

One rather clever piece of *non*electrical art work was staged in the purser's office. There, several people dressed up in Twenties costumes posed as Day Line clerks. Frozen in their poses as they pretended to man the sales windows, they said nothing for long periods of time. When they actually did talk to passers-by, they spoke and moved in ghostly slow motion. One purser, wearing a green eyeshade, was in the process of selling me a Day Line ticket when another, abruptly and without explanation, slammed down the ticket window.

There were, in addition: avant-garde films, an *I Ching* fortune teller, a Ken Dewey memorial slide show (Dewey, who had been a regular at the festivals, was killed recently in a plane crash, and some people were saying that his death was his last and ultimate conceptual event), and photographs of the huge, orange banner that the artist Cristo had designed for a gap in the Rocky Mountains near Rifle, Colorado. (The banner itself blew down from its mountain site a few hours after it had been hung. Cristo gleefully remarked, "The fact that it no longer exists makes it even more interesting.") In fact, the *Alexander Hamilton* was so crowded with such a variety of sights and sounds and absurd goings on that a tour of just one deck could exhaust the mind of the observer as thoroughly as could an entire day's tour of an old-fashioned blipless museum.

At intervals throughout the day I stepped into the Free Store—two alcoves stocked with an assortment of odd objects, including pears, coverless paperbacks, a Teddy bear, and a vitamin E pill—to check out its Interaction Book. Visitors were supposed to write their names and addresses in the book and also to record what they had left in exchange for whatver they took and their feelings about the store. Most of the signers lived in Greenwich Village or the SoHo section of Manhattan, the neighborhood south of Houston Street where New York's artistic community is now concentrated. Random comments from the Interaction Book were: "Good pears (looking)"; "Took copy of *Tarantula* (Why not?) and two posters. Love"; "EPHEMERE THING?"; "Xchanged sunglasses for God"; "Leave confession take hope;" "Took a brown rabbit all over the boat we enjoyed it very much . . . I gave gum."

One Lower East Side resident made fun of the whole business, writing: "I took a pear and didn't put anything back because my psychiatrist says that I have to learn to accept things without feeling that I have to give something back. P.S.: Just [redacted] another pear."

Con Ed's generator gave out for half an hour in the afternoon, but it was in good working order when Charlotte Moorman gave her underwater cello concert that evening. Her five-minute concert drew the largest audience of the day—even though no one could hear her water music over the generator's avant-garde din. □

Beauty and the Beasts

BY PETER ANDREWS

NEW YORK, N.Y.—The gilded chair with a red-velvet cushion has been set up on a temporary dais at one end of the Venetian Suite of the Barclay Hotel. We have been waiting for twenty minutes for the arrival of Miss Terry Anne Meeuwsen, a twenty-three-year-old singer from Wisconsin who just a day-and-a-half ago was crowned as Miss America at the festivities in Atlantic City. Seven film and television cameras have been brought in, and fourteen reporters from the various media have already shown up, along with a clutch of still photographers. The media are about to bring the full brunt of their efforts to bear on that most demanding of assignments—the Beauty Queen Interview.

The vibes on this have already been disappointing. Traditionally, the first post crowning press conference is held in New York City for all the press, but this time they have been scooped by the *Daily News*. In today's edition the paper is carrying a small AP interview, made in Atlantic City, in which Miss Meeuwsen chides the press for asking her about her vital statistics, saying such questions are irrelevant. (The *News* is running them anyway, describing her as five feet eight, weighing 121 pounds, and measuring 36-25-36. Nobody pushes the *News* around.) Also, for the purposes of getting space and television time, the wrong girl won. We were all rooting for Miss Vermont, who had caused something of a stir in Atlantic City by coming out in favor of premarital sex. Along with muggings in New York City and Vice-President Spiro Agnew, premarital sex is absolutely sure-fire—a few weeks ago Miss Universe managed to get her name in *Newsweek* by reviving the old line, "You wouldn't buy a frock without trying it on first, would you?" But Miss Vermont is out. Surprisingly, she even lost the title Congeniality title to a girl from Utah.

"I guess we're stuck with a square beauty queen," whines one of the network cameramen, setting up.

At 10:45 Hal Bender, an NBC executive, who was one of the producers of the Miss America Pageant for television, arrives and orders the chair and

Peter Andrews is a freelance writer who expects never again to attend a Miss America press conference.

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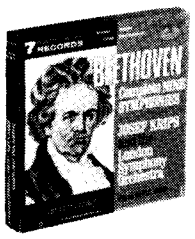

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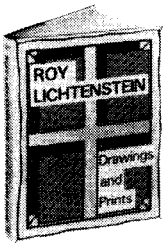

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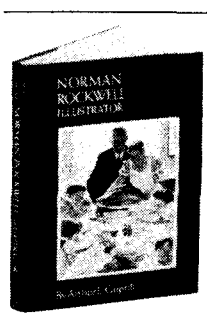

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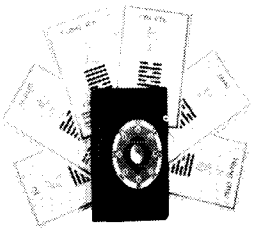

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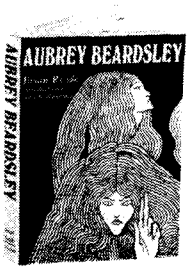

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the dais taken away. "That didn't look good last year," he explains. "We'll have her just stand in front. It will look more natural."

"Jeez," says a wire-service photographer, "what are we going to do? Just let her walk around?"

"You want to take her up on the roof and shoot her there?" says another photographer.

"Yeah, I want to take her up on the roof."

"You're rotten."

"Yeah, I'm rotten."

This is going to be essentially a photo-and-television conference. The *Times* and the Associated Press haven't sent anybody. Betty Flynn from the *Chicago Daily News* arrives. She is hoping to file a local-interest story for the Middle West, and she doesn't like all the cameras. "This doesn't look like my kind of story," she says. "I want to *talk* to her."

By 11 everyone has come who is going to come. All agree that this is a nonevent, but the Barclay is giving out good, free coffee, and so we will do the best we can. By general consensus there are only three angles: Is Miss America relevant? Are the girls exploited? What about premarital sex? Not much to go on, but better than writing up maritime listings.

"Hi there, everybody," says a quiet, little voice. Miss America arrives, with a small entourage of advisers. Her hair is long and dark and tumbles over her shoulders in that old-fashioned way Anne Rutherford used to wear hers in the Andy Hardy movies. She is wearing a dark, striped skirt, a red blouse, and a black-velvet jacket—the first part of the extensive wardrobe she won along with her title. She smiles easily and doesn't seem to take herself too seriously. Miss America is an authentic knockout, so at least the pictures will be good.

A black reporter gets to her first and sticks a hand microphone in front of her. "Let's play a word game. Just say the first thing that comes into your mind. Okay?"

"All right."

"Premarital sex."

"Not for me."

The conference is on. Actually it is a vast, contrapuntal exercise. Reporters, asking the same questions over and over, weave in and out, clutching microphones and note pads.

"Is Miss America really relevant? Do you really represent anything?"

"I represent Middle America."

"Aren't you and the rest of the contestants being exploited?"

"I have a ten-thousand-dollar scholarship and more clothes than I know what to do with, and I will get to spend a year traveling throughout America. If that's exploiting me, I wish someone would do it to me every day."

"What do you feel about premarital sex?"

"It's not for me."

And so it goes. There are occasional variations. Terry Anne is a political independent, but she is for Nixon "because he is trying." She likes equal pay for women, but beyond that is not big on women's liberation. She wants the prisoners of war brought back from Vietnam as soon as possible. She is quietly religious. She thinks that the Miss America Pageant is a slice of pure Americana and is part of a dream "that everyone gets to participate in through the medium of television."

"Isn't watching the Miss America Pageant like tripping on drugs?" a reporter asks.

Terry Anne doesn't quite get the question but is almost certain that it isn't.

"What do you feel about premarital sex?" asks a late-arriving radio reporter.

Terry Anne says it still isn't for her.

She then sings two choruses of "He Touched Me," the song with which she won the Miss America talent contest, and the interview is wrapped up. Now she is turned over to the still photographers. On a story like this they cling together rather like an inept troupe performing on the high wire. They do manage to take her up to the roof, where they hope to shoot her against the Empire State Building, but it is too far away; so they make do with the Chrysler Building.

"Point up to the sky, Terry," the wire-service photographer asks, and she does. "Higher. You're pointing up, saying, 'The sky's the limit.'"

"Jesus, you're creative," says his friend.

"Well, I've got to think of *something*."

The photographer gets her to walk back and forth, trailing her jacket.

"Hey, you got her coat off," says his friend.

"It's a start."

We go downstairs to the lobby for more pictures of Terry Anne with the manager of the Barclay in front of a cage with tropical birds, which Terry Anne pretends to like but doesn't—and the conference is over. More than seven thousand feet of motion picture film has been shot, along with 500 to 600 still photographs, undetermined yards of recording tapes, and enough notes to write 100 stories with not much more in them than in this one.

From here Terry Anne goes on to Boston to do some promotion spots for Toni shampoo. Then she'll go to Washington to visit at the White House. In the next three weeks she will also visit Philadelphia, Winston-Salem, Atlanta, and St. Louis, for appearances on behalf of the Gillette Company, Oldsmobile, Campbell's Soup, and the America Bowling Conference. And, of course, more press conferences. If today's average holds up, by the end of her reign Miss Terry Anne Meeuwsen will have been asked her opinion on premarital sex 6,552 times. I believe that will be a record. □

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Grand Hotels: Still Grand

BY RENE LECLER

The unknown woman who unexpectedly checked in at Monte Carlo's Hôtel de Paris at eight o'clock one night had no sooner reached her suite than she was identified as the wife of a wealthy Stockholm store owner and a well-known expert on roses. Within fifteen minutes a dozen Madame Butterflies were delivered with the compliments of the management. At nine o'clock she rang for a tray of smörgasbord, a secretary, and a manicurist. At 10 she asked for some California pine oil for her bath.

After dinner she walked to the Casino, played for an hour, and then returned to the hotel. At 1 a.m. she made a reservation for the Hassler in Rome and a booking for a flight and car to the airport. She was asked whether she preferred a French or a Scandinavian breakfast. She chose the latter and, as an afterthought, asked for some caviar on rye bread to be sent to her room immediately.

Next morning, as the front-desk manager took her to her car, she turned and thanked him for the special service. The man replied: "*Pardon, Madame,* of what service are you speaking?"

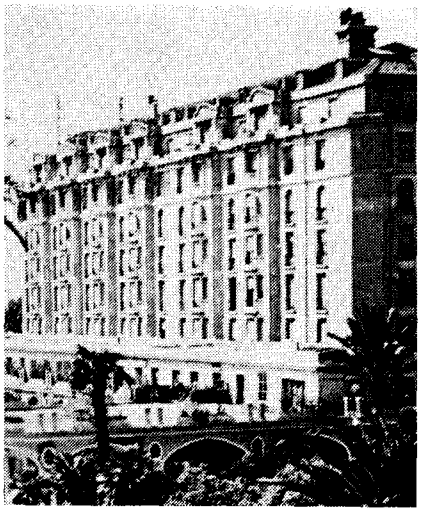
This suave surprise at any service being considered special could easily sum up the *raison d'être* of the world's grand hotels. With their famous bars, glittering public rooms, and impeccably uniformed staffs, the grand hotels add a quality to traveling difficult to define. It could be dining in a gallery hung with Rembrandts and Rubenses at the Burgenstock in Switzerland, or chartering a yacht from the Grande Bretagne in Athens.

What makes a really grand hotel? Not the coolest daiquiris or the latest electronic shoe cleaners. To be suitable for James Bond or for conventioners in funny hats—or to have plumbing that works—is not enough. A grand hotel just *is.* A famous old Italian *marchese* claimed that he could always tell the grandness of a hotel by the size of the closets. "Truly enormous closets" he explained, "mean that women guests take a lot of clothes. That presumes a rich husband—and if he is really rich, what's one hundred fifty dollars a day to him?" The late Aga Khan, no mean connoisseur of plush hostelries, once told me that to him a grand hotel was a place where he never had to ring for service, never spoke to the staff except to say thank you, and never needed to carry money.

Perhaps a grand hotel is that. I once watched the *concierge* of The Ritz in Paris give a guest the latest stock exchange figures from New York, inform another of the prevailing weather in Amsterdam, and advise a third on where to buy a Rome-tailored vicuña coat—all within ten minutes.

Service at grand hotels can become legendary. Cary Grant once asked a valet at the Hotel Ritz in Lisbon to have his tennis shoes cleaned and returned to find the shoelaces ironed. This sort of thing happens even if you are not Cary Grant. Last spring at the splendid old Palacio in Estoril I asked a floor waiter for some tea. Minutes later an American friend joined me and also ordered tea. When the order arrived, my tea was brewed just the way I have it in London, while my American friend got his in tea bags. Any hotel where even a waiter has been trained to understand such subtle differences must be truly grand.

The Hotel Majestic at Cannes



There are not many such hotels left in the world. Many slide down the scale into oblivion. Gradually, imperceptibly, the bellboys get a little more surly, the white gloves become a little more off-white, the flowers are kept a day too long, and a slight, but all-pervading, seediness creeps in by the back door. The final ignominy comes when suites are turned into apartments for people whose greatest social need is an address. Reputations take a long time dying, but they rarely revive.

Most of the grand hotels were born in the lush period between 1870 and 1914, when Russian grand dukes hired special trains for weekends in Cannes or Nice, when Hungarian princes reached the Palace in St. Moritz with a forty-man band (for picnics, of course), or when the Hôtel de Paris in Monte Carlo could show the signatures of Sir Basil Zaharoff, the Dolly Sisters, Theodore Roosevelt, Alfred Nobel, three Romanovs, and the kings of England, Belgium, Serbia, and Greece, —all on the same day.

But the hotels have outlasted that gilded era. The suites may have shrunk and become stately but manageable bedrooms, the public rooms may have become more public and been better designed, the potted palms may have given way to modern sculpture, and the ladies' retiring room may have become a sauna. But new clients have arrived—from Milan or Milwaukee, Tokyo or São Paulo. Not long ago, as I was leaving one famous European hotel, I witnessed an argument between an impassive hall porter and an obviously *nouveau riche* German who complained bitterly that his luggage had been lost. "After all," he fumed, "I tipped you well!" The hall porter looked right through him and replied coolly: "Are you sure, sir, that you could afford it?"

As everyone in the hotel business knows only too well, it is not easy to make the transition that grand hotels have needed for their survival. But it has been done. The Majestic in Cannes managed to refurbish itself entirely within three years without disturbing a single guest. The truly grand hotels that have survived are those whose owners or managers have realized that a hotel is not simply a machine for living but a place in which hotel keeping is still elevated to an art. □

René Lecler is the travel editor for Harper's and Queen *in London.*

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Letters

No Stars for the Vets

As a Vietnam vet who's been working full time with the VVAW for five years, I commend the *Saturday Review* for its extensive coverage of the veterans' antiwar movement in Lucian Truscott's article "Vietnam Veterans Against the War" [SR, Oct. 7].

We veterans of the war that is winding, not down, but up (*8 million* pounds of bombs yesterday!), who have chosen to use our illegitimately earned "legitimacy" to fight for peace, appreciate and, I believe, deserve your support.

However, Mr. Truscott devotes nearly half of his article to John Kerry and Al Hubbard. This overemphasis on two leaders presents an unfair, albeit typical, picture of VVAW. He makes no mention of the men who over the last six years have really made the organization function: Jan Crumb, Scott Moore, Mike Oliver, Joe Urgo, and Ed Damato, to name but a few. Mr. Truscott, like many others in the media, seems to believe that only "superstars" run VVAW. Such is not the case.

What Mr. Truscott does not understand is that the VVAW's quarrel with John Kerry (and others) was not over leadership, "ego-tripping," or personalities—but over *politics*. For example, every time Kerry had the chance to use his powerful media image to help VVAW make a strong political point, he declined. Congressman Ron Dellums felt strongly enough to go down with the veterans and throw away his Purple Heart. Should VVAW (or anyone else, for that matter) have expected any less of John Kerry?

The Hubbards come and go. The Kerrys come and go. The experiences of more than 30,000 other ex-GIs remain. That represents 30,000 years in Indochina. And that is the VVAW's credibility.

Larry Rottmann
Past President
National Executive Committee
Vietnam Veterans Against the War
Coventry, Conn.

Creeping Optimism

I was very interested in the article by Joyce Carol Oates "New Heaven and Earth" [SR, Nov. 4]. Although I appreciate her view of this age as being one of transition, I cannot share her optimism. What bothers me, as we compare these times to earlier ones, are the factors of growth limitation, overpopulation, pollution, and the misuse of unrenewable natural resources. The problem probably narrows down to a race between the new consciousness and the continuation of present life-killing techniques.

Janet Sugioka
Indianapolis, Ind.

Miss Oates has "sounded the trumpet" to get the attention of her sleeping "man

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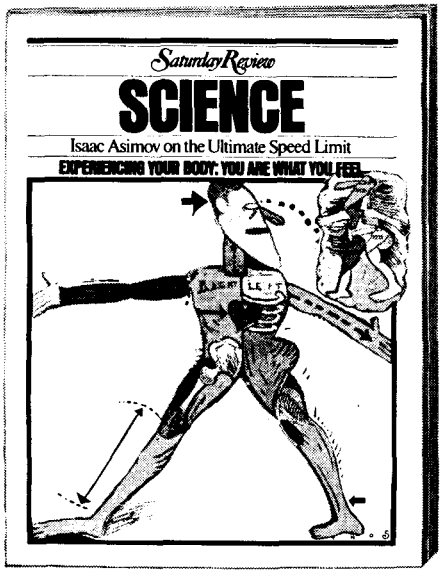

Discoveries about genetics that could affect your children, their children, and all children.

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Discoveries about matter and time that could change your whole philosophical outlook.

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Discoveries about pollution that could get you angry (or hopeful) enough to go out in the street and start passing around circulars.

But no one to point out their significance to you.

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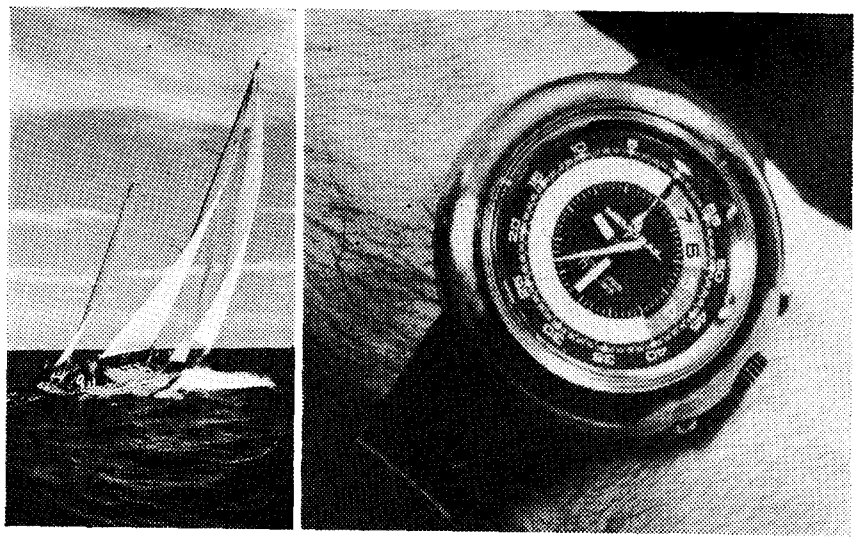

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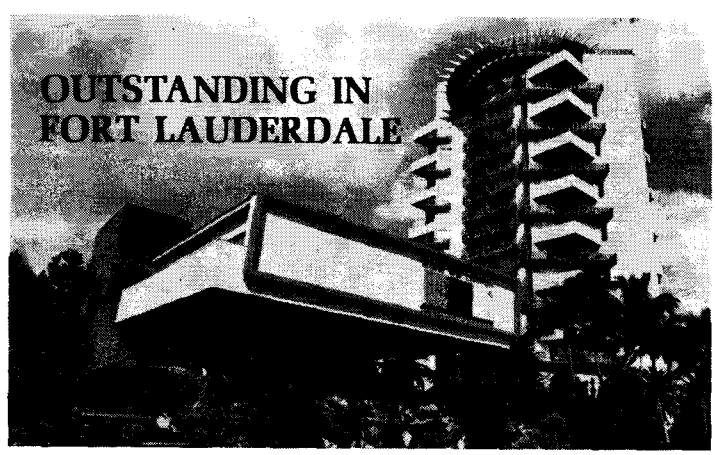

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PIER 66

of genius," who is to usher in this new heaven and earth. Let the trumpet also awaken all those in the land who would resist the vision she conjures. The world, the life, Miss Oates describes may, in the end, come to pass. I deny that this is inevitable, or desirable, and that we must accept and submit to it "with joy."

Her essay is the most incredible nonsense yet into print that I have encountered in some time.

Patricia Ash
Chicago, Ill.

Shoot-out at the Hobbiton Corral?

Patrick Merla's article "'What Is Real?' Asked the Rabbit One Day" [*SR*, Nov. 4] is very well done and describes clearly the two worlds of fantasy and realism in current fiction. As a librarian for young women, in grades seven through twelve, I am interested to note that they participate in both worlds without losing a step.

Eleni Mullen
Castilleja School
Palo Alto, Calif.

Tolkien's work does not lack "cosmic order" or "levels of magic." Those elements are in *Lord of the Rings*, but the reader is left to his own imagination for the details. This makes it ironic that Merla should also claim that Tolkien leaves nothing to the reader's imagination.

The basic misconception is for Merla to criticize Tolkien's work on the grounds that it lacks a confrontation between Good and Evil. Tolkien's message is that confrontation takes place everywhere. In *Lord of the Rings* Evil is a subtle, many-tentacled thing. Would Merla prefer a Western-style shoot-out at the Hobbiton Corral between Mithrandir and Sauron?

Garry L. Fairbairn
Ottawa, Canada

Author's note: If you're going to convey a conflict between absolute forces of good and evil through characters who use magic, you have to know what you're talking about.

The most powerful figure in *LOTR* is Sauron, the Dark Lord. His greatest opponent is Mithrandir, who (like Jesus) has gone through death to become "the White," a rank held previously by Saruman, who fell from it after being corrupted by Sauron. In magical or "cosmic" terms there is a degree of spiritual greatness from which one cannot fall—but Tolkien has Saruman fall from it. The implication is that Mithrandir, too, could fall, that Evil, therefore, is more powerful than Good and can ultimately triumph over the united forces of Good—at least in Middle Earth. But in cosmic terms this is impossible.

The forces of Good do, in fact, confront Sauron's minions; but those minions are easily routed when the Dark Lord goes up (literally) in a puff of smoke. Their source of power is never confronted. After a thousand pages of meticulously provoked anticipation, Sauron's anticlimactic demise is unacceptable—both as literature and as myth.

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A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1527 will be found on page 90.

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QI XAKATEVVO QK UQTARN

YTCYCTNQCK NC QNI

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Editorial

In Memoriam: Ezra Pound

Hugh Kenner is the author of the recently published The Pound Era, *a study of the poet's impact on his age. In 1951 Kenner wrote* The Poetry of Ezra Pound, *the first book devoted entirely to this crucial body of work. This study was published at the height of public outrage in America against Pound; Kenner was not attempting to whitewash Pound's wartime activities but, rather, to remind readers of Pound's accomplishments. Other volumes by Kenner have analyzed the writers Pound championed—T. S. Eliot, James Joyce, and Wyndham Lewis.*

On November 2, 1972, an age ended: it's that simple. We have passed all of our lives in it, unheeding. Our nescience needs no apology; what Florentine, in the early fourteenth century, would have told you he was living in the age of Dante? Men define current history politically. So Ezra Pound's death received public attention only because of his unlucky involvement with political history, that register—Gibbon speaking—"of the crimes, follies and misfortunes of mankind."

It was on the same plane of folly and misfortune that Dante's life was transacted, the part of it that was visible to most Florentines. Squabbles we can barely disentangle today were very vivid then, enmeshed with morality in a way that seemed satisfyingly obvious to men on either side, and in 1302 upright men sent Dante packing, under sentence of death should he set foot in Florence again. Some years later they took the trouble to renew the sentence, and when word of his death in 1321 filtered back from the far side of the Appenines, the influential gossip can be imagined . . . . A clever fellow with a certain gift, whose opinions were none the less an abomination to civilized persons. His long poem—circulating in manuscript—might be said to contain good bits, but reliable report called it mostly unintelligible. It lapsed, moreover, into bitter invective against sacred stabilities—against even the Vicar of Christ.

Which is not to compare the *Cantos* with the *Commedia,* nor Pound with Dante (he once told me he aspired to no higher a niche than Browning's), but to reflect that six centuries can make a great difference to what seems important. It may not even be necessary to wait six centuries. A good deal of Pound's achievement is already conceded. Thus, last year's publication of the *Waste Land* typescripts has put beyond dispute his share in the making of the century's most famous poem.

And the difference he made to innumerable writers is a matter of record. Before and after meeting Ezra Pound, said William Carlos Williams, is like B.C. and A.D. (Oddly, the impulsion to Williams's decisive development was his hatred of *The Waste Land.* Yet his development was governed by Poundian norms, which helped other writers to become themselves, not versions of Pound.)

And the wonders Pound could work with an alien text in front of him get acknowledged with less fuss than formerly, now that we are coming, by the persistence of his example, to discard what he called "The false idea that you 'translate' by making NO compensation for what is necessarily lost in the transfer to a different language."

Comes then snow scur on the river
And a world is covered with jade
Small boat floats like a lanthorn,
The flowing water clots as with
cold. And at San Yin
they are a people of leisure.

—That, derived from an unpretentious Chinese original, is not something to argue with.

"Simple courage, simple generosity, simple genius," a poet who had known him wrote me, distilling the long night's reflections after that last news came from Venice. Those qualities have changed our mental world.

For a quick grasp of the difference he has made, consider that we are living, for the first time since North's Plutarch and Chapman's Homer, in a time distinguished by remarkable feats of translation. Robert Fitzgerald's *Odyssey,* Guy Davenport's Archilochos, Christopher Logue's variations on the *Iliad,* Alan Neame's *Leonie,* Peter Whigham's Catullus—the list goes on. They are all inconceivable without Pound, from whom each translator learned that a poem's job is to register with the utmost exactness what is in the mind of the poet. If what is in his mind was put there by a Greek poem, his job is still to get it down, quite as if it were as autonomous as an olive tree. An English presentation of a Greek poem is no more to be made via Greek lexicography and syntax than an English presentation of an olive tree is achieved by gluing leaves and twigs on the page. (Pound gave us olives in the wind with

the leaves green and then not green,
The click of light in the branches.)

"Mimesis," said Aristotle, "imitation": an idea so simple and a craft so hard it gets subverted by every schoolmaster with a dictionary to brandish. Aristotle said you could imitate human emotions by playing on the flute, an example that might be considered oftener than it is. The leap from language to language is like the leap from experience to medium.

Really, Pound's great lesson was that writing is possible at all: that it is, in fact, possible to nail experiences to the page, that words in sequence can be something more than yatter. (If you hit a baboon over the head, it yatters. It gets nothing *said.*) You can see why Hemingway listened to him. Once put down, what is written will be of deceptive simplicity:

And Kung said, and wrote on the bo
leaves:
If a man have not order within him
He can not spread order about him;
And if a man have not order within him
His family will not act with due order;
And if the prince have not order
within him
He can not put order in his dominions.

—So simple we have only to know the meanings of words (Pound remarked in a letter that, if you don't know what an elephant is, then the word is obscure). One might even maintain that the *Cantos* have not an obscure moment, if only we knew the meanings of all the words. But there are many elephants we have not encountered.

Pound was very American in perceiving (like Henry Ford or Bucky Fuller) great simplicities latent in his own vocation, where complication had hitherto been normal. Like theirs, his gift consisted in seeing that quite a number of things were simply *possible.* As to accomplishing them, he liked to quote Brancusi: to do it, yes, easy, but to arrive at the state of mind in which one can do it (*se mettre en état de le faire*). . . . That was the labor, to shake down complications, to deobfuscate oneself, and finally to be able to write,

wave falls and the hand falls
Thou shalt not always walk in the sun
or seed weed sprout over cornice
Thy work in a set space of years, not
over an hundred.

Hugh Kenner

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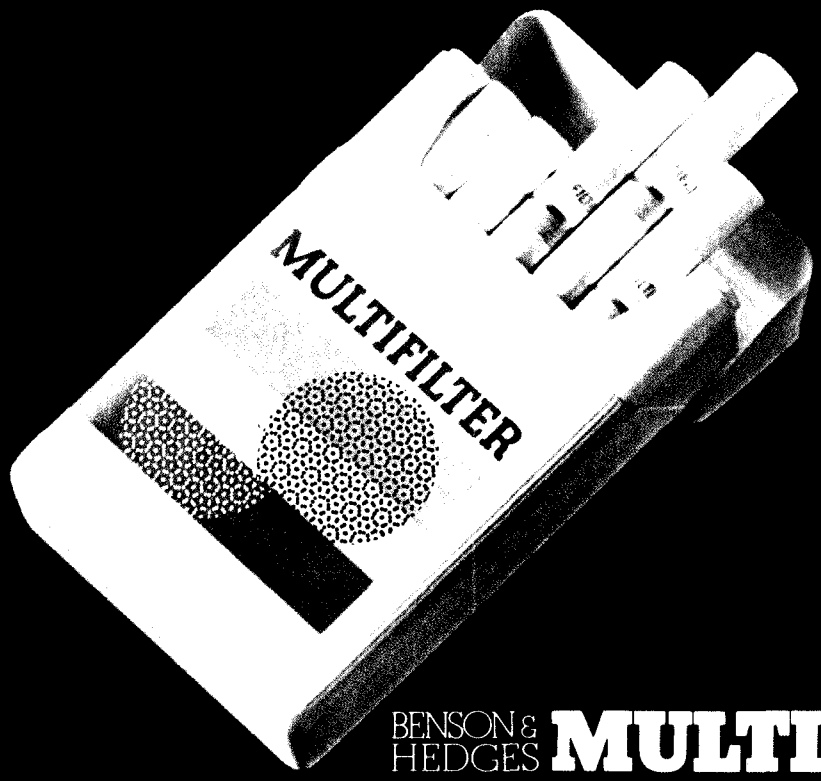

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THE ARTS

The Art Squad

Tasteful robbers, it turns out, steal more from museums than they do from banks. New York's Finest have found a way to strike back.

BY SOPHY BURNHAM

In a light rain the green Mercury swung onto the East Side Drive. The New York skyscrapers rose gray out of the gray mists; inside the car, safe behind the soft pat-a-pat of the windshield wipers, the two detectives talked.

"Did you get the list from the Montreal Museum theft?"

"It'll be in tomorrow."

They were acting self-conscious, of course, in front of a reporter. But it was a strange scene: two cops, one a woman and the other an artist, on their way to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. A week earlier members of the art squad had staked out the Met's Print Room, nabbed a suspect, and booked him on grand larceny in the theft of $10,000 worth of prints. Now they were returning to clean up loose ends.

The art squad began in January 1972 when Capt. Thomas P. Kissane of the Burglary and Larceny Division convinced the New York Police Department that art thefts were growing. In the previous sixteen months his detectives had uncovered seven art thefts, collared one collector with a stolen Goya, *Under the Bridge* ($200,000), and two Matisse prints ($20,000 each), and gathered in another $200,000 worth of stolen art and antiques, including silver flatware, Georgian candlesticks, old jewelry, valuable woodcuts, and two Egyptian bone carvings of about 1200 B.C. Nearly $60,000 worth belonged to a New England millionaire. The rest of the objects have not been claimed.

The government of Italy, a nation that probably contains more art objects per square mile than any other, supports an overworked "Delegation for

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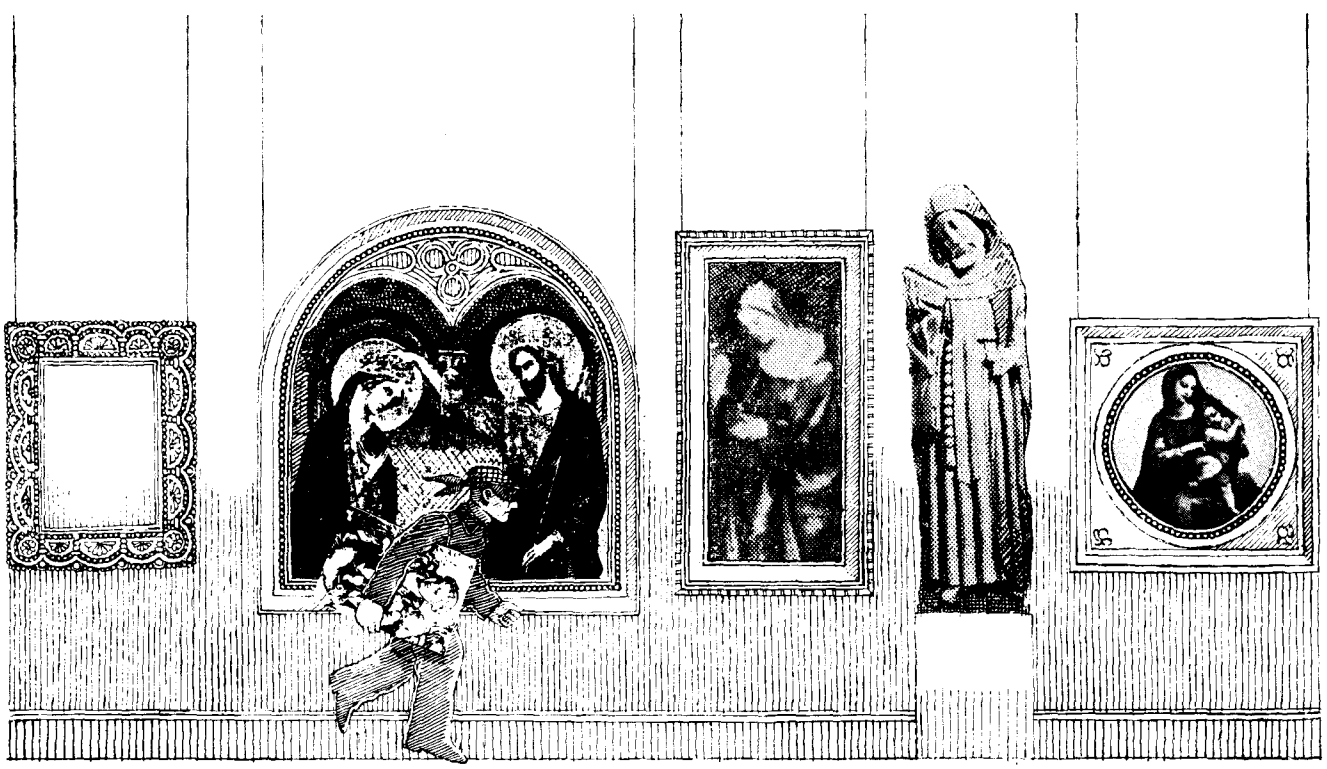

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the Recovery of Works of Art." As the market value of art and antiquities continues its wild inflation, the problem of looting worsens—not just in Italy but in any country that has something to steal.

So Kissane created the first art squad in any American police force. A lieutenant, a sergeant, and two detectives spent the next six weeks, eight hours a day, taking the Sotheby Parke-Bernet course required by the gallery of its top staff. The department no longer had to handle reports of art thefts as if they were matters of stolen televisions: "one painting, F. Goya, 18″ x 15 & ½″, picture of man, brown and black colors." The squad began to build connections with the FBI, Interpol, the Art Dealers' Association, and the International Art Registry.

Detectives Marie Cirile and Robert Volpe, working as a team, flashed their badges with the arrogant sureness of police and strode with proprietary ease through the museum galleries.

Marie Cirile is lean, slim as a teenager, with auburn hair and an expansive smile. What a detective, in her jeans and white, skinny sweater, turquoise and silver jewelry, and a twelve-pound blue suede bag slung over her shoulder! The mother of two grown children, she joined the force fifteen years ago on a dare, placing third out of 2,500 taking the patrolman's exam, and has worked on almost every squad in the department: abortion, vice, shoplifting, the Broadway squad. She has been involved in a narcotics arrest and a shoot-out and is one of the most decorated women on the force.

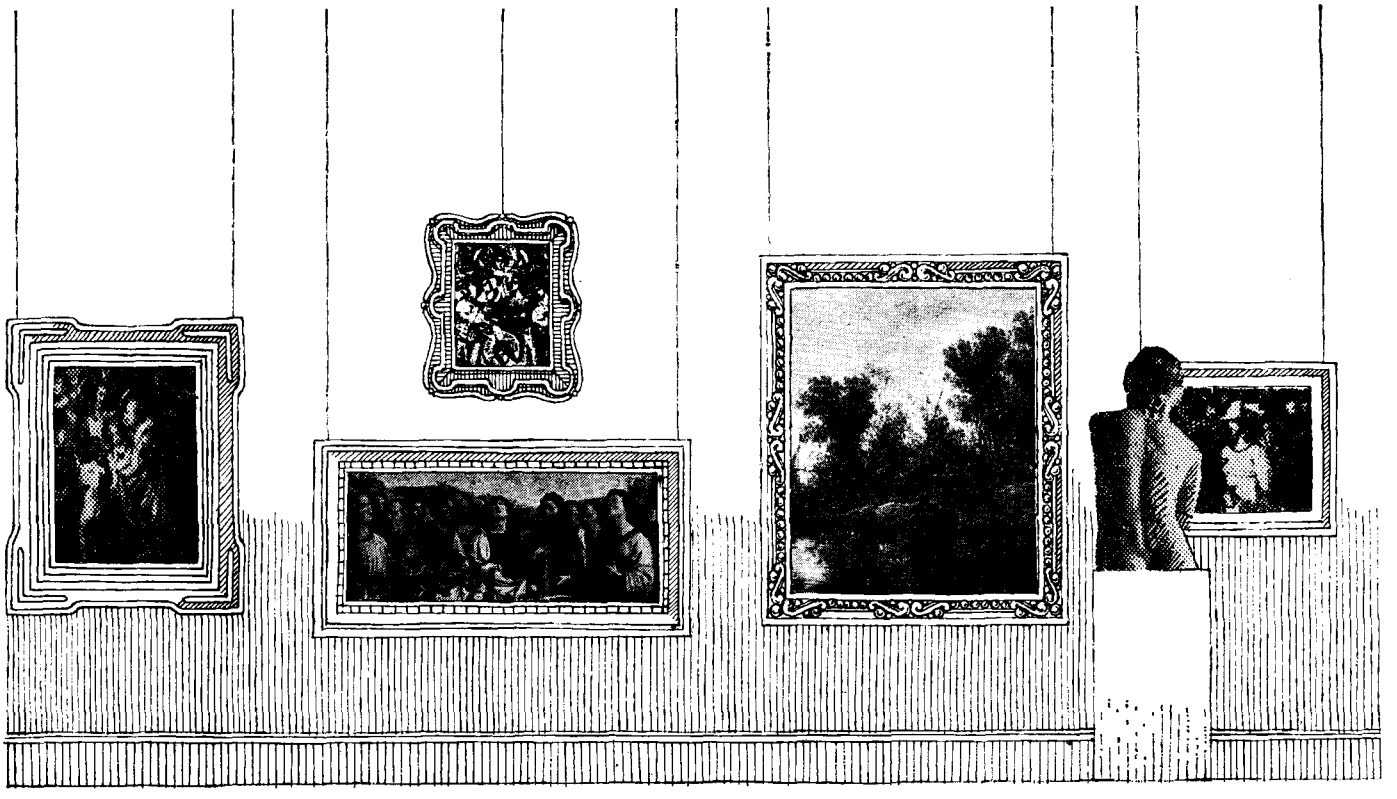
Bob Volpe has worked mostly as a narcotics and undercover agent. He touches his mustache gingerly every now and then, still surprised at finding hair on his lip. The son of a banker (a fact from which he derives intense pleasure—Cézanne was a banker, as was Degas), he lives with his wife and three children in the Bay Ridge section of Brooklyn and shows his paintings in an uptown Manhattan gallery. Despite his nine years on the force, he considers himself a real artist, not a part-time amateur.

After a few minutes' conversation in the Metropolitan's security office the two detectives lope upstairs to the Print Room, relaxing and having a good time as they sweep through the galleries, talking, kidding, enjoying the interview and the art. It was in the Print Room a week earlier that the art squad had arrested Theodore Donson. Here is what happened.

Last spring the Museum of Modern Art reported missing between fifteen and thirty-five prints, worth $50,000 to $100,000. The amount was vague because, while the museum knew it had losses, it did not know whether all the prints were stolen or whether some had been misfiled. For months Cirile and Volpe investigated, questioned the staff members at the Modern, the New York Public Library, and the Metropolitan, and asked them to check their files. The detectives themselves checked the registers for the names of those who had used the institutions' prints. The search focused on one name.

Theodore Donson had made repeated appointments to look at prints at all three sources. Donson was the man who was fined $100 in 1970 for trying to sell stolen letters from the former Jacqueline Kennedy written to Roswell Gilpatrick, a family friend and past deputy secretary of defense. Donson, who happened to work for the same law firm as Gilpatrick, said that the letters had been found in a wastebasket and that he had received them in the mail from a man who could not be located. He also said that he did not know that they belonged to anyone and that he had kept them locked in his files. The matter was handled with the dignity that great law firms can bring to bear. Donson was absolved, having only to pay the fine for a misdemeanor. Donson had made an appointment for Tuesday, September 5, in the Met's Print Room, a light, airy space dotted by tables, bookcases, and card files. Marie Cirile was waiting for him. She arrived early, took a corner chair, ordered a portfolio of prints, and settled down for the afternoon. At another table sat Sgt. Thomas Connolly, Volpe being on vacation at the time. Donson arrived carrying a portfolio and one sealed package. He chose the chair

The Sixties saw a rise in art thefts. During a six-month period in 1965 $100,000 worth of art was reported stolen in New York.



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right next to Marie. The afternoon passed very slowly. Marie was filling fourteen pages of a notebook with fictive notes, scribbling, poking through her pile of prints, while across the way Connolly turned over others—but too quickly, with a crackle of paper, as if unsure of what to look for in a print. Donson glanced at him from time to time. After an hour the sergeant left, fearing he was raising suspicions. Then Cirile saw Donson lift a fifteenth-century print up from its mat, and she drew in her breath, waiting. Unfortunately, the assistant curator, Judith Schub, also saw him. Aghast, she rushed over. "Don't touch that."

"Oh, ahghm," she reports him as having said.

So much for that stakeout.

The following day the scenario was repeated, minus Sergeant Connolly. Cirile had again chosen a corner chair strategically placed to observe the premises. Judith Schub was briefed, and the room was mysteriously void of staff, the librarians being unusually busy in a back room. Cirile reports seeing Donson slit open the manila paper that covered one of his portfolios, slip in three prints, and reseal it with Scotch tape. Asked to open his folder, he allegedly drew himself up, asserting that he had permission to take the prints from the room and demanding to know by what rights the museum could inspect his property. He was, nonetheless, taken to the Central Park precinct station and booked, though admitting none of the charges.

Donson was released on his own recognizance, a fact the art squad found depressing since there was no time to secure a search warrant for his apartment. The police, however, did retain his portfolios, in which they found five prints: two Dürers, two Canalettos, and one print by a twentieth-century artist, Frank P. Whiting. There was also a Metropolitan catalogue card for an Edward Hopper print that evidently was missing from the Print Room.

Cirile and Volpe, therefore, were checking to see if the prints belonged to the Met. Locating owners is not as easy as might be supposed. If a thief steals a print and removes its catalogue card from the files, the institution is virtually powerless to prove it owns the material. If no one could prove ownership, the prints would be returned to Donson. The two detectives questioned the staff, trying to find out whether the museum could trace the prints through the accession numbers or whether a former curator might remember them. Ownership was, in fact, established for three of the prints; the owners of the two Dürers are still being sought.

A week later a telephoned tip led the police to forty-five art prints and books left in a locker in Grand Central Terminal. (Lockers are a favorite place for leaving stolen art: paintings are always turning up in railroad lockers.) Thirty-eight were identified as belonging to MOMA, the Met, and the New York Public Library. The whole kaboodle was valued at from $80,000 to $200,000 (the amount was vague because of the reluctance of experts to give strict evaluations in the face of high insurance costs). The police refused to say whether Donson was a suspect in the apparent theft of the works.

Other items recently recovered by the art squad include:

- **two Picasso prints, worth $4,000 each
- **a $6,000 Miró
- **a signed Tiffany vase, $6,000
- **two forgeries of Picasso prints.

There was a time when art thefts were simple affairs—such as the attempt one autumn by a Parisian beggar who was caught removing the Mona Lisa from its wall in the Louvre. He explained that, cold and hungry, he wanted to spend the winter in jail, and the court ordered a psychiatric examination to determine his sanity.

Or crimes such as the renowned theft of Goya's *Duke of Wellington* from the National Gallery in London in 1961. The painting was held for $392,000 ransom in the pathetic hope of raising funds to help the aged buy television sets.

The Sixties saw a rise in thefts of art. In 1954 only six art thefts in the whole world were reported in the *New York Times*. In 1965 the list in the *Times Index* was longer than a column. One hundred thousand dollars' worth of art was reported stolen from New York dealers in six months, and art dealers and museum directors around the world spoke of a wave of thefts, as if they had not spoken of waves the previous year and the year before that. Few of the thefts were as politically motivated as the one engineered by fifteen armed terrorists shouting Communist slogans who invaded a museum

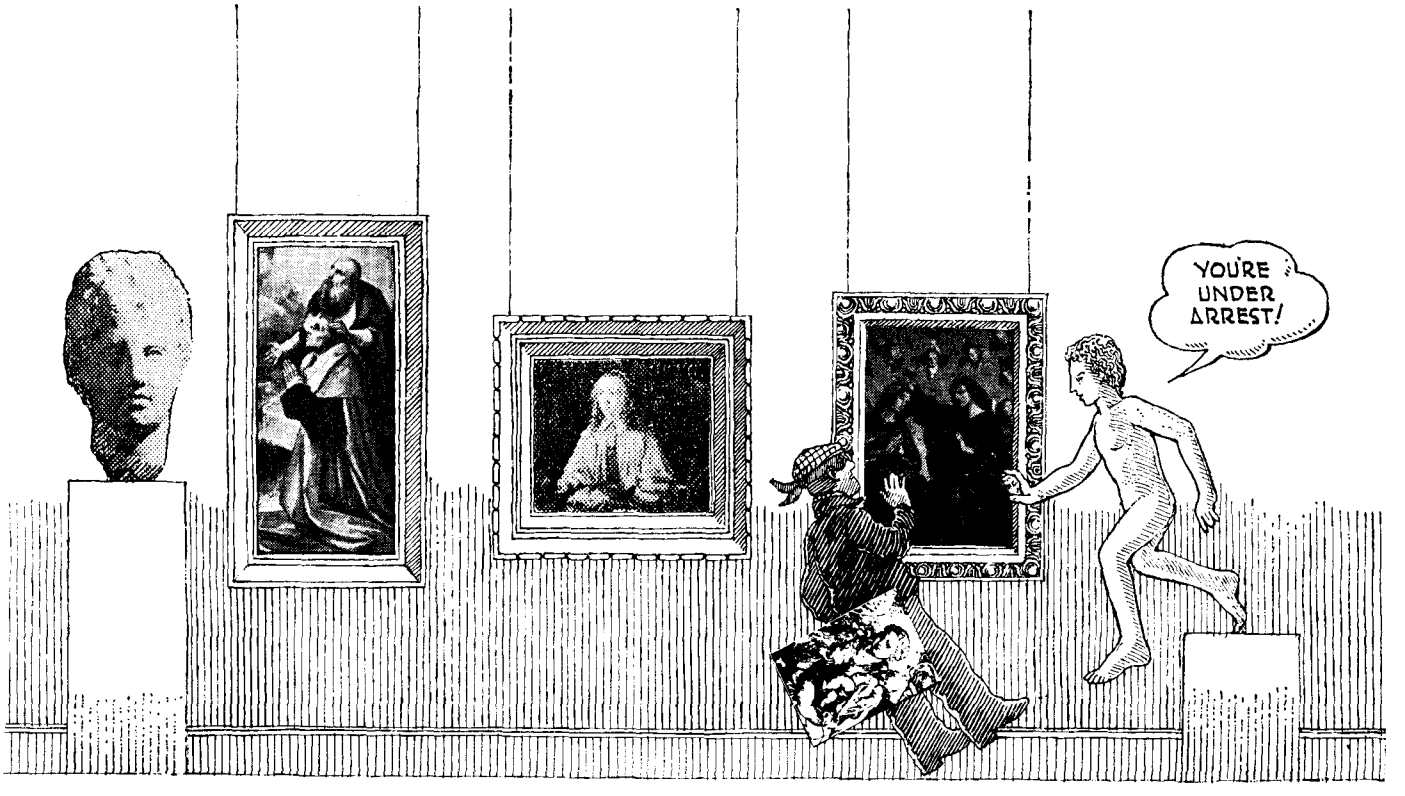

Illustration by Chas. B. Slackman

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in Caracas and stole five impressionist works valued at half a million dollars. (The pictures were later found.) Most thefts were motivated by money: a $20,000 Frans Hals stolen from the Stockholm National Gallery, a $200,000 Chagall stolen in San Francisco, a Morandi stolen from the Pitti Palace in Venice and replaced by a copy not discovered for forty days, a Rembrandt removed from the Montreal Museum. In 1967 eight paintings valued at from five to seven million dollars were lifted from the Dulwich College Art Gallery in London. They included three Rembrandts and three Rubenses, and the thieves asked a ransom of $280,000. The impoverished museum, which could not afford so much as the insurance on its $84 million collection (and therefore had none) offered a reward of 1/100th the amount—$2,800 for information about the theft. It was a pitiful gesture, but within a week the police had found the works, three in a private house and the rest under some holly trees in a park. In 1967 sketches turned up from a heist several years earlier from the Atelier Cézanne in Aix-en-Provence. The American "owner," an artist, claimed he had bought them for $80 from the caretaker of Cézanne's old studio.

Many museum thefts are inside jobs. The recent theft, for example, of eighteen paintings and thirty-nine art objects from the Montreal Museum of Art is regarded by Detectives Cirile and Volpe as suspiciously like an inside job. In this case three hooded robbers reportedly descended in dead of night through a second-floor skylight (the burglar alarm system was not functioning), bound and gagged three guards, and methodically began to strip the museum, floor by floor, neatly stacking the pictures against the walls, according to police reports, and even going so far as to take the paintings to the shipping department for speedy handling. They had removed about $2 million worth of art when they accidentally tripped a burglar alarm and had to flee.

And what happens to the stolen loot? Paintings of great renown would seem unmarketable. Patterns emerge. Volpe finds definite links, for example, with organized crime. More and more common are reports of a collection stolen and ransomed back to the original owner, no questions asked. Or the thieves approach those strange, possessive people who are willing to pay a fortune for a rare work of art, even if they must secrete it in their basement. The thieves find two, three such buyers for such a painting and sell to each a copy. The defrauded buyers cannot go to the police (they are accomplices in the crime), and the thieves then ransom the picture back to the owner, realizing a profit of three to four times the actual market value of the painting.

If one of the main purposes of the art squad is to crack down on thefts and the importation of stolen works, however, another is to investigate fraud. Examples of fraud include a collector buying a painting on credit, then putting it up for sale at an auction; a dealer accepting a painting on consignment, then absconding with the work; a dealer selling an original painting to a collector, then shipping him a copy; and misrepresenting a worthless picture as a valuable property.

A case such as the last was successfully prosecuted this past summer. It involved Dr. Andrew Fodor, a courtly gentleman who had run a New York gallery all his life (as had his father before him, he said). Two years ago he sold Ms. Barbara Winebright of Santa Monica, California, five paintings for a total of $3,000 and so pleasant was the experience for her that this summer when in New York she revisited the Fifth Avenue gallery. There on the wall was a painting identical to one of the pictures she had bought two years earlier for $580, a "one-of-a-kind, nineteenth-century" representation of a man and woman playing cards while a second woman served tea.

"That's my picture!" she exclaimed, and then recovering herself, said, "Oh, no, I see, yes." She made conversation for about twenty minutes about comparative prices in New York and California and left to call the police. The art squad investigated. It turned out that Ms. Winebright's picture was about ten years old and worth next to nothing, while the "original" nineteenth-century painting on the gallery wall was only some fifty years old. Fodor was charged with grand larceny (a felony) and, after having protested his innocence, pleaded guilty to attempted grand larceny in the third degree (a misdemeanor). Despite the plea bargaining, the art squad was pleased, for this was their first fraud arrest and represented one of the few convictions for fraud. Such convictions are rare since collectors who have been bilked are usually reluctant to admit it. It was for the art squad, then, a kind of triumph.

"This is the beautiful part," exclaimed Volpe enthusiastically. "We're on the ground floor. Experimenting. Setting up systems. We're not being compared to any other agencies. We're new. Everything's new. Later they'll hit us with statistics—such as the previous year's recovery rate. But right now we're little babies growing up. We have the best job in the world. We go to museums, art dealers, antiques dealers. We're surrounded by beauty. Other police departments are asking us how to set up their own teams. We love it. Our job is art." □

No obligation! No one will call! Returned to you in a brown paper envelope!

Writing for the *Washington Post*, Paul Richard recently reported that since the discovery of the cache of prints in Grand Central Terminal hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of stolen art has been returned anonymously to numerous collections:

"A mysterious parcel wrapped in plain brown paper arrived the other day at the Cooper-Hewitt Museum in New York.

"Mailed in New York without a return address, it contained, between stiff sheets of cardboard, a valuable Rembrandt etching unaccountably missing from the museum for nearly five years.

"The Cooper-Hewitt is not the only American museum to receive such packages recently in the mail. One museum man describes as 'a blizzard of goodies' the missing prints that have been returned anonymously in the past few days to some of the most important libraries, galleries, and museums in the land.

"One of those parcels, like the others postmarked in New York and wrapped in plain brown paper, has been received by the Library of Congress.

"It contained a dozen prints—by Rembrandt, Dürer, Schongauer, Mary Cassatt, and other famous masters. Before the parcel was received, the library had not realized that the works were gone.

"Another parcel was mailed to the National Gallery of Art in Washington. Its arrival was confirmed by J. Carter Brown, the gallery's director. It contained prints missing from Alverthorpe, Lessing J. Rosenwald's private museum in suburban Philadelphia, which houses the gallery's invaluable print collection.

"A 19th-century Degas lithograph has been received by the Brooklyn Museum. A $15,000 Dürer has been returned to Yale University. Two Rembrandt etchings have been mailed to Associated American Artists, a commercial gallery in New York. Two more Rembrandts have been recovered by the salesrooms of Parke-Bernet.

"Some of these works were discovered missing as long ago as October 1968. Others, according to inventories, were in their collections as recently as July."

Authorities continue to refuse to speculate as to the source of the recent flood of returned material, but it has occurred to some that the success of the New York art squad has struck a certain measure of terror into the hearts of actual and would-be art thieves.

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Ladies and Gentlemen— We Proudly Present the History of a Ribald Brigand's Decline Into Respectability. His Occupation? Puppet. His Name?

PUNCH

BY MURIEL BROADMAN LOBL

Unless they are watching a television commercial with puppets or a marionette skit on a late-night variety show, most adults seldom think of puppetry as mature fare. They consider puppets childish, and, as a result, the art of puppetry has been reduced to one of the blandest forms of juvenile entertainment.

But in olden times puppets appealed to all ages. Adult Europeans in the tenth and eleventh centuries were fascinated by puppet-illustrated Bible lectures in the churches, and grownups continued to watch puppet performances of Miracle plays well into the fifteenth century. When the puppets were expelled, first from the churches and then from the church steps, the crowds followed them into the streets and onto the fairgrounds, where puppetry thrived well into the nineteenth century.

The hardiest heir to this great tradition is Punch, the quintessential puppet of Western civilization. Punch—ribald, roistering, irreverant, and unregenerate, with his great hooked beak of a nose, his pot-belly, humpback, and squeaky voice—has gone through many avatars before solidifying into puppetdom's all-time antihero.

In 1828 George Cruikshank, a popular English illustrator, and John Payne Collier, a drama and puppet enthusiast, were commissioned to record in pictures and words one of the Punch and Judy versions then current in London —that of Giovanni Piccini, an Italian who had been touring England for forty or fifty years. This script became the popular classic vehicle for Punch.

Muriel Broadman Lobl is children's entertainment editor of Applause *magazine. A television show she originated for adults on theater and movies for young people won a 1970 National Cable Television Association Award.*

The plot can be summarized like this.

Punch, a hand puppet, in grenadier's hat, bows to the audience and squeals:

Ladies and Gentlemen, pray how you do?
If you all happy, me all happy, too.
Stop and hear my merry littel play;
If me make you laugh, me need not make you pay.

He calls for his wife, but Toby the Dog enters instead and clamps his jaws onto Punch's nose. He rids himself of the dog, and Scaramouche, its owner, comes on with a stick to chastise Punch. Punch knocks Scaramouche's head off with the stick and after pushing the body out of the way, again summons Judy. She slaps him for kissing her and fetches the Baby for him, leaving it with Punch. When Punch can't quiet the squalling brat, he throws it out the window. Judy returns, and Punch consoles her about the Baby. "You shall have more, Judy, my dear. More where that came from." She attacks him with a stick, which, with great satisfaction, he uses to kill her. Pretty Polly enters, and they dance amorously off together while Punch sings:

If I had all the wives of wise King Sol
I would kill them all for my Pretty Poll.

So much for Act I. In each relationship (except with Polly) Punch considers himself the aggrieved party, but his reaction is caricatured, stylized violence all out of proportion to the original injury. He is somewhat like Donald Duck, whose rages are incommensurate with their provocations and who cares nothing for the resultant havoc. Also, Punch's victims are caricatured stylizations without humanity, so the sympathies of the audience lie with him, as they do with Donald. Throughout, the action is interspersed with rapid-fire dialogue, crammed with plays on words, contemporary allusions, asides to the spectators—and other *punch* lines.

In Act II Punch tries to mount his horse, Hector, who throws him to the ground and runs off. The Doctor comes on, responding to Punch's cries for help. His "physic" is blows of a stick, and Punch makes him take so much of his own "medicine" that the Doctor dies of it. Alone again, Punch merrily rings a sheep bell, while dancing and singing at the top of his voice.

Act III introduces an old Blind Man, who runs afoul of Punch. Punch seizes the Blind Man's staff and knocks him

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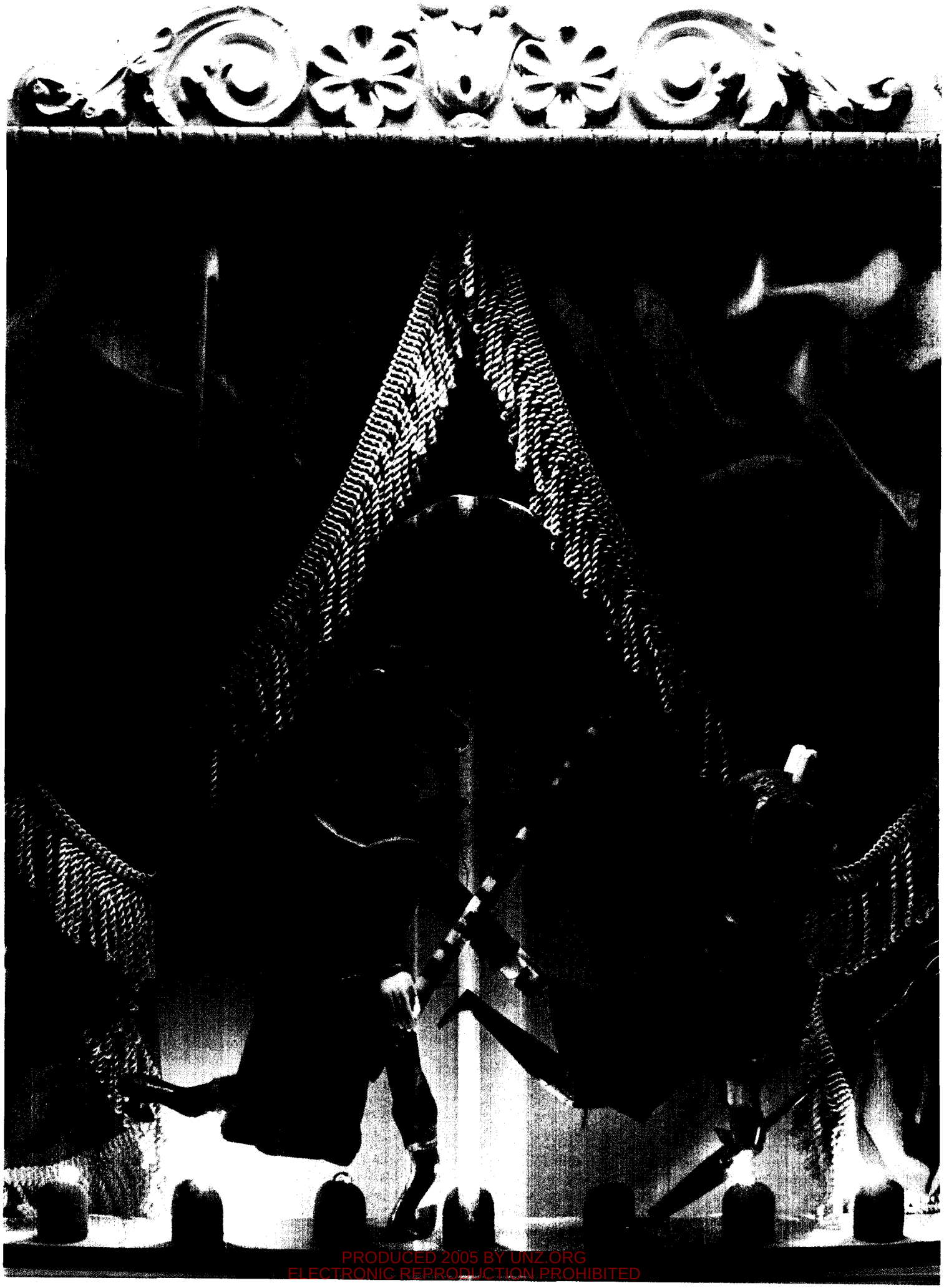

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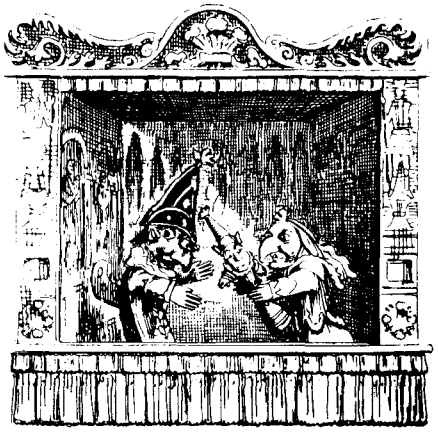

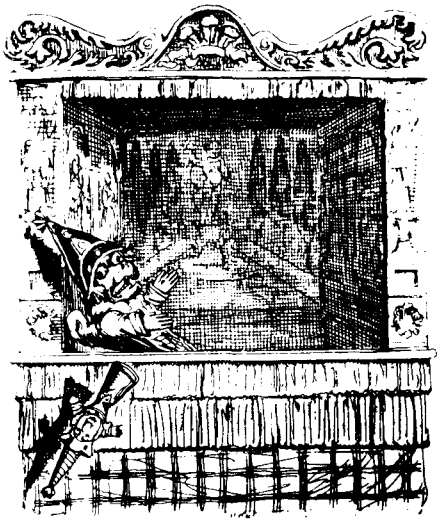

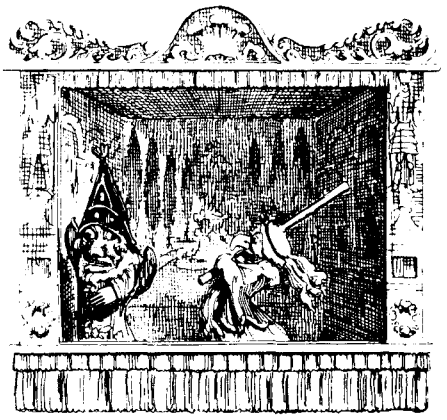

Punch and Judy squabble over the Baby in a series done by George Cruikshank in 1828. The water colors, based on the London performances of Italian street puppeteer Giovanni Piccini, were to become the classic models for all future Punches.

off the stage. The Constable enters with a warrant for Punch for the murder of Scaramouche. Punch knocks him down. Then the Officer comes on to arrest him for the murders of Judy and the child. Punch knocks him down, too. Jack Ketch the Hangman also is defeated, but he unites with the Constable and the Officer and together they haul Punch away to prison. A gibbet and ladder are set up, and two men carry in a coffin. The Hangman, alone with Punch, attempts to persuade him to put his head into the noose, but Punch hangs him instead and puts the corpse into the coffin. The two men take the coffin away, and Punch leaves, caroling:

They're out! They're out! I've done the trick!
Jack Ketch is dead—I'm free!
I do not care, now, if Old Nick
Himself should come for me.

The Devil does appear, but Punch manages to kill even His Satanic Majesty. The curtain falls on our "victorious" hero, pleased as only Punch can be.

Is Punch so trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, and so forth that he deserves the affection in which he has been held for so many years? Cheerful he is. But in the playscripts I've examined I haven't been able to find any passages covering thrifty and clean. And for the rest—forget it. Along with sober. "Drunk as Punch" whenever possible, lecherous, treacherous, contemptuous of all authority—the Law, the Church, Society—he is interested in other people's situations and feelings only to the degree that they interfere with his own comforts and desires. His unblushing acceptance of his vices and his sportive unconcern for the devastation in his wake have their own peculiar attraction. Punch is Everyman's fantasies acted out with impunity.

There are genealogists who insist Punch can be traced back to the old Roman mimes, but most sources believe that his similarity in facial and bodily characteristics is a spontaneous parallel development that was independent of the earlier theater. The consensus is that Punch was born in Naples near the end of the sixteenth century. An offspring of the *commedia dell'arte*, he appeared as Pulcinella, a role for street player Silvio Fiorello. Fiorello was a master actor in the grand tradition and established the ground rules for Punch's high voice and humpback. The name takes many forms (Pulcinella is Tuscan) but is most likely derived from *pulcino* (masc.)–*pulcina* (fem.), meaning chicken, an interpretation encouraged by Pulcinella's resemblance to a bird in face, walk, and voice.

Pulcinella's popularity spread throughout Italy in the forms of mask, mime, stringed and hand puppets. His street performances were common from Florence to Venice to Bologna to Bergamo to Rome. One trait, constant then as now, ties him directly to our Punch. He has always been the compleat antagonist, convention's consistent adversary. He became the star of plays built around him. In the late sixteenth or early seventeenth century he appeared in France as Polichinelle, with the same hump, corpulence, and falsetto voice, but he never achieved the same degree of acceptance there.

In the beginning of the eighteenth century the "legitimate" Parisian

Below, the first cover of famous Punch *magazine (1841) depicts a typical London street performance of a popular Punch and Judy show. At left, Punch vanquishes the Devil; this set of puppets was made in England around 1900 but was actually used by a puppeteer in New York.*

By the 1800s Punch had become a hand puppet. The small Punch shown below was commercially produced in Germany; the large one was hand-made in America.

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theaters attempted to destroy competition from the theater of the fair and the streets by obtaining passage of an act that enjoined silence—literally, speechlessness. Polichinelle, who had long been using Pulcinella's voice, faced the problem with typical bravado and licked it. As long as the puppeteer spoke through a reedlike instrument called a *sifflet-practique* (in English, a schwazzle or swazzle), the injunction did not apply; so Polichinelle held forth until the edict was withdrawn. (The swazzle is the device that produces the quavering falsetto. Only about three-quarters of an inch by half an inch, it is held against the soft palate and is easy to swallow. "No one is a Punch showman till he has swallowed it three times" is the saying. About what to do, there are divergent opinions. One school urges the swallower to eat suet dumplings, another to ingest large pieces of bread to form a bolus around the instrument and enable its recovery. Indeed, there are Punch men who feel the swazzle isn't properly seasoned until it has been swallowed at least once.)

Pulcinella traveled many roads besides those of Italy and France, becoming Kasperle in Germany, Kasparek in Czechoslovakia, Vitez Laszlo in Hungary, and Petrouchka in Russia. In Greece and Turkey Karaghiozis and Karaghioz are at least his second cousins. But *our* Punch comes from England, so it is his life there that has the most interest for us.

In 1660 Charles II crossed the Channel and more than the Stuarts were restored. Right behind Charles came Pulcinella/Polichinelle, in the company of Antonio Di Voto. Probably from France, the troupe made use of marionettes. Pepys comments that in 1662 he saw an Italian puppet show ("the best I ever saw") in a Covent Garden alehouse and subsequently notes that the King also saw a performance and awarded the puppeteer a medal worth £25. In the plays of this period Punch sat on the Queen of Sheba's lap making lewd banter, fled from the Devil, representatives of the law and the Inquisition, and fought with dragons, personifications of Sin and Virtue, and anyone else who came along.

These German children's toys were popular around 1880: (l–r) Judy, Punch, Constable, Pantaloon, Peasant, Devil, Top Hat, Merchant, Officer.

Punch attacks Judy in the 1947 Ballet Society production of Punch and the Child, *choreographed by Fred Danieli.*

Increasingly, Punch's roles demanded more strenuous activity. He had to strike with a cudgel and to lift, grasp, hold, and throw various objects. These actions are difficult, if not impossible, for a string-manipulated figure. But they are simple and convincing for a puppet with a human hand inside it. The living hand brings a vitality and strength to the puppet's head and arms; the living wrist gives flexibility and power to the puppet's body. Modifications had to be made in his shape, mostly of the torso. He had to lose much of his great belly, so that it would not interfere with the puppeteer's hand movements. By the early 1700s, when this evolution was well advanced, Punchinello (the anglicized pronunciation of Pulcinella) was beginning to be known as Punch. He had already acquired the family that would endure with him. His wife was called Joan before she became Judy, but the Baby seems never to have achieved a name of its own.

By the end of the 1700s Punch's metamorphosis into a hand puppet was complete. Consequently, the switch to portable street theaters was also made possible. One man could carry a lightweight booth-frame and puppets, set them up in a park or on a street corner in almost no time, slip his hands into the puppets, and launch his show. The worst problem for these performers, according to an old puppeteer of the last generation, was boy spectators; and he no doubt expressed the opinion of puppeteers from the earliest days of the profession. Boys have no money. They throw one another's caps onto the stage during a performance, poke holes in the cloth of the frame, tap the drum, and shove forward into the best places.

The figure of Punch has inspired artists for centuries. In 1920 Pablo Picasso rendered him as a Cubist Polichinelle.

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Throughout the early 1800s Punch grew more and more to be as we know him now, until Cruikshank fixed his appearance in the 1828 drawings. About the only variant is the hat—sometimes a grenadier's, a clown's, or an admiral's, folded up fore and aft. His voice, that penetrating shrill falsetto, is the same as ever.

Punch swept England the way the recent Batman craze took over the United States; but instead of being a flash in the pan, Punch's hold on his public continued well into the twentieth century. Children clamored for Punch playthings, and as early as 1810 a stringed *commedia Punchinello* was a popular gift. From 1820 to 1880 Punch was the standard doll for a little boy. The Industrial Revolution had its effect on the toy business and mass-produced items poured from the factories—Punch-shaped mugs, Punch-decorated candy boxes, dishes, souvenirs, and greeting cards. For adults, famous *Punch* magazine was born in 1841.

Punch learned to curb his tongue somewhat and became more suitable entertainment for children with the advent of the Victorian age. The concern with respect for authority was prevalent, and parents deemed it improper for Punch to jest at sacred matters. Sometimes the Devil was eliminated and a green monster substituted for him. Eventually this monster became a crocodile—the influence of Peter Pan? Some showmen had Punch defeat the monster, but others, fearing the moral example of Punch's going unpunished for his sins, had justice triumph by having the crocodile devour Punch. Audiences generally preferred the former ending.

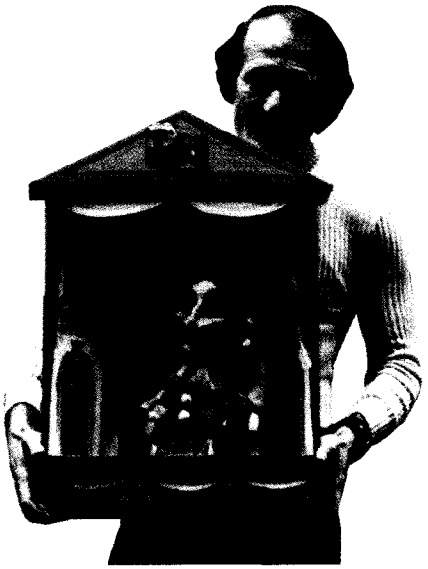
Punch's career in America parallels his adventures in England. There is undisputed evidence of his appearance in Philadelphia as early as 1742. In 1767 a Punch play was given in New York with twenty-eight figures nearly three feet high. His progress through the new nation was swift: Boston in 1808, Detroit in 1811, Brooklyn in 1838, and points north, south, and in between. Many of the puppeteers were British, and the presentations followed the familiar pattern. P. T. Barnum claimed to have introduced the first Punch and Judy show to America, but inasmuch as he wasn't born until 1810, and the John Payne Collier version was playing here almost immediately after its publication in 1828, this may be dismissed as one more of the impresario's flights of fancy. Punch and Judy went

Bil Baird clowns with his Punch, Baby, and Judy hand puppets in New York.

west with the Gold Rush, playing Sandy Bar near San Francisco around 1850. They cheered both sides during the Civil War. In short, Punch and Judy followed our expanding territories to their outer limits and were thus involved in much of our national history.

Punch has always been popular in the United States but not to the degree that he held sway abroad. According to puppeteer Bil Baird, there are about sixty or seventy professional Punch and Judy men touring Great Britain today. In America Punch is not so much in evidence. Along with a concern for observing the proprieties, which has effected Punch on both sides of the Atlantic, there has been added a worry about the effect of violence on the minds of children. At the same time that Punch was becoming more genteel, he was also becoming less extreme, often being satisfied with merely knocking down his opponents instead of murdering them. Somewhere about this time, either in England or here, an addition was made to the "standard" Punch script. After he demolishes his foe, by murder or in some gentler way, Punch turns to the audience and shrieks, "That's the way to do it, boys!" I have never seen an American show in which this tag line is not used or in which the audience doesn't chorus "That's the way to do it!" along with him.

Punch enthusiast/puppeteer Marshall Izen holds a shadow box containing the benign figure of Punch he patterned after the Cruikshank water colors.



The concern with violence was stimulated by television, which brought cartoons, Westerns, and gangster films into the average home. Studies were made, and are still being made, but the situation is basically unchanged. And as the violence was purged from Punch and moved onto the stage, films, and TV, Punch has been losing more and more of his adult audience. Now Punch, like most other puppets and marionettes, is being relegated strictly to the area of children's entertainment, and, forced into this position, is growing more bloodless and emasculated. Despite some outbursts of temper, he's now quite a likable little chap.

Punch's descent into innocuousness is not unlike other entertainment for children, where all the blood and guts are drained away so as not to frighten or set a bad example. The result? The new Punch bores not only adults but older children as well. Only the little ones really like him.

Poor Punch! PTAs and church groups, which put on shows for children, still find most Punch productions, bland as they are, unsuitable and refuse to book them. A few contemporary puppeteers, however, keep Punch and Judy in their repertory. Bil Baird, one of the most famous, offers a considerably modified version in his theater during the summers. Punch and Judy appear on television from time to time, and most people recognize them without being too clear about who they are. Puppetry violence has gone out of fashion. Now we are more sensitive to racial stereotypes that were portrayed without embarrassment by some of the Punch characters in less introspective eras.

Will Punch's great days ever come again in this country? Bil Baird speaks for a number of puppeteers when he says that Punch's demise here is more illusory than real. "As long as Punch champions the little guy against petty authority, we'll always have him with us." But this opinion is not unanimous. Marshall Izen, a puppeteer who since childhood has had an intense fondness for Punch, is grieved to report that Punch is moribund. Certainly the rambunctious, irreverent Punch is no longer with us, and his respectable shadow has no broad popular appeal. Mr. Izen is convinced that the service Punch performed before mass communication arrived is now handled adequately by animated cartoon protagonists. Not until puppetry for adults comes into its own again, and Punch is free to be his own scurrilously defiant self, is his comeback likely. □

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Yánnina

For Stephen Yenser

"There lay the peninsula stretching far into the dark gray water, with its mosque, its cypress tufts and fortress walls; there was the city stretching far and wide along the water's edge; there was the fatal island, the closing scene of the history of the once all-powerful Ali."—Edward Lear

Somnambulists along the promenade
Have set up booths, their dreams.
Carpets, jewelry, kitchenware, halvah, shoes.
From a loudspeaker passionate lament
Mingles with the penny Jungle's roars and screams.
Tonight in the magician's tent
Next door a woman will be sawed in two,
But right now she's asleep, as who is not, as who . . .

An old Turk at the water's edge has laid
His weapons and himself down, sleeps
Undisturbed since when? 1913?
Nothing will surprise him should he wake,
Only how tall, how green the grass has grown
There by the dusty carpet of the lake
Sun beats, then sleepwalks down a vine-festooned arcade,
Giving himself away in golden heaps.

And in the dark gray water sleeps
One who said no to Ali. Kiosks all over town
Sell that postcard, "Kyra Frossíni's Drown,"
Showing her, eyeballs white as mothballs, trussed
Beneath the bulging moon of Ali's lust.
A devil (turban and moustache and sword)
Chucks the pious matron overboard—
Wait—Heaven help us—SPLASH!

The torch smokes on the prow. Too late.
(A picture deeply felt, if in technique slapdash.)
Wherefore the Lion of Epirus, feared
By Greek and Turk alike, tore his black beard
When to barred casements rose the song
Broken from bubbles rising all night long:
"A ton of sugar pour, oh pour into the lake
To sweeten it for poor, for poor Frossíni's sake."*

Awake? Her story's aftertaste
Varies according to the listener.
Friend, it's bitter coffee you prefer?
Brandy for me, and with a fine
White sandy bottom. Not among those braced
By action taken without comment, neat,
Here's how! Grounds of our footnote infiltrate the treat,
Mud-vile to your lips, crystal-sweet to mine.

*"Time was kind to the reputation of this woman who had been unfaithful to her husband, vain, and grasping. She came to be regarded as a Christian martyr and even as an early heroine in the struggle for Greek independence. She has been celebrated in legend, in poetry, in popular songs and historical fiction, and surrounded with the glamour which so often attaches to women whose love affairs have been of an intense nature and have involved men of political or historical importance."—William Plomer, *The Diamond of Jannina.*

Twilight at last. Enter the populace.
One little public garden must retrace
Long after school its childish X,
Two paths that cross and cross. The hollyhock, the rose,
Zinnia and marigold hear themselves named
And blush for form's sake, unashamed
Chorus out of *Ignoramus Rex*:
"What shall the heart learn, that already knows

Its place by water, and its time by sun?"
Mother wit fills the stately whispering sails
Of girls someone will board and marry. Who?
Look at those radiant young males.
Their morning-glory nature neon blue
Wilts here on the provincial vine. Where did it lead,
The race, the radiance? To oblivion
Dissembled by a sac of sparse black seed.

Now under trees men with rush baskets sell
Crayfish tiny and scarlet as the sins
In any fin de siècle villanelle.
Tables fill up. A shadow play begins.
Painted, translucent cut-outs fill the screen.
It glows. His children by a jumping bean
Karaghiozi clobbers, baits the Turk,
Then all of them sing, dance, tell stories, go berserk.

Tomorrow we shall cross the lake to see
The cottage tumbling down, where soldiers killed
Ali. Two rugless rooms. Cushions. Vitrines
In which, to this day, silks and bracelets swim.
Above, a painting hangs. It's him,
Ali. The end is near, he's sleeping between scenes
In a dark lady's lap. Vassilikí.
The mood is calm, the brushwork skilled

By contrast with Frossíni's mass-produced
Unsophisticated piece of goods.
The candle trembles in the watching god's
Hand—almost a love-death, höchste Lust!
Her drained, compliant features haunt
The waters there was never cause to drown her in.
Your grimiest ragamuffin comes to want
Two loves, two versions of the Feminine:

One virginal and tense, brief as a bubble,
One flesh and bone—gone up no less in smoke
Where giant spits revolving try their rusty treble,
Sheep's eyes pop, and death-wish ravens croak.
Remember, the Romantic's in full feather.
Byron has visited. He likes
The luxe, and overlooks the heads on pikes;
Finds Ali "very kind . . . indeed, a father . . ."*

*Letter to his mother, November 12, 1809. Plomer observes: ". . . even allowing for Oriental effusiveness, it seems doubtful whether [Ali's] interest in Byron was exactly as paternal as he pretended, for a father does not give his son sweets twenty times a day and beg him to visit him at night. It is worth remarking that Ali was a judge of character and a connoisseur of beauty, whether male or female, and that the like of Byron, and Byron at twenty-one, is not often seen."

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The Poet: Private

Funny, that is how I think of Ali.
On the one hand, the power and the gory
Details, pigeon-blood rages and retali-
ations, gouts of fate that crust his story;
And on the other, charm, the whimsically
Meek brow, its motives all ab ulteriori,
The flower-blue gaze twining to choke proportion,
Having made one more pretty face's fortune.

A dove with Parkinson's disease
Selects *our* fortunes: TRAVEL AND GROW WISE
And A LOYAL FRIEND IS MORE THAN GOLD.
But, at the island monastery, eyes
Gouged long since to the gesso sockets will outstare
This or that old timer on his knees
Asking the candlelight for skill to hold
The figures flush against the screen's mild glare.

Ali, my father—both are dead.
In so many words, so many rhymes,
The brave old world sleeps. Are we what it dreams
And is a rude awakening overdue?
Not in Yánnina. To bed, to bed.
The Lion sets. The lights wink out along the lake.
Weeks later, in this study gone opaque,
They are relit. See through me. See me through.

For partings hurt although we dip the pain
Into a glowing well—the pen, I mean.
Living alone won't make some inmost face to shine
Maned with light, ember and anodyne,
Deep in a desktop burnished to its grain.
That the last hour be learned again
By riper selves, couldn't you doff this green
Incorruptible, the might-have-been,

And arm in arm with me dare the magician's tent?
It's hung with asterisks. A glittering death
Is hefted, swung. The victim smiles consent.
To a sharp intake of breath she comes apart
(Done by mirrors? Just one woman? Two?
A fight starts—in the provinces, one feels,
There's never that much else to do)
Then to a general exhalation heals

Like anybody's life, bubble and smoke
In afterthought, whose elements converge,
Glory of windless mornings that the barge
(Two barges, one reflected, a quicksilver joke)
Kept scissoring and mending as it steered
The old man outward and away,
Amber mouthpiece of a narghilé
Buried in his by then snow-white beard.

James Merrill

James Merrill insists that some things can go without saying.

With *Braving the Elements*, his sixth book of poems, a wider public reputation may finally overtake James Merrill. But that has never been the point. For the relatively small audience who seriously and regularly follow poetry, he has been one of the most valued writers, and his books are eagerly awaited and honored, as was *Nights and Days*, which won the National Book Award in 1967. He was probably, along with W. S. Merwin, the most precocious poet of his generation, the dazzling verbal gifts of his *First Poems* (1951) intimidating readers and writers alike. But what won him continuing admiration was not only the accumulation of memorable poems but the display, through successive collections, of what a poetic career should be. He was, clearly, "a man choosing the words he lives by," his wit and eloquence, his richness of language a way of discovering and disciplining feeling. It is a steady performance like his—the continuing revision of his life through his work—that confirms our sense of poetry as an honest and vital instrument. As Helen Vendler recently noticed, praising *Braving the Elements* in the *New York Times Book Review*, Merrill's best new poems "are autobiographical without being 'confessional': they show none of that urgency to reveal the untellable or unspeakable that we associate with the poetry we call 'confessional' . . . . It is as though a curtain had been drawn aside, and we were permitted a glimpse of . . . a life that goes on unconscious of us, with the narrator so perfectly an actor in his own drama that his presence as narrator is rendered transparent, invisible." That autobiographical manner is, in fact, the subject of the following brief conversation.

David Kalstone: Can you say something about the circumstances surrounding "Yánnina"?

James Merrill: It's a town I'd wanted to visit for years and had begun to fear I never would, like Proust and Parma. So that I must have worked myself into a fairly receptive state by the time I got there. No research, mind you—a phrase or two out of Lear, a dim echo of Byron, the foreknowledge of a lake. It never hurts, does it, to have a body of

David Kalstone, professor of English at Rutgers University in New Jersey, frequently writes about modern poetry for the New York Times Book Review.

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water up one's sleeve, something that flows or reflects? Ali Pasha was just a name. Later on, halfway through the poem when I need a biography of him, I was delighted to find the wonderful William Plomer had written it. In any case the day came—less than a day: I didn't spend twenty-four hours on the spot. But the piano had been prepared, and only the notation remained. That whole element—do we dare call it reality?—had to be unforeseeable, accidental, something to fill in then and there. I'd counted on that.

Did you have a theme already in mind? Is that what you're saying?

No, not really . . . . Wait—yes, I did! How odd not to have made the connection. Earlier that year I'd been concerned for a friend, a woman whose son had disappeared. He'd been teaching somewhere—a man in his thirties—and one day absolutely vanished without a trace. Weeks passed, months passed, his friends imagined the worst, his mother was beside herself. I was already in Greece when two letters came from her. In the first she had just heard from a friend of Bruce's that he was well and living under an assumed name—she didn't yet know where. Her second letter, not long afterwards, said that she'd heard from Bruce (or Tom, as he now wanted to be called); he'd given her his address, told her he'd found work there. What he'd wanted was no less than a brand-new life, and it looked, at that point, as if he'd found it. Now it may sound—it may *be*—childish, but haven't we all dreamed of doing exactly that? To disappear and reemerge as a new person without any ties, the slate wiped clean. Sometimes one even puts the dream into action, in a less dramatic way than Bruce's, or do I mean Tom's? In my own case I began going to Greece—over ten years ago—very much in the spirit of one who embarks upon a double life. The life I lived there seemed I can't tell you how different from life in America. I felt for the first time that I was doing exactly as I pleased. How we delude ourselves! As if there were ever more than one life. Tom is as close to Bruce's mother as Bruce had ever been. He's in touch with many of his former friends—all this after scarcely a year of his new identity. I myself, after ten years of moving back and forth, can hardly distinguish, now, between Athens and Stonington, Connecticut. Anyhow, you might say that these "scissorings and mendings" are the theme of "Yánnina."

Does this notion of playing different roles connect with the shadow play in the poem? I'm not altogether sure what a shadow play is.

They're dying out, like everything. The one I describe was set up out of doors—a proscenium framing a long, white screen lit from behind. The puppets are two-dimensional figures of colored parchment, or maybe plastic nowadays, somewhat articulated but mainly relying on the verve and bounce of the manipulators who hold them flat against the screen with rods. Rather the effect of a primitive animated cartoon. Lots of contemporary allusion, popular songs, political jokes, but the main action generally refers back to the Turkish occupation. There's always a pompous, dim-witted Pasha whom Karaghiozi makes a fool of. Karaghiozi's the hero—a wily little Greek, terribly demotic and down to earth. The play Byron saw in Yánnina reminded him of morris dancing, it was so indecent. I'm afraid things have changed since his day.

About these changing roles. You appear to identify with the manipulator in one stanza—"to hold the figures flush," etc.—and in the next with the translucent puppet itself—"See through me. . . ."

Yes. It was greedy of me to want that double life. A writer already has two lives, don't you think? Not so much in the obvious division between experience and its imitation on the page as in the two sides of—well, I'll have to trust you, when this gets transcribed, to put in some less inflated term—the two sides of the creative temperament. That which conceives and that which executes. There are moments when the light *does* seem to shine through us. The rest of the time we spend trying to keep our images steady.

The poem is full of paired figures, isn't it? Frossíni and Vassilikí, the speaker and his companion. And it's not just

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your poet who has a double life; many of the characters do as well. Frossíni in the text comes off as a chaste martyr, but as "unfaithful, vain, and grasping" in the footnote. Vassilikí gives her body to Ali but "goes up in smoke"; we never know what she was thinking. Ali himself is both gentle and cruel.

Isn't it odd? I mean, how one tries—not just in writing—to escape from these opposites, from there being two sides to every question!

But you also show things being made whole. The magician—

The magician, yes, performs the essential act. He heals what he has divided. A double-edged action, like his sword. It's what one comes to feel that life keeps doing.

You said once that your poems are not "historical." Yet I'd say that this poem is almost *about* history, that it's a kind of stand against people locked into the present. Not history as public record, mind you, but—

A kind of time-zoo?

The vividness of your Ali—

Historical figures are always so well lighted. Even if one never gets to the truth about them, their contradictions, even their crimes, are so expressive. They're like figures in a novel read by millions of people at once. What's terrifying is that they're human as well, and therefore no more reliable than you or I. They have their blind, "genetic" side, just like my boys and girls in Yánnina.

That's the point, isn't it? Not just that historical figures enter the poem but that they're *creatures* of history ("oblivion/dissembled by a sac of sparse black seed"). There's no clear present in your poem; the past shadows it. It's as if you always need the past as a sounding board.

I liked that sense of sleeping presences. Ali; Frossíni, Vassilikí, the old Turk at the beginning—they're merely asleep. The woman to be sawed in half. Even "you and I" toward the end seem half-absorbed into the dreaming landscape.

Maybe there's something worth saying about tenses here, how one handles them. Last winter I visited a workshop in which only one out of fifteen poets had noticed that he needn't invariably use the first-person present active indicative. Poem after poem began: "I empty my glass . . . I go out . . . I stop by woods. . . ." For me a "hot" tense like that can't be handled for very long without cool pasts and futures to temper it. Or some complexity of syntax, or a modulation into the conditional—*something*. An imperative, even an auxiliary verb, can do wonders. Otherwise, you get this addictive, self-centered immediacy, harder to break oneself of than cigarettes. That kind of talk (which, by the way, is purely literary; it's never heard in life unless from foreigners or four-year-olds) calls to mind a speaker suspicious of words, in great boots, chain-smoking, Getting It Down on Paper. He'll never notice "Whose woods these are I think I know" gliding backwards through the room, or "*Longtemps je me suis couché de bonne heure*" plumping a cushion invitingly at her side.

You're talking about—against?—so-called confessional poems. Yet the present is still *the* lyric tense, isn't it? Isn't the point that it aims at an ecstatic, timeless state? "Earth has not anything to show more fair. . . ."

Ah, but that's in the third person; that's another matter. No, you're right, and I don't want to paint myself into a corner. Yet I can't help . . . . Think how often poems in the first-person present begin with a veil drawn, a sublimation of the active voice or the indicative mood, as if some ritual effacement of the ego were needed before one could go on. "I wonder, by my troth, what thou and I . . ."; "Let us go then you and I . . . ." The poet isn't always the hero of a movie who *does* this, *does* that. He is a man choosing the words he lives by.

Your own way of veiling the first person here has to do with the way you present the landscape, doesn't it?

You hardly ever need to *state* your feelings. The point is to feel and keep the eyes open. Then what you feel is expressed, is mimed back at you by the scene. A room, a landscape. I'd go a step further. We don't *know* what we feel until we see it distanced by this kind of translation.

So, people and places fade into one another. Like the sun in "Yánnina" sleepwalking down the vine and the provincial boys who wilt on it? In Yánnina—*your* Yánnina—we're doomed to repeat certain experiences. Human contradictions appear to root themselves in nature.

No wonder Nature revenges herself. Those lines in Jarrell—remember?

A quarter of an hour and we tire
Of any landscape, said Goethe;
eighty years
And he had not tired of Goethe.
The landscape had,
And disposed of Goethe in the
usual way.

Is that why you don't write protest poems?

I don't know. Auden says they do no good, except to get you an audience among people who feel the same way.

Wouldn't you like a larger audience?

When I search my heart, no, not really. So why invite it, even supposing that I could? Think what one has to *do* to get a mass audience. I'd rather have one perfect reader. Why dynamite the pond in order to catch that single silver carp? Better to find a bait that only the carp will take. One still has plenty of choices. The carp at Fontainebleau were thought to swallow small children, whole.

As to protest poems . . . they aren't poems first of all, so much as bits of honorable oratory. A protest *poem* would be one written against a poem of a different kind, one that reflected a different tradition. Wordsworth against Pope, Byron against Wordsworth.

Would you like to say what kind of poem "Yánnina" is written against?

You must be joking. Well . . . .

There's a phrase in your second novel. You say about Racine—"the overlay of prismatic verse deflects a brutal, horrible action." Not that the underlying action of "Yánnina" is brutal or horrible.

No, but you mean it's implicit rather than presented as narrative? Yes. I'd wanted to let the scene, the succession of scenes, convey not meaning so much as a sense of it, a sense that something both is, and isn't, being said. I hoped that a reader's own experience would remind him that some things can go without saying. I was trying for an intimacy of tone, not of content. People are always asking, Was it real? Did it happen? (Thank *you* for not asking that, by the way.) As if a yes-or-no answer would settle the question. Was it really Yánnina I went to? Was my companion real or imaginary? I can only say yes *and* no to questions like that.

You used the image of a veil earlier, talking about reticence. Does your veiling of tense and voice have to do with your feelings about "real" experience in a poem?

I suppose it would have to. We've all written poems that imitate a plausible sequence of events. "I go out" for a walk and find these beautiful daffodils or this dead songbird and have the following feelings. But, for better or worse, that walk *is* in fact taken—or Yánnina is visited—by a writer in hopes of finding something to write about. Then you have not simply imitated or recollected experience, but experience in the light of a projected emotion, like a beam into which what you encounter will seem to have strayed. The poem and its occasion will have created one another. □

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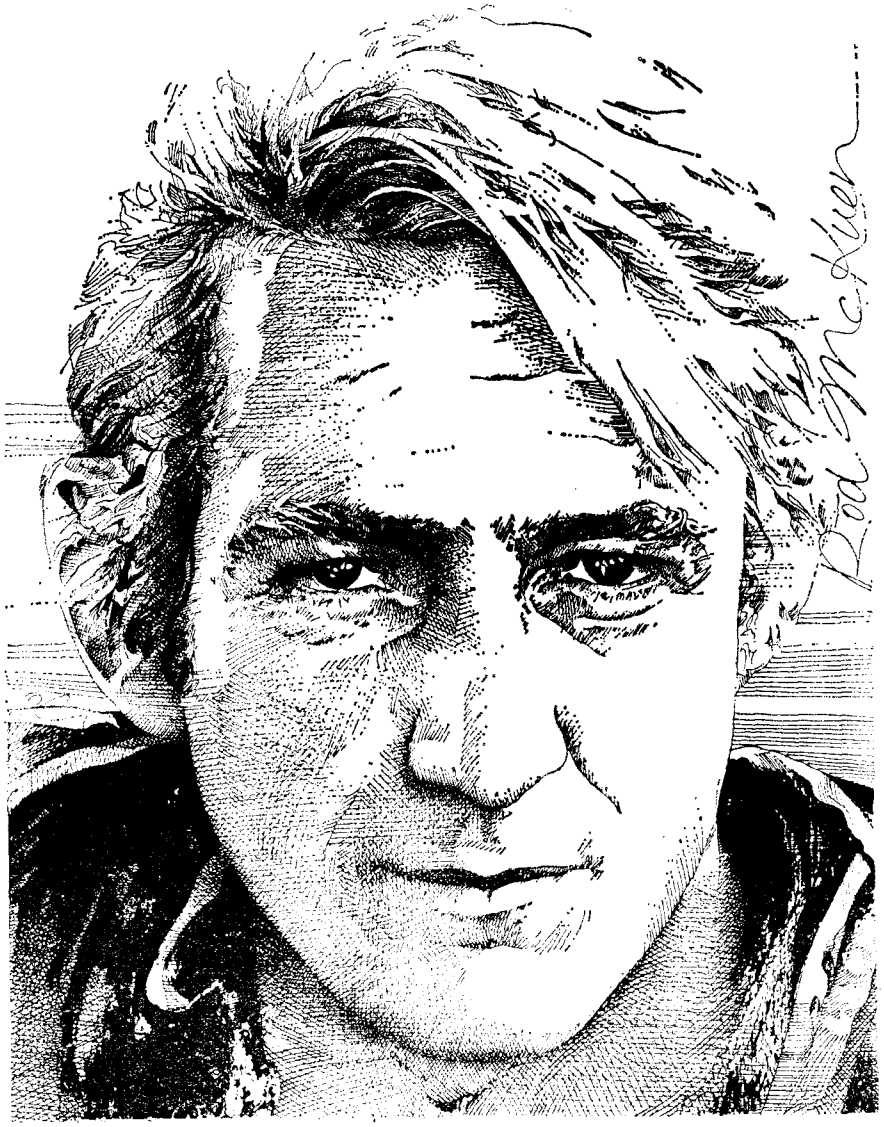
The Poet: Public

Rod McKuen manages to touch everyday feelings with everyday language.



According to TV talk-show host Dick Cavett, Rod McKuen is "the most understood poet in the world." He is certainly the most popular poet in the United States. Although his poems may be clear to millions of readers, McKuen's success puzzles—even dismays—many people concerned seriously with literature. We suspect that most of McKuen's foes have never read a line of his work. When the editors of *SR* first mentioned to literary people their plans to interview McKuen, the usual reaction was outrage: "Why? He's not a poet." But further inquiries usually elicited the response: "No, I haven't read him, but . . . ."

This, in turn, dismayed *us;* or rather, we were depressed at how much energy middle-class intellectuals devote to assuring themselves of their superiority to working people—at least by virtue of taste. In the case of McKuen's work that "taste" has become such a highly developed faculty that it need not encounter his poems at all in order to judge them. It seemed natural, therefore, that our first question to Rod McKuen should be how *he* would explain his great popularity with audiences and his bad reputation among high-brow critics.

Rod McKuen: I suspect that there is a poet lurking inside every man who writes. But most journalists and critics, having grown up believing that poetry can't, and shouldn't, earn a man a proper living, find a best-selling poet not only distasteful but suspect as well.

Americans don't use the word "*chansonnier*" very often. But I've been influenced by Jacques Brel, Georges Brassens, Edith Piaf, and other French entertainers. Even before I understood French (and my son, who lives in France with his mother, is still more proficient in it than I am), I felt strong affinities with the French people. I was popular in France before I ever had a public in America. The *chansonnier* writes and sings about his life as he lives it. If I had been called a *chansonnier* from the beginning, my success might have aroused much less hostility. I believe it is the poet's duty to chronicle his own lifetime in his own way. He is, at best, a historian, a keeper of the language.

My audiences are people, and, oddly enough, they are exactly the same in America and Europe. Marlene Dietrich said that I'm "the only man really performing in America." *Paris Match* stated that it's impossible to say who influences whom: Brel McKuen, or McKuen Brel. I'm also attracted to the work of Yevtushenko; I would love to translate some of his poems. At one point the State Department wanted to have a cultural exchange between the two of us. Yevtushenko would show me Russia and I would show him America. Several of my books have been translated into Russian in unauthorized editions. I've been told that I can have royalties in the form of vodka. But for the moment I prefer staying home and drinking Coors beer.

My audiences are international; they are also composed of people of every age. I don't consider myself a spokesman for the young, although I do strongly identify with them. I wouldn't mind turning the country over to the kids today.

My concert audiences and my mail are pretty well divided among the young and the old, the black, the yellow, and the white, male and female, and people of different political, sexual, and intellectual orientations. I'm rather proud of that because I've always tried to talk squarely, straight ahead—never down, sideways, or over people's heads.

***SR*: Do you write out of your own experience? If so, would you tell us something about your life?**

I do write about my own experiences, often thinly disguised, although more and more I'm trying to get away from those disguises. Poetry is, or should be, fact given over to imagery.

The facts about me? I was born on April 29, 1933, in a Salvation Army Hospital in Oakland, California. My father had deserted my mother before

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I was born. For a while I had a hang-up about looking for him—the poem "Autobiography" in *Stanyan Street and other Sorrows* is factual enough to be one. I've had the equivalent of about five years of formal education, and I've worked a good eighteen hours every day of my life since I was eleven. I began to write poetry before I was twenty, although for a long time I never showed it to anyone. Poetry, then, was a means of escape for me.

I had a somewhat difficult childhood, if I had one at all. I was left to my own devices most of the time. My mother nearly killed herself working to support me and my half-brother and a husband who wasn't really much good to any of us. That's probably why I left home so early. Going out to work at eleven, being forced to work like an adult and to take an adult's stance, I became a loner. To this day my closest friends tend to be somewhat older than I.

It seems that people usually relate to the melancholy songs I've written over the years; the bigger standards include such titles as "If You Go Away," "The Single Man," and "The Loner." The fact is that more than half of my songs (songs such as "Champion Charlie Brown," "Without a Worry in the World," "Bend Down and Touch Me," and "I'll Catch the Sun") deal with the happier aspects of life. But, in all honesty, I like singing ballads best, and I, too, feel the sad moments. Unsuccessful love affairs tend to stay in our minds longer.

Has your style of living changed much over the years?

I never really saw much money until about six years ago. Although I do live in a big house, an old Spanish house built in 1928 that has been bastardized through the years, my style of living hasn't changed much. In the three years I've been living here, I've tried to restore the house. Previous tenants had knocked out beamed ceilings and murals, or painted over them, poured cement over tiles, painted hardwood floors, even put a Regency facade on the front of the building. I live in Southern California now because I love the sunshine and because I love that old house.

Of course, I'm not home much. I've given nearly two hundred concerts and lectures in six countries, sometimes performing three times a day, this past year. By the end of the year I'll have scored two films and written three new books—that is, books under my own name. It's no longer any secret that I write under pseudonyms for a variety of publishers and publications. I've even invented another poet, who has published two books and won a couple of major awards. One critic said: "After the pap of Rod McKuen, it's a joy to come upon the uncluttered imagery of blank blank." No, I won't tell you my fake author's name.

I do feel the need to slow down, and although I love performing, in the future I want to write more and perform less. I've taken up flying, and once I get my license and my biplane, I intend to be more of a pilot than a poet. Still, there isn't anything quite like stepping out on stage in front of fifteen hundred or fifty thousand people and making them part of your family for a couple of hours.

I'm a compulsive worker. When I'm not writing—whether it's a song, a movie score, classical music, or a poem —I'm usually unhappy. But I'm much freer and more at peace since I started learning to fly. Success has made my personal life difficult. Before I started flying, I'd often think that the only place I could go and feel completely alone was the toilet—but flying has put me in a much better frame of mind. I don't have much of an "artistic life." Except for Jim Kavanaugh, I don't know many other poets, though I'd like to. I correspond with a prisoner in Canada, who writes unbelievably good poetry. I'm now editing his work and will be publishing it soon.

Do you consider yourself a serious poet? How do you go about composing your verses?

I do consider myself a serious poet, and I want a wide readership. I don't think anyone writing prose or poetry publishes his work in hopes of reaching a *small* audience. We have something to say, and we want to address as many people as possible. Anyone who says he writes only for himself should put his manuscripts in a filing cabinet, where no one else can ever see them.

I take pride in my work and think I'm a good poet. And I know I'll be a better one if I have the time. I consider myself honest, and I believe that honesty helps an artist do his best.

I seldom write in rhyme. In my first collections I included song lyrics in the back of the books, but that proved to be a great mistake—more often than not the reviewer would criticize the lyrics as if they were poems. I know of few lyrics that are also good poems.

Some poems take a great deal of work, and some are never rewritten. But certainly no poem ever comes about the same way as the last one did. I find comparisons odious. As much as I like Auden, Eliot, and Whitman, I dislike being compared to them or to Robert Service or Kahlil Gibran. Poets don't come off an assembly line.

***Stanyan Street* seems a better and more sincere book than *Listen to the Warm*, whereas *Fields of Wonder* is a much stronger book again. Do you agree?**

Of the three books you mention, *Listen to the Warm* is the most popular (it's sold some two million copies in hardcover). There are things I like in all my books, but, obviously, each contains something I now feel I could have written better. *Fields of Wonder* was almost a religious experience for me when I wrote it. *Stanyan Street* was a collection of poems written over a long period of time. *Lonesome Cities*, on the other hand, was a combination of things and events that I had been thinking about very strongly for some years and then put down with such urgency that it took less time to complete than any of my other published work. My new book, *To Each Season*, was an attempt, triggered by my mother's death, to reevaluate my life—something I find myself doing constantly now. I think *Caught in the Quiet* and *Moment to Moment* are my best efforts at storytelling. I like *With Love* the least of anything I've done so far, although there are some good lines it it.

Love, of course, is your great theme—often lost or failed love, often the impermanence of passion. Looking over your books, do you think that your idea of what love should or can be has changed?

Men change. Writers continue to be held accountable all their lives for something they said once that is no longer true of them. I am never, or rarely, aware of an actual point of transformation in my life, and many of the poems that appear in my later books were written before my first book was ever published. As for sex, I don't consider myself as being of any particular sexual persuasion. There are as many sexual attitudes and needs as there are people. I'm turned on by people.

One thing that surprised us about *Listen to the Warm* was the anti-youth-culture stance you took in "The Days of the Dancing" (you write "Let's not wear mustaches and funny clothes").

That poem was by no means antiyouth. I was talking about "plastic hippies," who work from nine to five and then assume a so-called hippie guise—whether in Haight-Ashbury, in Greenwich Village, or on Sunset Boulevard—becoming "super cool" after dark in the

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hope of a little free love or adventure. I have to defend that poem so often that it must not be very successful, although, as part of an album entitled *The Sea*, it's one of my most talked-about works.

If you seem to reject the fashionable outward trappings of youth in "The Days of Dancing," in "Driving Through Davis" you seem to endorse or, at least to some extent, share the radical politics of the young. You're so angry at the professor (the "poor white-haired loser")—it's your only *angry* poem.

The "white-haired loser" is a poet named Karl Shapiro, who has reviewed several of my books. In one article he accused me of fostering unrest in the country and of inducing kids to burn down buildings—among other accusations. As a pacifist, I make Joan Baez look like Jack the Ripper. But I'm not a pacifist when it comes to people who tell lies about me. Mr. Shapiro, I'm afraid, had his facts a little wrong. In one review he even compared me to Allen Ginsberg. Either he has never read Ginsberg, or he has not read me.

Mr. Shapiro wrote a book called *White-Haired Lover*. I was told that the book is about his difficulty in coming to terms with the fact that he had fallen in love with a girl many years his junior. I'm glad someone told me, because I didn't get it from reading the book. *White-Haired Lover* was published at the same time as *Listen to the Warm*, both of them by Random House. It received the same initial promotion but failed to sell. I suspect a certain amount of sour grapes there. I also suspect that, if students were burning down buildings on Mr. Shapiro's campus, he was among those responsible for it. According to him, just about everything is wrong with today's kids. If he as a teacher has that attitude, who can blame his students for rebelling? I also took organized religion to task in "Driving Through Davis," but I could talk all day about my reasons for being against churches as corporations.

We've neglected to ask you about music. What do you listen to? What do you like?

As far as I'm concerned, there are only two kinds of music—good and bad. On the pop scene I like David Clayton Thomas, who does unbelievable things with his voice. Also Judy Collins, who is not only one of the most beautiful singers on records but has written two of the best songs I've ever heard—"Since You've Asked" and "My Father." Mary Travers is as talented as she is sexy; she should be in movies (preferably a home movie that I could run every night). Except for the Stones, acid rock bores me.

I think that during my lifetime the two greatest influences on popular music have been Sinatra and the Beatles. Sinatra made every lyric understandable; he taught us all how to phrase; his acquaintance with vowels is extraordinary. I tend to think of the Beatles as one entity. Their music was, and is, playable and understandable by the raunchiest rock group and the most sophisticated symphony orchestra. I like many contemporary songwriters (particularly Gilbert O'Sullivan, Paul Simon, Lennon and McCartney, and Dylan), but none of them approaches the great lyricists—Hart, Coward, and Mercer.

I myself am a self-taught musician, which isn't saying much, since there is so much that I still have to learn. I had two meetings with Stravinsky, who liked my "classical" music, and he cautioned me not to overlearn. Most people in America don't know that I write classical music. Next year, however, I'll be working with the San Francisco Symphony, with Henry Lewis in New Jersey, and with the Edmonton Symphony, among others. I love musicians and envy their precision. Joe Smith of Warner Brothers said that I'm only alive in the recording studio or when I'm singing to an audience.

Your own record label, Stanyan Records, has recorded some of the artists you've mentioned, hasn't it?

Yes. Stanyan is planning a definitive, five-record set of Noël Coward performing his own songs. Long before the craze for nostalgia came in I produced a successful album containing tracks of Tallulah Bankhead, Ramon Novarro, Rudy Vallee, Maurice Chevalier, Sophie Tucker, and others. Issuing records by Greta Keller, Hildegarde, and Portia Nelson, or Chris Conner, Ellis Larkins, and Sylvia Sims, sounds like madness to most people, and there is probably little profit to be made on them. But I've earned a lot of money by writing, composing, publishing, and performing, and I feel that a good portion of it should go back into the business so that neglected artists can be represented on record the way they always wanted to be. I'm not interested in recording new artists —they take too much time, are too impatient, and are much too difficult to launch. I doubt that I'd have the time or patience to create another Rod McKuen on records.

Stanyan Records originated because I felt that I knew best how to sell my own product. Before Stanyan no one was buying Rod McKuen records. I started a mail-order business, and now it's second only to the Columbia Record Club.

Similarly, the people holding the copyrights on most of my songs were not properly exploiting them. So I bought back the rights for as many as I could. Now I insist on publishing all or part of every film score I do, and my books revert to me after six years.

I also created Stanyan Books, now considered the most successful line of gift books in the world. Random House turned down the chance to distribute Stanyan Books several times—until the late Bennett Cerf stepped in and insisted that they try out the venture. (I loved Cerf; he was one of the kindest and most misunderstood men I've ever known.) In any event I still work with Random House on the Stanyan line and supervise all of the books. My hope is that these little books, some carefully edited from the works of such authors as John Donne and Thoreau, others written from scratch, will help turn more people on to books in general, just as I hope my poetry can be a steppingstone to the poetry of others.

It may sound as though I'm scattering my energies on all of these various enterprises, but I've found that an artist having talent in one area usually can be successful in other areas as well. At first I had bad luck with agents, although my current literary agent is the best in the business. When I approached agents, they would try to slot me: "What is it you really want to do? Write poetry, novels, screenplays, classical music, popular songs, lyrics, be an entertainer, make recordings, score films?" "Everything you've mentioned and more," I'd say, but that confused them. And, indeed, I've been fortunate enough to do all those things.

In summing up, I'd say that I don't feel misunderstood by critics, abused by them, or neglected. I don't feel that I've lost anything by loving sometimes and not having that love returned. I wouldn't replace or change anything that's happened to me. I'm not pessimistic about the world, and I feel that we haven't done anything that can't, with a degree of common sense, be reversed or changed. I love being alive—and I look forward to dying. I hope that, when that time comes, I'll be part-way finished with some of the things I want to do that I may not even know about yet.

In April I'll be forty. Some of these years have been hard and long; all of them have been rewarding. Though I can't change my life—nor would I want to—I sure as hell wouldn't want to go through it again, even knowing what I know now.

I feel that I am a dull person, that I shine only through my work. For me that's enough—except occasionally, when I look at someone I want very badly; then, and only then, I wish that God had made me more attractive or that I had spent more time living than working. Then I'd have something more to offer my children than a place in my will—and something better than merely myself for whoever it is is waiting around the corner. □

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EMMA UNGLUED

Is Madame Bovary a schizophrenic — half flirtatious housewife and half dour spokeswoman for Flaubert's artistic worries?

BY ALBERTO MORAVIA
TRANSLATED AND DEBATED
BY FRANCIS STEEGMULLER

I have reread *Madame Bovary*. Or rather, as they say today, I have revisited the character who gives the book its title.

What strikes me at first glance is the dichotomy between Emma Bovary's existential situation and her cultural situation—"ideological" might be a better word. The existential situation is that of a provincial woman, married to a doctor, who becomes the mistress first of a notary's clerk and then of a landowner. The cultural, or ideological, situation is that of so-called bovarism, or the gradual worsening of the existential situation in favor of an ideal fantasy that is at once pernicious, improbable, and unattainable. Both situations terminate in Emma's suicide. It should be noted at this point that Mme. Bovary's existential situation has nothing "ideological" about it: that is, it does not spring from bovarism or, at least, could perfectly well not spring from it. Don Quixote is a character who shares with Mme. Bovary the invalidation of the real in favor of the ideal: he really could not do the things he does had he not read novels of errant chivalry. But Mme. Bovary, with or without bovarism, would still have married Charles Bovary, would still have had two lovers, would still have committed suicide. That is, there is little that is "historical" about Emma's revolt; it is a quite common variety, familiar throughout the ages. There have always been women who betrayed their husbands in protest against the ambience in which they happen to be living—out of boredom, in requital. Besides, Emma is young, beautiful, sensual. Her adulteries can also be interpreted simply as outbursts of an exuberant, unsatisfied temperament. In other words, Emma's revolt basically is due to her own nature. Emma "needs" to betray her husband. She does betray him, and in doing so, she acts in a way that has in all times and places been considered perfectly normal.

Yet, unfortunately, such is not Emma's case; or, at least, it is not entirely her case. In Emma, Flaubert wanted to personify his disappointment and consequent disgust with his own early romanticism. Against this die-hard romanticism Flaubert struggled all his life. Romanticism drove him to travel two years in the Orient; it drove him to write, with a pigheadedness equal to his lack of inspiration, *The Temptation of St. Anthony* and *Salammbô*. Now, with *Madame Bovary*, Flaubert hopes

Alberto Moravia, author of The Conformist, The Wayward Wife, *many other novels, short stories, and essays, is Italy's master of naturalistic fiction. His essay first appeared earlier this year in* Nuovi Argomenti, *a journal of criticism and fiction that Moravia cofounded and coedits.*

Francis Steegmuller won the National Book Award in 1971 for his biography of Cocteau. He is the author of Flaubert and Madame Bovary; *his* Flaubert in Egypt *will be published this spring.*

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to free himself once and for all from this anachronistic cast of feeling. Or rather, he needs to give himself the illusion of being freed from it. And so he invents bovarism. That is, he imposes on the provincial, rather commonplace character of Emma a soul that is not Emma's but his own—or rather, one that he fabricated from the Byronic and pernicious part of his own culture. Thus, from the fusion of realistic observation with cultural disgust is born the character of Emma Bovary.

So far, so good. But when we come to examine closely the result of this Flaubertian operation, we have to say: so far, so bad. We have already observed that Emma is not at all a "historical" character and that her revolt could have happened anytime, anywhere. She is actually a Balzacian character. One thinks of a heroine who has made a loveless marriage, then taken two lovers, and ultimately killed herself because of debts. But Flaubert wants Emma to be a "historical," an "ideological" character, illustrating the history and the ideology of the Europe of that time. Emma, in other words, is forced by the author—despite herself, one might say—to become "bovaristic." That is, a projection of Flaubert in his struggle against himself, in his own perpetual *education sentimentale*.

The result of this violence done to the character of Emma by the author is seen, on close examination, to be disappointing. The operation seems not to have been completely successful. Flaubert is like a dollmaker who makes a single doll out of two half-dolls, gluing them together. But the glue is not good enough; and soon the doll becomes unglued, reverts to being once again two half-dolls—that are quite dissimilar. Emma Bovary is a doll, or rather a character, who has become unglued. She is not completely and solely a realistic character of the Balzacian kind; nor is she completely and solely an ideological character, like Nastasia, for example, in Dostoevsky's *The Idiot*. Emma's existential situation, as we noted before, is neither fused nor in harmony with her cultural and ideological situation. Flaubert strives mightily to show that Emma marries, betrays her husband, and kills herself from bovaristic motives; but he does not succeed in convincing us, because everything that Emma does could just as well be done without any bovarism. Thus, Emma is a character who acts in one way and thinks in another. Consequently, the action becomes meaningless and the ideology ridiculous.

In reality there are two half-Emmas, badly glued together and dissimilar, who become increasingly unstuck with time. There is a provincial half-Emma, married to a dull, luckless doctor, the mistress first of a petit-bourgeois clerklet and then of a landowning mediocrity, and finally a suicide because of debts. And then there is a half-Emma whom today we would call kitsch, a parody, comic-strip character. These two half-Emmas remain totally distinct, never really combining or fusing into a single figure. One is a local character, limited, naturalistic, observed in all her provincial reality; the other is an ideological caricature derived from European culture. A half-century later the caricature Emma could have been a character in Proust. An Odette de Crécy, for example. Odette talks the way Emma thinks. But Odette—and this is precisely the point—is a comic character whom the author does not take seriously.

Naturally, a novel is primarily a formal happening. Form in a novel is not, however, "style"—that style over which Flaubert struggled so hard in his *gueuloir*. Form in a novel is structure—that is, characters and situations. A character is a formal fact. A situation is a formal fact. "Style," on the other hand, at least in Flaubert, is a shining, brilliant veil, flattering and delusive, serving to conceal, if necessary, the defects of form. In this particular case Flaubert's famous style serves to cover over, with its conjuror's veil, a form that is fundamentally defective—that of the character of Emma.

The clue to the "ungluing" of Emma lies in the things that Emma says and does, or rather, in the discrepancy and contrast between what Emma says and what Emma does. Emma speaks, when she speaks, in a way that is not at all romantic but sober and even concise, as befits the dramatic and eventually tragic character she is. To Rodolphe, who in his seduction campaign bombards her (in the *Comices* chapter) with a whole series of suggestive clichés, Emma, though already attracted by the man, replies sensibly: *Il me semble pourtant que vous n'êtes guère à plaindre*. ("It seems to me, though, that you're scarcely to be pitied.") And certain of her later speeches may come from classic drama, but they are never caricatural: *Vous profitez impudemment de ma détresse, monsieur. Je suis à plaindre mais pas à vendre*. ("It's shameless of you to take advantage of my distress! I'm to be pitied, but I'm not for sale.") To Rodolphe, who assures her that she is more beautiful than ever, she will answer: *Oh, ce sont de tristes charmes, mon ami, puisque vous les avez dédaignés*. ("Oh, my charms! They can't amount to much, since you've scorned them.") At the end she will conclude the terrible dialogue with Lheureux briefly and soberly: *Vous me désespérez*. ("You'll drive me to do something desperate!") As we see, these remarks and many others are in perfect harmony with half-Emma No. 1, a character who is serious and authentic, even if she is also limited.

Flaubert fails to make Emma talk the way she thinks and to think the way she talks.

But half-Emma No. 2—the absurd comic-book caricature—neither feels nor speaks like half-Emma No. 1: quite the contrary. After the fatal *elle s'abandonna* (she gave herself to him), Flaubert, without the slightest psychological justification, substitutes for the probable sensations following a first adultery—bliss, shock, guilt—a cultural and ideological digression: "She remembered the heroines of novels she had read, and the lyrical legion of those adulterous women began to sing in her memory with sisterly voices that enchanted her. Now she saw herself as one of those *amoureuses* whom she had so envied: she was becoming, in reality, one of that gallery of fictional figures; the long dream of her youth was coming true." Besides being quite badly written, full of bourgeois and moralistic clumsiness, it is utterly irrelevant to the "local," serious, dramatic Emma, some of whose characteristic utterances we have quoted above. In other words, Emma, immediately after going to bed with the first lover of her life, *cannot* think of the heroines of the popular novels of the day. She *cannot*, because to do so

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is not *necessary*: necessary, that is, from the internal viewpoint of the novel—the esthetic and formal viewpoint.

But Flaubert wants Emma to be bovaristic, even if she actually is not, or rather, even if he has not succeeded in making her so. And so he attributes to Emma, a Balzacian character like Eugénie Grandet, idiotic clichés of the kind that half a century later Proust will put into the mouth of the half-illiterate cocotte Odette de Crécy. But Emma–Eugénie Grandet should not think like Emma-Odette; and Emma-Odette should not talk like Emma–Eugénie Grandet. Furthermore, while it is quite right that Emma–Eugénie Grandet should kill herself, Emma-Odette would never for a moment consider so tragic a solution to her debt problem. The most she would do would be to look for a richer lover.

Thus, Flaubert fails to make Emma talk the way she thinks and to think the way she talks. He gives us page after page of malicious information about Emma's literary tastes; but when it comes to drawing conclusions, he fails to make a convincing connection between these tastes and Mme. Bovary's loves and her suicide. Emma acts, in reality, like a passionate, sincere character—the character whom Flaubert, mediocre theorist but acute observer, had studied at first hand in his provincial milieu. Emma may well read George Sand and Eugène Sue and subscribe to the *Corbeille* and the *Sylphe des Salons;* but when it is a question of her loves and her suicide, her literary preferences will exert no influence. And indeed, were they to do so, they would probably deflect Emma's life from drama to comedy.

At this point it is impossible not to revert from Emma's "ungluing" to that of Flaubert himself. Why did Flaubert want to impute comic-strip qualities to a character who has nothing of the comic strip about her? The answer lies in the author's parallel ambivalence: Flaubert is a romantic who no longer believes in romanticism and even considers it a sickness; that is, at heart a bourgeois who no longer believes in the *bourgeoisie* or, at least, in the heroic mission of the *bourgeoisie*. In Flaubert there is expressed the crisis of the French and European *bourgeoisie*, occurring in the half-century between Napoleon's campaigns and the repression of the Commune. Romanticism has been deposed; disillusion reigns. Flaubert, however, is no unrepentant conservative like Proust, nor a fearless romantic like Stendhal. His romanticism is weak-willed, conventional; his conservatism without elegance or cynicism. Thus he is obliged to make of Emma a character who faithfully reproduces his own torments and inadequacies. "Style" veils these torments and shortcomings, but it does not exorcise them.

POSTSCRIPT

by Francis Steegmuller

After Alberto Moravia and I discussed "Emma Unglued" in Rome last spring, it was agreed that it might be published in English together with a commentary by me; and as the translator of *Madame Bovary* itself as well as of Moravia's critique, I am glad to make a few remarks.

When someone I respect offers as his considered judgment of an artistic feat that I admire and love, "It doesn't come off," my tendency is to reply to the speaker himself only, "It does for me." To others who may be interested, however, one is tempted to enlarge a little on one's disagreement and to point out what one regards as weaknesses in the plaintiff's case. For instance: Moravia's obviously sincere charge that *Madame Bovary* lacks the artistic consistency required of a masterpiece is picturesquely expressed in the image of the two dissimilar half-Emma dolls; but I see no such split in Emma, and the charge is certainly not "proven" for me by Moravia's evidence —that Emma "talks in one way and acts in another." This plea for the schematic is surprising in Moravia the novelist: he surely knows as well as anyone that art is an intensification, a fantastic—and, as he himself says, a "formal"—rendering of life, not a faithful reproduction of it; that art attempts through a treatment of the singular to apprehend large truths to which "ideology," or sociology, concerning themselves with the general, may never attain.

Moravia is, of course, right in insisting that the character of Emma should be *artistically* consistent—that is, believable as a creation. This cannot, however, be demonstrated simply by claiming that she is *humanly* inconsistent, for human inconsistency is, in varying degrees, the very stuff of reality and of every life. Far from being, as Moravia feels, an involuntary contradiction in the creation of Emma, this dichotomy is unhesitatingly greeted by Flaubert himself. Indeed, he proclaims it and feels that from it he gets some of his best effects: "My two characters [Emma and Léon] *are* completely commonplace"—to quote from one of his letters (the italics are mine)—"but they have to *speak* in a literary style—the irony will in no way diminish the pathos but rather intensify it."

And then—to mention a few details only—some of Moravia's interpretations and examples seem to me ill-founded. Emma's haughty "I'm to be pitied, but I'm not for sale," for example, which Moravia says may come from classical drama but is not caricatural—surely Flaubert's point is that it *is* a bathetic caricature of the high style, the bathos being one of the author's illustrations of Emma's verbal inadequacy in coping with her situation. It is on Moravia's testimony, not Flaubert's, that, unlike Don Quixote, who "really could not do the things he does had he not read novels of errant chivalry," Emma Bovary would have done everything she did "with or without bovarism"; and in any case Don Quixote (one of Flaubert's greatest admirations) is not a contrast to Emma but rather a totally different species of novelistic character. If Proust did not take Odette de Crécy seriously, are we then not to believe in the suffering she caused Swann? And as for style being, "at least in Flaubert," a "veil," Flaubert himself thought of it as having quite a different function: "It is perhaps absurd to want to give prose the rhythm of verse (keeping it distinctly prose, however) and to write of ordinary life as one writes of history or epic (but without falsifying the subject). I often wonder about this. But, on the other hand, it is perhaps a great experiment, and very original, too."

Lastly, there is another, larger question about "Emma Unglued." In Emma Bovary, Moravia says, Flaubert wanted to personify his own disappointment and disgust with romanticism: in his novel, that is, he expressed his own subjective situation. Here Moravia seems to simplify what he considers Flaubert's "progression" from romantic to would-be realist. Flaubert's situation is more complex than that: *Salammbô*, for instance, was written not before *Madame Bovary*, as Moravia implies, but after it, and it indicates, along with portions of *L'Education Sentimentale*, Flaubert's continuing and fully conscious romantic strain, as well as his refusal as an artist to deny himself certain acts of perception, however difficult of convincing expression, in favor of an ultimately more rigid and ideological concept of "realism." And Flaubert also, we learn from Moravia, expresses "the crisis of the French and European *bourgeoisie* occurring in the half-century between Napoleon's campaigns and the repression of the Commune." To express, in fiction, one's own subjective situation *and* half a century of European crisis would seem to some of us no small accomplishment, even if a synthesis of social history and autobiography were considered the author's fundamental intention and lasting achievement. However, and far beyond this, some will continue to find, in Emma Bovary, a fusion of human qualities and conditions whose consolidating agent is no defective glue but rather the force of—why not say it?—genius. □

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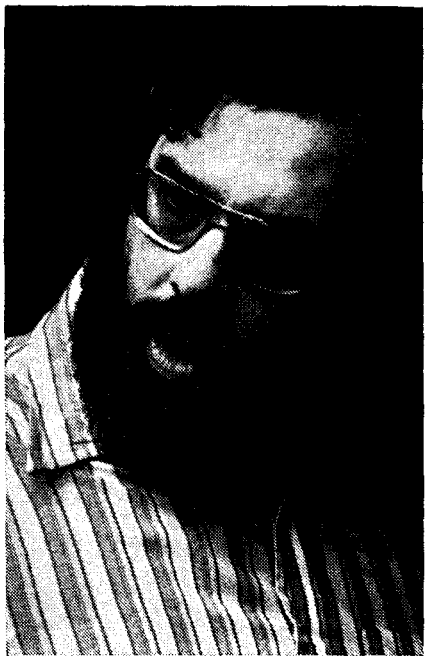

"My Own Little City, My Own Little Opera..."

Between filming *Godfather I* and *Godfather II*, Francis Ford Coppola recently found time to direct a new opera. Was this one offer he should have refused?

BY JOHN ROCKWELL

Francis Ford Coppola became an opera director because Kurt Herbert Adler, general director of the San Francisco Opera, asked him to. "He just called me up one day," Coppola recalls, "and offered me the job. I figured here was a chance, so I said yes."

Why Adler wanted Coppola seems, in retrospect, fully clear. Why Coppola (pronounced "COPE-uh-luh") was so eager to plunge into a field in which he had no experience is a little less clear.

Adler, whatever his enemies may think of him personally, is not dumb. He had committed himself to the American premiere on October 25 of an opera—*The Visit of the Old Lady*, by the contemporary Austrian composer Gottfried von Einem—of questionable quality and unquestionable lack of box-office appeal. Adler had no guarantee that the about-to-be-released *Godfather* would succeed, but he could still reasonably hope that its director might himself increase *The Visit*'s appeal. Coppola had, in any case, just directed a successfully received production of Noël Coward's *Private Lives* in San Francisco and would presumably be able to invest *The Visit* with similar life. It was, after all, based directly on Friedrich Dürrenmatt's play, and few in the audience would judge what Coppola did on the basis of the accumulated preconceptions that greet a standard repertory opera. When *The Godfather* began to pile up its millions, Adler had yet another reason. "It was great for him," Coppola admits. "I'm not asking for anything."

What *was* in it for Coppola? Other film directors direct opera—Bergman, Zeffirelli, Visconti—but such cross-fertilization is almost unprecedented for an American. Opera is so out of it with the "in" crowd that a film director could legitimately worry that his reputation for relevance might suffer were he to dabble in it.

The explanation in Coppola's case has something to do with his background and even more to do with his self-image. He comes from a musical family: his grandfather accompanied Caruso, his father played flute for Toscanini and composes, his uncle conducts. Coppola himself played tuba as a teenager, and even before his musical film, *Finian's Rainbow*, he had written the book and lyrics for and directed three musicals at Long Island's Hofstra University.

Still, a long-repressed yearning to direct opera could hardly be said to have smoldered in his bosom: "I had been exposed to it in my family, but I was no authority." In fact, he seems to cultivate a self-image of humble simplicity only partially belied by his obvious sophistication.

Even before he went to work for exploitation-filmmaker Roger Corman, he had set himself apart from self-conscious avant-gardism, no matter how innovative he has been at times. In interviews and in conversation Coppola likes to picture himself, at least part of the time, as a simple, friendly Neapolitan boy from Queens who's just trying to muddle through and do a good job. He becomes particularly defensive when people set him up as a boy wonder and then knock him down again for failing to live up to that standard. During rehearsals for the opera he seemed to be trying to reinforce his honest, yeoman image, padding about, sloppy but purposeful in a shirt open at the neck, scuffed shoes, and corduroy pants. With ample belly, glasses, and bushy black beard, he looked more like an aging graduate student than a directorial hotshot, and the persistence of rumpled corduroy through to the curtain calls after the first performance, with everybody else in black tie, suggested the cultivation of an image antifashionable as well as antioperatic.

Yet, despite all, he is a wonder of some sort: a thirty-three-year-old multimillionaire director/writer/mogul with his own production company—American Zoetrope—a multipicture deal, and offers at every turn. He wants to wheel and deal and expand his horizons just as much as he wants to be a nice Italian son and patriarch. One readily believes him when he says he took Adler's opera offer out of "my youthful desire to do everything."

However, doing everything and doing everything well are not always the same, which Coppola—whose ingenuous self-criticism is part of his great personal charm—is the first to admit.

Work on *The Visit* came in the midst of a characteristically frenetic Coppola schedule, like everything else he has done of late or will do in the immediate future. After he finished *The Godfather* in the spring, he plunged into a rush job on *Private Lives*—"I was very, very lucky it turned out all right; the dress rehearsal was a disaster"—followed by a month's work on the screenplay for *The Great Gatsby*, which Jack Clayton is directing. After five days of preliminary work on *The Visit* he did the bulk of the writing of the script for his own next movie, *The Conversation*, interrupted by the beginning of *The Visit* rehearsals proper in early October. After the October 25 premiere he had two weeks to finish *The Conversation* script before shooting began in San Francisco, after which he had exactly a month left to write the entire script for *The Godfather* sequel before

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Maurice Peress conducts a dress rehearsal of The Visit of the Old Lady *at the San Francisco Opera, while director Francis Ford Coppola studies the actions of the singers onstage.*

its scheduled shooting this spring. "I don't have any fun anymore," Coppola laments, cheerfully. "I'm depressed all the time."

Coppola may complain, but he seems unable to work under any other than quasi-hysterical conditions. During the final, hectic week before *The Visit* opened, when nearly everything seemed to be going wrong, he found time to attend an afternoon "retrospective" of his work at the San Francisco Film Festival and a festival party in his honor at Enrico's Coffeehouse, to give a public preview of the opera, and to keep an eye on activities at Zoetrope. His inner demons may have been gnawing away, but his outer demeanor remained unflappable, even serene. The impression of supportive calm prevailed at last-minute rehearsals for the opera, even when things were going badly and Coppola said he felt as if he were "running in front of a locomotive" and "frantically trying to implement last-minute ideas which amount to one-hundred-eighty-degree turns."

The turns, Coppola admits to all who ask, were necessary because he grossly miscalculated the nature of his task, both practically and theoretically.

The Godfather, for all its ultimate critical and financial success, had been a difficult movie to make: each day of shooting was a debilitating battle for Coppola. He had earlier tried to escape Hollywood by finding his own, manageable community in San Francisco, and he clearly looked to his theatrical and operatic endeavors there as a kind of idealistic escape into pure art. "If you blow something like *The Godfather*," he philosophized the day of the opera's premiere, wolfing down *dim sum* at the Yank Sing restaurant in San Francisco's Chinatown, "your career is finished. After that I needed something different, something where I could experiment more freely, without political or financial pressures. 'How nice,' I said to myself. 'My own little city, my own little opera house.'"

He was certainly right in that had he failed ignominiously with *The Visit*, nobody in the film world would have known or cared. Insofar as his own personal idyll was concerned, he quickly found that opera has its own kind of pressures and practicalities. On the simplest level there is the question of money and resources. Some of Coppola's initial ideas proved unfeasible from a technical standpoint. In film almost anything can be obtained if you insist (horses' heads, for instance). "For *The Visit* I asked for a five-hundred-pound black panther, and everybody just looked at me funny."

Opera rehearsal schedules in a repertory house are invariably tight and tense. Especially in America, with limited budgets and facilities, one must battle continually for one's rightful share of production moneys, rehearsals, and main-stage time. In a world where money is scarce, it is all the more prized; and where personal profit is low, egos are all the more exposed.

Last spring Coppola described *The Godfather* as a movie that owed its success to its preliminary ideas, to battles fought and won before shooting began. Opera needs exactly the same sort of advance planning and muscle flexing, and Coppola hadn't done it—or even realized it needed to be done. He thus found himself set to produce a complex modern opera in three weeks' time—the world premiere of the same work, at the Vienna State Opera in 1971, had taken more than two months to prepare. "I'm really impressed with Adler as a producer, and although he yells at everyone, he never yelled at me," Coppola recalls. "But I'm not impressed with him as an allo-

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cator of resources." Other directors—notably the Frenchman Jean-Pierre Ponnelle, a veteran, operatic in-fighter who was preparing a new production of *Tosca*—effectively deprived him of technical rehearsal time and delayed the completion of needed costumes and props. "I was angry at Adler for not giving me enough time and angry at myself for not being able to do a better job with what I had."

Coppola's whole rhythm and method of working, shaped by film, proved inappropriate for opera, at least in its currently calcified form. "I wanted to think things through from the beginning, to create a situation in which the singers could develop their own responses to the dramatic situation. But when I began talking about theories, I saw uneasy eyes all around. In opera you have to start making things work from the very first." Adler had hedged his bet on his neophyte director by surrounding him with experienced opera pros. Ghita Hager and Matthew Farruggio, both directors in their own right, served as production assistants; set designer Robert Darling has directorial ambitions; and even Regina Resnik, singing the opera's title role, has herself directed in European houses.

"Ghita kept telling me simply to tell the singers where they should move to and what they should do," Coppola remembers. "But it was only after the first on-stage run-through, which was a mess, that I realized she was right. I'll never work on this kind of crazy schedule again. Opera people work harder than anybody else I've ever seen, but the pace forces the director to assume more authority than I'm used to." The later rehearsals saw Coppola more forthright in the articulation of his wishes, even if those wishes remained couched in the language of polite suggestion.

Preliminary ideas had saved *The Godfather*, perhaps, but as Coppola remarked at lunch before the opera's premiere, "Far-out ideas by themselves are cheap. The trick is ideas which come together and gell into a piece." His own purely theatrical conception of *The Visit* reflected his failure to think through what makes operatic production unique. Coppola accepted the job without having heard a note of the music. Einem's score is, in fact, not much more interesting than typical movie music, and his opera has enjoyed its European success largely on the strength of Dürrenmatt's allegorical melodrama. But Coppola conceived of his task solely in terms of the play, without taking into account the needs of musicians, the ways in which music can affect drama, or the scale of a 3,000-seat house.

"At the first run-through on the Opera House stage," Coppola admitted, "I realized that nearly all the intimate detail I had been working on simply got lost. I had given the chorus members individual bits to do, for instance, like in the wedding scene in *The Godfather*. But at the run-through, from that distance, they all merged into a mob. Things get lost in opera, and music slows time down. It's simply not a natural art form, so you have to bring in stylization." Not exactly new observations, maybe, but they were new for Coppola, one week before the premiere.

As it happened, things worked out well enough on October 25, at least from his point of view—perhaps partly, as he said, because "people never really look at opera anyway." The show went on, a little prosaically in spots, but functionally. Some of Coppola's ideas were good ones, after all—most strikingly his notion of separating the many short scenes with a symbolically appropriate curtain of steam—and most of the singers came through with convincing dramatic performances. Critics had their occasional reservations about Coppola's contribution but naturally saved most of their fire for the opera itself. Generally, they treated it as a tepid nonevent. Coppola—with eager offers from Vienna and New York's Metropolitan (a crumpled telegram from Schuyler Chapin pulled from his pocket requests that he consider possible productions)—will live to see another operatic day.

What he would like to do next is a standard repertory work. "I want to do something like *Turandot*," he insists. "I'm a very romantic human being. I like melodic opera. I get very emotional when I hear that beautiful stuff. *Turandot* is a spectacle, and I want to try something on a big scale, with banners and circuses and trapezes. I told Adler I'd like to set *Turandot* in Communist China, with red flags and the whole works. Or maybe I could work over a longer period of time with the company's touring ensemble of young singers and do a really good, intimate *La Bohème*—that's sort of what I thought working on *The Visit* would be like."

Bizarre new productions of old operas have their decadent aspects, though. In the absence of interesting, popular new creations companies fall back on ever more lavish, eccentric re-creations to satisfy the need for novelty; it is the age of the opera director, rather than the singer, conductor, or composer, the age of cosmetics on corpses.

Coppola would like to involve himself in the actual creation of musical theater, but he admits happily that his plans are still rather nebulous. "I'm open to almost anything," he confesses. "That's the fun I'm having, now that I don't have to work for money anymore."

After *Turandot* he plans to put together a kind of vaudeville-musical, "a little opera about a touring company of Italian players, with music by my father. I'd like to perform it live in San Francisco, then film it here. My father's not really a film-music composer even if he did do some of the music for *The Godfather*. Film music blends in, and his stands out. I've just given him a bunch of money, and he's going to Rome and hire a big orchestra and record his music. I don't know what we'll do with it, but wouldn't you want to hear your father's music?"

Beyond that Coppola says vaguely that he's interested in some kind of multimedia theater piece based on sung music. His conversation ranges loosely from intimate television music dramas—"I've always been interested in what goes on between the scenes of opera, the psychological stuff you never see"—to vast, Reinhardtian pageants. He says he wants to work with a composer from the outset, but he doesn't really know what kind of music he wants. He is against "hokey syntheses," like pop or rock operas, and he is hardly an avant-gardist—in his films or his musical tastes. "The music should be melodic," he insists, tentatively. "Something like Hovhaness, maybe." The suggestion that he might make use of his close associate Walter Murch—whose "sound montages" for films like *The Rain People* and George Lucas's *THX-1138* sounded more interesting than most so-called electronic music—failed to elicit much response.

The real question, from Coppola's point of view, is whether he will have the time or energy for any of this. Hopelessly overcommitted now, he wants to take a year off beginning in 1974 to think things through, relax, and prepare his future film and nonfilm ventures more carefully. He has been saying the same sort of thing in interviews for the past four or five years, however. "I may be too greedy for my capabilities," he worries. "That's the one thing that really bothers me, that I'm going to run out of juice and blow all my opportunities."

From opera's side there is another question. Coppola is grateful to Adler and the singers "for allowing me to flounder through it." But is it wise to let somebody like Coppola, good ideas or not, learn his craft at the composer's, performers', and audience's expense? The answer—to judge from Adler's offer and Vienna's and New York's interest—is apparently yes. Present-day opera is a nearly moribund art form. It simply cannot ignore a source of creative and re-creative energy like Francis Ford Coppola, however undirected and inefficient that energy may be for the moment. □

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THE GREAT REMEMBERER

Jack Kerouac's novels of the Fifties practically created the Beat Generation. Here, for the re-issue of his *Visions of Cody*, a friend suggests Kerouac forsaw much of what was to happen to young Americans.

BY ALLEN GINSBERG

Two noble men, Americans, perished younger than old whitebeard prophets' wrinkled gay eye Archetypes might've imagined like Whitman. The death of America in their early stop—untimely tears—for loves glimpsed and not fulfilled—not completely fulfilled, some kind of withdrawal from the promised tender Nation—Larimer Street down, green lights glimmering, Denver surrounded by Honeywell warplants, IBM war calculators, selfish Air Bases, Botanical Mortal Brain Factories—Robot buildings downtown lifted under crescent moon—The small hands gestured to belly and titty, under backstairs decades ago, seeking release to each other, trembling sexual tenderness discovered first times . . . before the wars began . . . 1939 Denver's mysterious glimpses of earth life unfolding on side streets in United States—Perfectly captured nostalgia by Jack *Visions of Cody* (Neal) . . . Peace protester adolescents from Cherry High with neck kiss bruises sit & weep on Denver Capitol Hill lawn, hundreds of Neal & Jack souls mortal lamblike sighing over the nation now, 1972.

Mortal America's here . . . disappearing Elevateds, diners, iceboxes, dusty hat racks preserved from oblivion . . . Larimer Street itself this year in ruins resurrected spectral thru *Visions of Cody*—And the poolhall itself gone to parking lot & Fun Adult Movies the heritage of Neal's sex fantasies on the bench watching Watson shoot snooker—

By this prose preserved for a younger generation appreciative of the Bowery camp & thirties hair consciousness destroyed by real estate speculators on war-growth economy.

I don't think it is possible to proceed further in America without first understanding Kerouac's tender brooding compassion for bygone scene & personal Individuality oddity'd therein. Bypassing Kerouac one bypasses the mortal heart, sung in prose vowels; the book a giant mantra of appreciation and adoration of an American man, one striving heroic soul. Kerouac's judgment on Neal Cassady was confirmed by later Kesey history.

"I saw the flash of their mouths, like the mouths of minstrels, as they ate."

High generous prose moments, I reread this book 19 years later—the Shabda (sound waves) passage, "like ants in orchestras." Hector's Cafeteria food description a Homeric Hymn. "All you do is head straight for the grave." Robert Duncan circa '55 was impressed by the passages reflecting shiny auto fenders in plateglass.—"Lord, I scribbled hymns to you"—nobody else says anything like that, not Mailer Genet Céline . . . "hundreds of death-conscious boys."

I worship Jack's candid observation of inner consciousness manifested in solitude, the girl eating in Cafeteria, a complete world satori. Here as distinct from his critic P., Kerouac is present in the world solitary musing, observing actual event, "mind clamped down on objects" completely anonymous, in a single universe of perception with no mental manoeuvers or selfconscious manipulation of any reader's mind (he's writing for no reader but his own intelligent self)—completely *here*, watching the world—not generalizing in a study, but sketching solitude Mannahatta's cafeteria—"She just blew her nose daintily with a napkin: has private personal sad manners, at least externally, by which she makes her own formal existence known to herself . . ."

Great ringing historical lines: "I accept lostness forever. Everything belongs to me because I am poor." Complete prophecy Dream 1951–1973: "A Ritz Yale Club Party . . . hundreds of kids in leather jackets instead of big tuxedo . . . everybody smoking marijuana, wailing a new decade in one wild *crowd*" . . . in a single parenthesis, a whole American future style's prophecied. This book, then, an education on perceptions of the mind Person: "and I dig *you* as we together dig the lostness and the fact that of course nothing's ever to be gained but death." Thus a panoramic consciousness, "The wide surroundment brooding over him . . ." (K.'d been reading Melville's *Pierre*), "long ago in the red sun."

"The unspeakable visions of the individual . . . the joy of downtown city night . . . the red brick wall behind the red neons . . . the poor hidden brick of America . . . the center of the grief . . . America's a lonely crockashit . . . And so I struggle in the dark with the enormity of my soul, trying desperately to be a great rememberer redeeming life from darkness."

Thousands of children now, millions of children now, orphaned in America by the war, crying for the United States to repent and love them again.

The Tape: a new section of the novel, begins, if anybody doesn't know, how could they? Cody (Neal) telling Jack the story of what it was like summer 1947, Cody and myself hitched from Denver to New Waverly Texas to Bull Hubbard's (Bill Burroughs') marijuana garden farm in E. Texas bayou country; recollection for the great rememberer of our *Green Automobile* vow. Of course Cody wasn't entirely romantically frank with Jack—We vowed to own and accept each other's bodies and souls & help each other into Heaven, while on earth, One Person. And the incident of the bed never did get told—tho it dominates 30 pages of conversation: Cody and I had no mutual Texas bed to sleep together in, I was eager, so tried to build one out of 2 army cots with Huck's (Huncke's) help a miserable symbolic

Allen Ginsberg's book of poems The Fall of America *will be published this month by City Lights Books, Inc.*

© 1972 BY ALLEN GINSBERG. AS THE INTRODUCTION TO VISIONS OF CODY BY JACK KEROUAC. TO BE PUBLISHED JANUARY 1973 BY MCGRAW-HILL.

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failure, sagged in the middle. "I couldn't stand him touching me," says Cody somewhere. He didn't help build the love bed, tho I pleaded.

The entire tape section's a set of nights on newly discovered Grass, wherein these souls explored the mind blanks impressions that tea creates: that's the subject, unaltered & unadorned --halts, switches, emptiness, quixotic chatters, summary piths, exactly reproduced, significant because: 1) Vocal familiar friendly teahead life talk had never been transcribed and examined consciously (like Warhol 20 years later examined Campbell's Soup cans). 2) Despite monotony, the gaps and changes (like Warhol watching Empire State Bldg. all night) are dramatic. 3) It leads somewhere, like life. 4) It's interesting if you want the characters' reality. 5) It's real. 6) It's art because at that point in progress of Jack's art he began transcribing *first* thoughts of true mind in American speech, and as objective sample of that teahead-high speech of his model hero, he placed uncorrected tape central in his book, actual sample-reality he was otherwhere rhapsodizing.

Art lies in the consciousness of doing the thing, in the attention to the happening, in the sacramentalization of everyday reality, the God-worship in the present conversation, no matter what. Thus the tape may be read not as hung-up which it sometimes is to the stranger, but as a spontaneous Ritual performed once and never repeated, in full consciousness that every yawn & syllable uttered would be eternal . . . the tape coheres together with serious solemn discussion of their lives.

Jack Kerouac's style of transcription of taped conversation is, also, impeccably accurate in syntax punctuation—separation of elements for clarity . . . labeling of voices, parenthesizing of interruptions. A model to study.

Concluding we see the beauty of the tapes that Jack cherished, that they are inclusive samples of complete exchange of information and love thoughts between two men, each giving his mind history to the other—The remarkable situation, which we are privileged to witness thru these creaky tapes transcribed by now dead hand, is—of Kerouac the great rememberer on quiet evenings 1950–1951 with Neal Cassady, the great experiencer & midwest driver and talker, gossiping intimately of their eternities—here's representative sample of these evenings, and we can take as model their exchange and see that our own lives also have secrets, mysteries, explanations and love equal to those of feeble, seeking heroes past --Another generation has followed, perhaps surpassed, Neal & Jack conversing in midnight intimacy—if it hasn't discovered that "huge confessional night" then this tape transcript is fit model. If it's surpassed—more coherent these days —I doubt it!?! But then, this is ancient history—if History's interesting now that America has near destroyed the human compassionate world still surviving as in fragments of bewildering conversation between these two dead souls.

There follows an "Imitation of the Tape in Heaven," taking off from Black Preacher calling Jesus in the night, inspired rhythmic babble, gemmy little fragments of literature, by now K.'d obviously given up entirely on American Lit., and let his mind loose. Thus proceeds analysis of his fall from College Window innocence, & American innocence too—where the "alienation" is now obvious & frightful filled with Jelly Bombs Fragmentation Nazi Electronic Good American Monster Phoenix Assassination Central Dope Intelligence News Conditions—Back in 1951/52 Jack saw it as a change of insouciance, going into a bar . . . something as subtle as that . . . "There's no neighborhood any more"—and that's his first *Town & the City* tragic theme. "Beyond this old honesty there can only be thieves," and that means Nixon & Bebe Rebozo. So that "Looking at a man in the eye is now queer." A perfect expression in Whitmanic terms, of what went wrong with American males, muscle biceps tensely meet on the street: "Low panhandler homosexual dopefiend nigger Communist" paranoia.

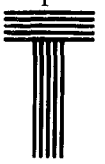
Later an explanation for this journey across U.S. is given complete: "At the junction of the state line of Colorado . . . go moan for man . . . go thou, go thou, die hence; and of Cody report you well and truly"—What American poet ever had more sad & beautiful directions, commands from the God muse? more prophetic, yet more anonymously erranded?

Thence into the book, a New Neal after *On the Road*—That period is covered in *Visions of Cody* for those who'd ever wish'd a historic sequel—What happened to Dean Pomeroy, settled and married—? Kerouac's golden dreams come true—and a prophecy:

"War will be impossible when marijuana becomes legal." How truly lovely the primitive faith, in depths of 1951 cop-lobbied national Dope Fiend Hallucination, that his private experience of grass would become, as it *did*, a national experience?

"Everything always all right"—afternoons together, Americans, working on the railroad—at that time no guilt, even the sticky hot tar and rail smoke soot a sort of golden afternoon's honest perfume—before the murder of Indians came to consciousness in America. Way before Neal's bust, this was just before Dulles & Ike & Everyone Spellman started Vietnam War Indochina.

Heavenly Cody soliloquizes: "Our common death in this skeletal earth & billion particle'd grey moth void one empty huge horror and glory isn't it awful . . . Adieu Sweet Jack, the air of life is permeated with roses all the time," he has Neal say and himself reply, "I heard you, I sure do know it now," to Neal's speech, "I love you, man, you've got to dig that; boy you've got to know." Whitman's Adhesiveness! Sociability without genital sexuality between them, but adoration and love, light as America promised in Love.



The New Consciousness is early pronounced here, an old consciousness already forgotten since the good grey bard's 19th century yore; and among these prophecies the reader finds Kerouac's completely *written* peyote text, total explanations of states of consciousness, "This thing is the realization of suicide, your mind tells you how you can die, take your pick; I see"—perfect mind-changes of peyote recorded, a brilliant contribution to literature, and early O hippies, how early his tragic common sense and un-drunk humanity squinting undismayed dismayed at the cactus "with his big lizard hide & poison hole buttons with wild hair, grooking in the desert to eat our hearts alive, ach. . . . Cody, this is the end of the heart." Follows the funniest description of Mr. Peyote writ ever.

And after Peyote vision of their life together in moth-wracked joyful trembling stomach-ghost-horror glory—he begins to try nail down the exact places & visions he loved Neal in. And "the great spindly tin-like crane towers of transterritorial electric power wires . . . pagodas of Japan hung in a grey mist . . . marching to the beat of Bethlehem steel hammers" can still be seen year after year speeding north on Bayshore beneath San Francisco's hills, where Neal & Jack worked the railroad.

At last, reveal'd, Kerouac's memory of the time Cody fuck'd the car-driving "pansy" they traveled east with—This reference alas was excised from *On the Road* thus removing one dimension of American Hero and misleading thousands of highschool boys for decades—A vigorous description & very Shakespere-funny's given, tho Jack in the toilet watching quoting Céline, "It's not in my line," probably should have got into the act for his own happy good, not drunk himself to death later with sinful visions like "at one point it appeared Cody had thrown him over legs in the air like a dead hen" . . . ouch . . . . No wonder, "Slambanging sodomies that made me sick." Well I enjoyed both Cody and Jack, many times in many ways jolly bodily and in soul love, and wish Jack had been physically tenderer to Cody or vice versa, done 'em both good, some love balm over that bleak manly power they had, displayed, were

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forced to endure and die with.

"I'm writing this book because we're all going to die . . . my heart broke in the general despair and opened up inwards to the Lord, I made a supplication in this dream." This is the most sincere and holy writing I know of our age—at the same time for Pre-Buddhist Jack, a complete display of knowledge of Noble Truths he soon discovered in Goddard's *Buddhist Bible*.

Yet Jack had another 18 years ahead with Neal on earth, neither was dead ("Neal is Dead"), except this vision book was all out effort to understand early in the midst of life, what Jack's yearning and Neal's response and both their mortal American energy was all about, was directed to—but only time could tell, & both got tired *several* times—Jack went on to write not only *Dr. Sax* but *Mexico City Blues* in the next year & then *The Subterraneans* & *Springtime Mary (Maggie Cassidy)* and more and more and more climaxed 5 years later with some fame, and the brilliant Buddhist exposition *Dharma Bums*, and also *Desolation Angels* later, to keep the perfect chronicle going—"rack my hand with labor of Nada"—and many poems—not to speak of his *Book of Dreams* and giant as-yet-unpublished *Some of the Dharma*, 1000 pages of haikus, meditations, readings, commentaries on Prajnaparamita & Diamond Sutras, brain-thinks, Samadhi notes, scholarship in the Void—reading Shakespere & Melville all the while & listening to Bach's *St. Matthew's Passion* evermore—

Saying farewell to Cody, Jack was saying farewell to the World, both of them gave up several times—But at that 1952 time both of them were at their wits' ends with the world and America—The "Beat Generation" was about that time formulated, the Vietnam War just about to be continued American bodied (as 'twas already funded American dollar'd via opium pushing France & French-Corsican Intelligence agencies)—Two years after completion of this book Neal lived in a quiet home, receptive and friendly but by then entered into a blank new insistent religiosity, "like Billy Sunday in a suit" epistled Jack, namely Edgar Cayce study—which reincarnation philosophy drove Jack to study Buddhism; a new phase not even recorded or mentioned in this vast essay on Early or Middle Neal.

I remember the sleepless epiphanies of 1948—everywhere in America brain-consciousness was waking up, from Times Square to the banks of Willamette River to Berkeley's groves of Academe: little Samadhis and appreciations of intimate spaciness that might later be explain'd and followed as the Crazy Wisdom of Rinzai Zen or the Whispered Transmission of Red Hat Vajrayana Path Doctrine, or Coyote's empty yell in the Sierras. Out of Burroughs' copy of Spengler Kerouac arrived at the conception of "Fellaheen Eternal Country Life"—Country Samadhi for Jack, country Ken & consciousness latent discovered in Mexico as our heroes crossed the border: immediate recognition of Biblical Patriarch Type in Mexic Fellaheen fathers: the Bible those days the only immediate American mind-entry to primeval earth-consciousness non-machine populace that inhabits 80 per cent of the world—"Jeremiacal hoboes lounge, shepherds by trade . . . I can see the hand of God. The future's in Fellaheen. At Actopan this biblical plateau begins—it's reached by the mountain of faith only. I know that I will someday live in a land like this. I did long ago." Heartbreaking prophecy. And intelligent Neal'd said, "What they want has already crumbled in a rubbish heap—they want banks."

Jack didn't write this book for money, he wrote it for love, he *gave* it away to the world; not even for fame, but as an explanation and prayer to his fellow mortals, and gods—with naked motive and humble piety Search—that's what makes *Visions of Cody* a work of primitive genius that grooks next to Douanier Rousseau's visions, and sits well-librariedbeside Thomas Wolfe's Time & River (which Thos. Mann from his European eminence said was the great prose of America) & sits beside Tolstoi for its *prayers*. A La La Ho!

So we see the end of the American road in the U.S. boy's conscious discovery of the eternal natural man, primitive, ancient Biblical or Josephaic Shepherd or Khartoum Mongolian Gnothic Celtic: thus the magic political formulation idiotically stark sanely presented—a quote from the mustached Vice Regent Consul of Empire next to a quote from Jackey Keracky:

"False nonsense"—Acheson, 1952

"You've got to legalize the Fellaheen"—Duluoz, 1952

And why this paean to Neal? It's a consistent panegyric to heroism of mind, to the American Person that Whitman sought to adore. And now, "The holy Coast is done, the holy Road is over." Jack thought Cody'd gone back to California Marriage, would settle down besilent & die of old age—Little he knew the Psychedelic Bus, as if *On the Road* were transported to Heav'n, would ride on the road again through America, the Great Vehicle painted rainbow colored as Mahayana illusion with its tantric Kool-aid & Celestial passengers playing their Merry Pranks "Further" thru the land, "A vote for Goldwater is a Vote for Fun" sign painted on busside, en route to find sad drunken Jack, enthusiastic but speechless high bring him to Acid Apartment on Park Avenue crowded at midnight with 50 Prankster bus passengers all cynically expectant jester-dressed & starry eyed worshipping—The old red faced W. C. Fields Toad Guru trembling shy hungover sick potbellied Master tenderly came back to the city afraid to drink himself to death—A Park Avenue apartment the site for Great Union Reunion Kerouac Cassady Kesey & Friends all together at last once in New York under unofficial mock but real Kleig lights with microphones reverb feedback wires snaking all over th'electrified household living room floor 86th St. upper East Side—An American Flag draped over couch, on which shocked Jack refused to sit—Kesey respectful welcoming and silent, fatherly timid host, myself marveling and sad, it was all out of my hands now, History was even out of Jack's hands now, he'd already written it 15 years before, he could only watch hopelessly one of his more magically colored prophecy shows, the Hope Show of Ghost Wisdoms made modern Chemical & Mechanic, in this Kali Yuga, he knew the worser death gloom to come, already on him in his alcohol ridden trembling no longer sexually tender corpus—Anyway, O clouds over Tetons, great Rain clouds over Idaho, lowbellied cumulus over Gros Ventre rain!—the conversation in that brilliant lit apartment Manhattan 1967 was sparse halting sad disappointing yet absolutely real, & thus recorded on tape as Jack already did, as well as (new era technology 15 years later Spenglerean time) on Film! O rain spoils't thou man's toys & images? Washest Time? And then the Bright Vast Bus on the magic road went honking up to Dr. Leary's Millbrook tantric mansion, what eras're ushered in on us?

The last pages say, "All America marching to this last land." The book was a dirge for America, for its heroes' deaths too, but then who could know except in the unconscious—A dirge for the American Hope that Jack (& his hero Neal) carried so valiantly through the land after Whitman—an America of pioneers and generosity—and selfish glooms & exploitations implicit in the pioneers' entry into Foreign Indian & Moose lands—but the great betrayal of that manly America was made by the pseudo-heroic pseudo-responsible masculines of Army and Industry and Advertising and Construction and Transport and toilets and Wars.

Last pages—how tender—"Adios King!" a farewell to all the promises of America, an explanation & prayer for innocence, a tearful renunciation of victory & accomplishment, a humility in the face of "the necessary blankness of men" in hopeless America, hopeless World, in hopeless wheel of Heaven, a compassionate farewell to Love & the Companion, Adios King. □

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BY GENE THORNTON

THE NEW HONESTY OF PHOTOGRAPHY BOOKS

Personal Encounters

Which kind of photography book will still be worth looking at ten years from now—the big, expensive, hardcover color spectaculars that pour from the presses of the world's leading publishers or the modest, self-published, black-and-white paperbacks by young and often unknown photographers that are popping up in bookstores all over the country? An answer may be suggested by comparing two books that were published in time for last year's Christmas selling season.

Ernst Haas's *The Creation* was published in five languages and six countries. The internationally famous photographer had first appeared in *Life* at the age of twenty-eight, and he had a one-man show at the Museum of Modern Art in New York. The text was by God Himself, or whoever wrote the first few verses of Genesis in His name, and everything else was on a suitably grandiose scale: 112 pictures in horribly expensive, four-color reproductions, more than sixty thousand copies at $25 each, and a prepublication party at an elegant Fifth Avenue bookshop, where luminaries of New York's art, photography, and literary worlds downed their cocktails with imported caviar and *quiche lorraine*.

The only prepublication party for Larry Clark's *Tulsa* consisted of beer and potato chips in a car on a Los Angeles freeway after Clark and his publisher had seen the last books off the press. Only three thousand copies were printed, to sell for $5, no color was used, and the laconic text (four short sentences at the beginning of the book and a few more words and dates scattered throughout) was not by God but by the photographer, who, at the age when Haas made his debut in *Life*, had never published a picture anywhere.

The cards are stacked in favor of Haas's *The Creation*, but the book that seems to have the most staying power is Clark's *Tulsa*. Despite many handsome pictures handsomely reproduced, *The Creation* is a book with a marshmallow center, and one suspects that its destination from the start was the coffee table. *Tulsa*, however, translates a harrowing journey through hell into pictures of a disturbingly cool and impersonal clarity that linger on in the mind long after the book is closed.

Tulsa is a prime example of a new kind of modest, self-edited, and self-published picture essay in book form that is the most promising new development in photography today. This new type of photography book differs not only from the grand but flaccid coffee-table production but also from other standard types of photography books. A strong central theme sets it apart from the collected-works-of-a-famous-photographer books exemplified by Aperture's recent, handsome monograph on Paul Strand. At the same time a certain privacy of approach distinguishes it from such topical books as Philip Jones Griffith's *Vietnam, Inc.*, and Paul Fusco's *La Causa*, a photographic document of the California grape pickers' strike.

A new photography book characteristically originates in a deeply personal encounter with life rather than the news of the day. And if it then spreads outward until it connects up with a current issue—as Larry Clark's *Tulsa* does—the "issue" acquires a complexity and concreteness that defies any easy summary in terms of cause or cure.

Tulsa is, in a sense, about the problem of drug abuse, but in a deeper sense it is about the tragedy of a group of attractive youngsters who are killing themselves for reasons that remain inexplicable. That they are killing themselves is made perfectly clear throughout the book. There is no romanticizing of the drug cult or of youthful rebellion and no attempt to shift the blame to their parents or "the system." The only clue to their slow suicide is a single, chilling sentence in the middle of the book: "Death is more perfect than life." They are just nice-looking, sad-eyed kids from good Christian homes in Middle America who shoot amphetamine in exactly the same spirit as they spin around town in old cars or go hunting in the nearby woods, and the very absence of any special motivation gives the resulting disasters the horrifying impersonality of a plague or a flood.

Obviously, this kind of book could not be done on assignment by even the most gifted and sensitive professional. It had to be done, as it was, from the inside. The clean-cut suicides of *Tulsa* were Larry Clark's boyhood friends, and the pictures were taken over a period of eight years, without any idea, at first, of putting them together to make a book.

Almost as obvious is the fact that this book would not have been done by most publishers. Few established publishers would want to risk good money on a book so devoid of moral uplift, social protest, useful prescriptions, or even lip-smacking, titillating entertain-

Gene Thornton writes regularly on photography for the New York Times *and contributes frequently to* SR/The Arts.

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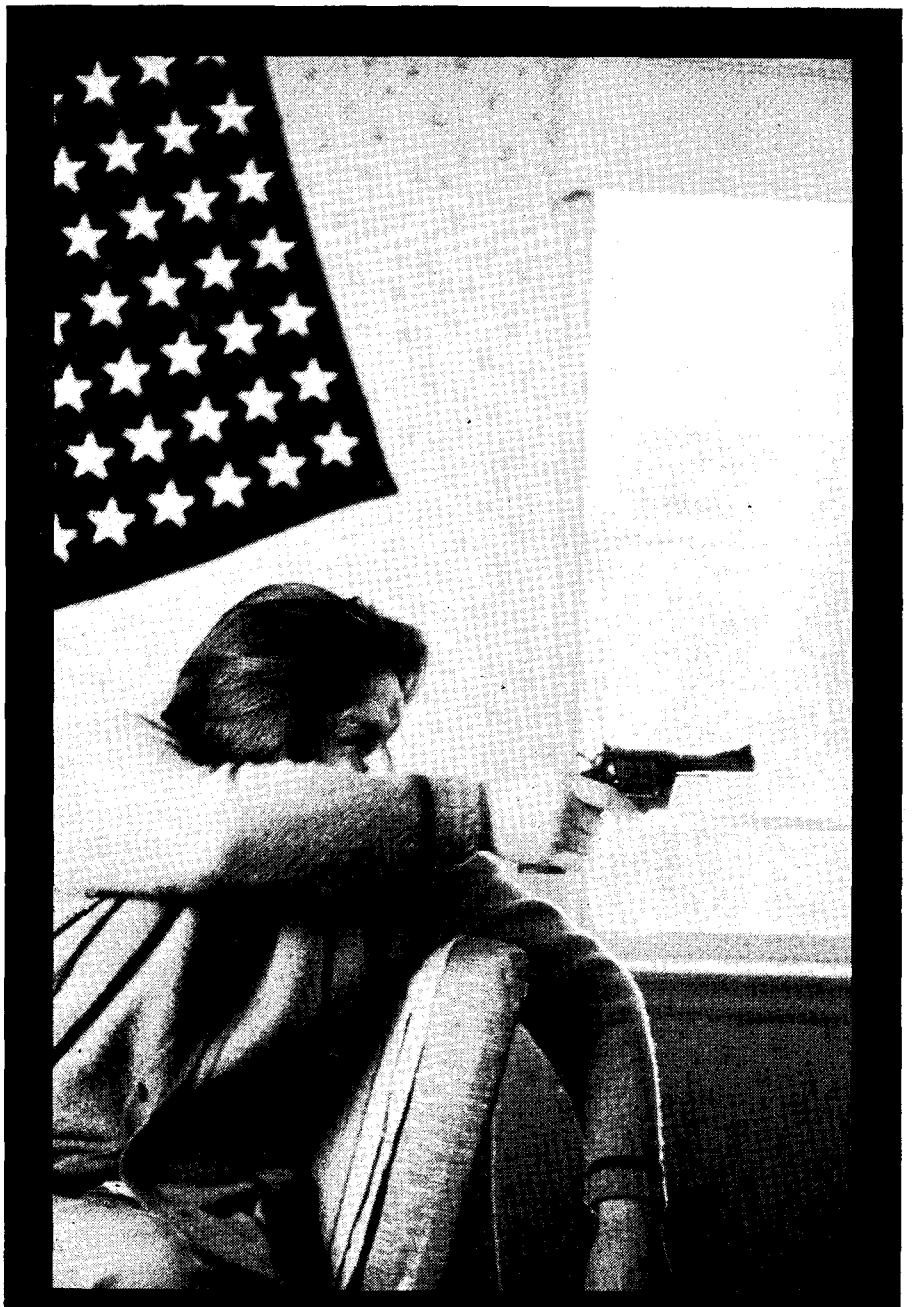

The only clue to the slow suicide of the young people in Larry Clark's *Tulsa* is a single, chilling sentence in the middle of the book: "Death is more perfect than life."

ment values. And even if one did, there would be the problem of the picture editor.

In making a photo essay, selecting and sequencing the pictures are as important as taking them. At most publishing houses, however, this is the province of the picture editor. Photographers complain that their ideas can be seriously distorted by an unsympathetic or insensitive picture editor, by one too closely attuned to market values, or (possibly even worse) by one too carried away by his own creativity. And even with the best will in the world a picture editor could hardly be expected to enter fully into the kind of experience recorded in books like Larry Clark's. Hence the growing reluctance of many photographers to entrust their pictures to established publishers and the growing inclination to maintain complete editorial control by publishing them themselves or in cooperation with other similarly concerned photographers.

Self-publication, however, creates its own problems. Money has to be raised, printers found, production overseen—all by the photographer himself. In the first flush of creativity he may not have thought of these things. Then there is the problem of distribution. The self-publishing photographer is not working just for himself; he has something to communicate, and he wants someone to see it. But once he has finished his book, how does he get it where other people can find it? Finally, he has to come to terms with the fact that the self-published book, like virtue, is its own reward. In general, photography books do not make money unless they are done on the scale of *The Creation*, and self-published books are lucky to break even.

To date the most successful solver of these problems is *Tulsa*'s publisher, Ralph Gibson. Gibson is the tycoon of the self-publishing photography business, and Lustrum Press, his house, is the industry's giant—if one can apply such words as "tycoon" and "giant" to a one-man operation that is conducted out of a loft in Manhattan's Soho artists' district.

Lustrum Press came into being two years ago when Gibson published his own book, *The Somnambulist*. He conceived of the book as a dream sequence, and the pictures that compose it, a striking group of bizarre and surrealistic shots, had to be organized more by free association than by any objective criterion. Gibson wisely decided that no picture editor could sequence it as well as he could himself. He knew a Los Angeles printer of annual reports who wanted to do a real book, he raised a few thousand dollars from friends and well-wishers, and, after *The Somnambulist* was printed, he hustled it

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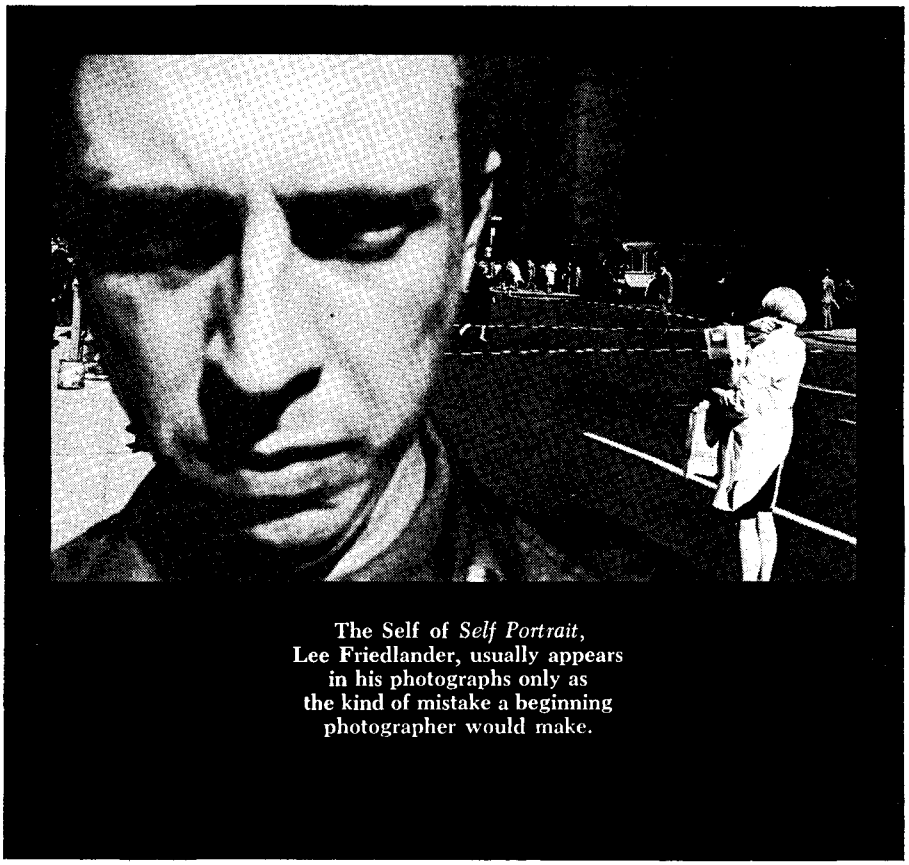
himself to photography and museum bookshops.

Four books later Lustrum Press is still a one-man operation, with Gibson sharing his know-how with other photographers, though its recent publication of Robert Frank's complete photographs, *The Lines of My Hand*, threatens to put it into a bigger league. Distribution is now handled by Light Impressions, a couple of energetic young men in Rochester who have built up a mailing list and a string of specialized retail outlets. Without Light Impressions this new kind of photography book could probably not have survived this long.



The Self of *Self Portrait*, Lee Friedlander, usually appears in his photographs only as the kind of mistake a beginning photographer would make.

The problem with the self-published photography book is that it seldom quite fits into any standard categories, and no one, from booksellers to critics, quite knows what to do with it. Take travel, for instance. Neal Slavin's *Portugal* is a travel book if it is anything. Yet it has about the same relationship to the usual book on picturesque foreign places as an early De Sica film has to a Burton Holmes travelogue. It is all black and white—no color—and a dark, moody black and white at that. There are no famous monuments or celebrated views, only ordinary people going about their business. There is little to attract the tourist to Slavin's Portugal, not even sunshine and smiling faces, though in fact both of these can be found, as critics have observed, in the real Portugal. Yet the semifictitious country of this intensely personal book is far more convincing than the four-color, summer-holiday land of the typical travel book. Slavin spent a winter in Portugal, and what he saw was rain, inertia, and the sadness of a once-great people who have not found their way in the modern world. Portraying a side of Portugal seldom seen by tourists, he ends up with a poetry of melancholy and lament not unrelated to the popular music of Portugal. Travel, yes, but travel in a region of the soul more than in a real country.

Even harder to categorize is Lee Friedlander's *Self Portrait*, one of the wittiest and most innovative of the new photography books. At first glance the pictures in this book seem to be the mistakes made by a moronic traveling salesman experimenting with his very first Instamatic. He knows enough to push the button but not enough to aim. He merely points his camera in the general direction of shop windows, vending machines, lunch counters, motel rooms, pavements, truck stops, and other excrescences of the twentieth-century-highway landscape. Occasionally, he photographs himself looking like a frazzled but good-natured slob, but usually he appears in his photographs only as the kind of mistake beginning photographers make—a long shadow cast on the ground or a reflection in a mirror or a plate-glass window. The captions indicate that the pictures were taken over most of the United States, but he has no idea how to select the picturesque or unusual sights, so each place he photographs looks as dreary as every other.

Despite the "badness" of the photographs, however, a crazy logic lurches from the book. No use asking Friedlander to explain it; he is unwilling to discuss either the method or the meaning of his book, and his short introduction is a tiny masterpiece of cautious evasion. However, it seems evident that Friedlander uses the "mistakes" to make a funny but mordant commentary on the quality of modern life. The Self of *Self Portrait* is too good-natured, and perhaps not bright enough, to criticize directly, but Friedlander is smart enough to see that the world in which he finds himself was not designed with his well-being in mind, and by his sabotage of "good" photographic conventions he shows his opinion of it.

The new photo book fits no standard category, and no one–from bookseller to critic–knows what to do with it.

A more conventional approach is used by Alwyn Scott Turner in *Photographs of the Detroit People*, but with equally devastating effects. Though few of his pictures are memorable in themselves, together they are overwhelming. Turner went all over Greater Detroit, from Grosse Pointe to the slums, taking pictures of people in their natural habitats. He starts with informal portraits of white residents in a neighborhood of small, one-family homes. From there, via the school their children attend, he goes to black districts, where he finds everything from satin-clad beauty queens to black-nationalist troopers.

With equal impartiality Turner photographs peace demonstrators and antidemonstrators, artists' models and construction workers, side-show freaks, bums, small shopkeepers, muggers, victims of muggers, mothers, children, and couples. He goes to prisons as well as to parks and recreation areas, to night clubs and art openings as well as to churches.

With every photograph he gives exact addresses and relevant dates, but there is no other commentary. And none is needed, for the pictures and addresses tell all. *Detroit People* shows a society in which the most diverse and heterogeneous people live side by side without, apparently, ever speaking to one another. It leaves one wondering not why law and order sometimes break down in Detroit but how such a com-

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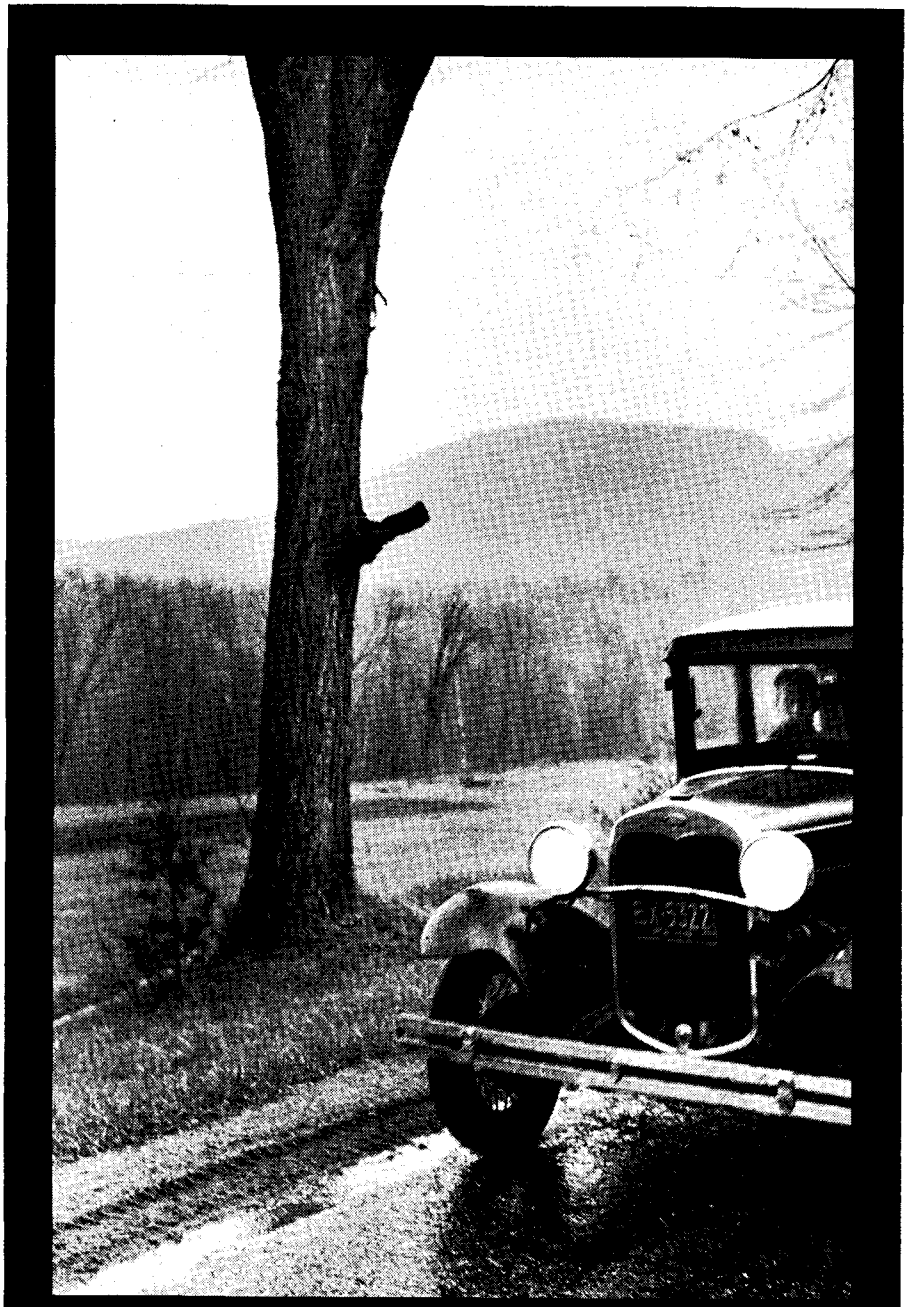

Ralph Gibson compiled his book of photographs *The Somnambulist* to be a "Dream Sequence in which all things are real. Perhaps even more so."

munity can hold itself together in the first place.

Among the most recent of the new photography books is Geoff Winningham's *Friday Night at the Coliseum*. Friday night is wrestling night at the Houston Coliseum, but if this book is as much about the audience for wrestling as it is about the wrestlers themselves, it is even more about the interplay between them. Wrestling may be a sham, but Winningham shows that it is a brutal and sometimes bloody sham and that it is precisely the prospect of violence, sham or not, that draws wrestlers and fans together. His account of this difficult subject is thoughtful, penetrating, and convincing, without the slightest trace of sensationalism. It should appeal to people who do not like wrestling at all, as well as to fans and wrestlers at the Coliseum, where many copies have been sold as an unofficial souvenir book.

What is the future of the self-published photo essay? It may not replace the coffee-table spectacular, the scholarly monograph, or the book pegged to current events, but the new photography book is finding a growing audience of its own and despite the precariousness of its economics seems to be here to stay. The success of Winningham's book at the Houston Coliseum has been paralleled by the success of Larry Clark's *Tulsa* with organizations involved in the fight against drug abuse. Meanwhile, both books, as well as the others described above, are steady sellers at museums, photographic galleries, and, most of all, through the mails.

Altogether, the phenomenon suggests the advent of a new kind of publishing in which the forms and techniques developed by the large commercial publishers will be used by individual photographers to speak more directly to other individuals. From the viewpoint of the consumer, it is hard to see anything but good in this. □

FOR YOUR INFORMATION

All of the photography books mentioned in this article, listed below with their authors and prices, are available from: Light Impressions, Box 3012, Rochester, New York, 14614.

Tulsa by Larry Clark, $5

The Somnambulist by Ralph Gibson, $4

Portugal by Neal Slavin, $5.95

Self Portrait by Lee Friedlander, $5

Photographs of the Detroit People by Alwyn Scott Turner, $4.95

Friday Night at the Coliseum by Geoff Winningham, hardcover $14.95, softcover $7.95

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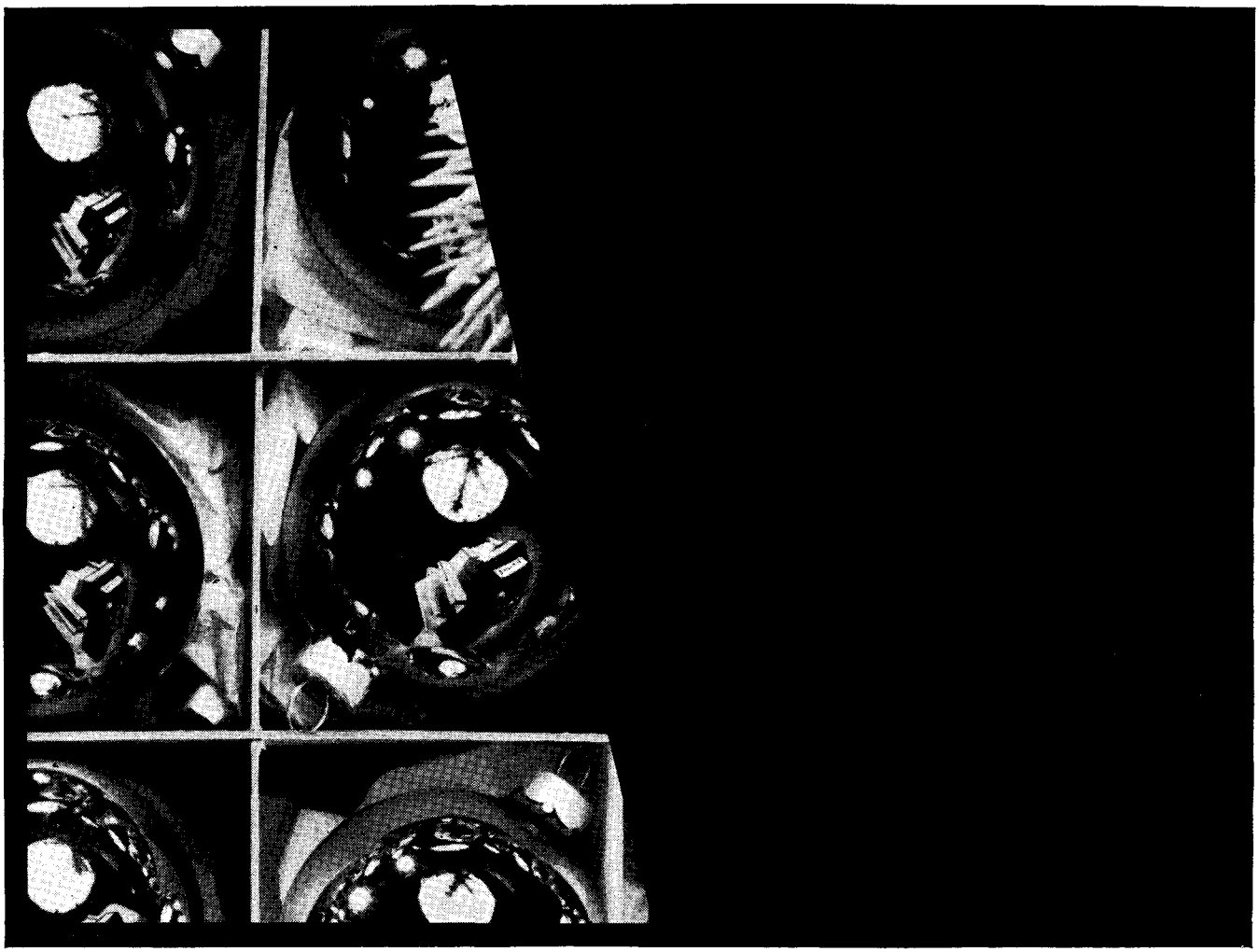
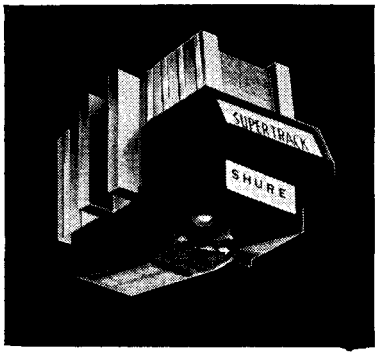


A cartridge in a pear tree.



A gift of the *Shure V-15 Type II* Improved stereo phono cartridge will earn you the eternal endearment of the discriminating audiophile who receives it. What makes the V-15 such a predictable Yuletime success, of course, is its ability to extract the real sound of pipers piping, drummers drumming, rings ringing, et cetera, et cetera. Stereo Review, in a test report that expressed more superlatives than a Christmas dinner, described the performance of the V-15 Type II Improved as ". . . . Unstrained, effortless, and a delight to listen to." All of which means that if you're the giver, you can make a hi-fi enthusiast deliriously happy. (If you'd like to receive it yourself, keep your fingers crossed!)

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THE YEAR'S BEST RECORDINGS

For Christmas shoppers (and others) *SR/The Arts* presents this annual compilation of classical releases reviewed favorably in these pages by Irving Kolodin since the appearance of the last such list a year ago, as well as jazz releases reviewed favorably by Stanley Dance. Within each of the three major classical categories (orchestral, chamber and instrumental, vocal) collections of miscellaneous content follow the items listed under composers' names. Recordings of electronic music are listed in the "chamber and instrumental" category. All discs listed are stereo unless marked "M" for mono. Especially recommended items are indicated by †. For further recommendations, see page 91.

CLASSICAL

Orchestral

Bach (arr. Walton): *The Wise Virgins.* **Scarlatti (arr. Tommasini):** *The Good-Humoured Ladies.* Louis Lane & Cleveland Orch. (Columbia)

Beethoven: Piano Concerto No. 3. Christoph Eschenbach; with Hans Werner Henze & London Sym. Orch. (DG)

†**Beethoven:** Piano Concerto No. 4. Jakob Gimpel; with Arthur Rother & Berlin Sym. Orch. *Ruins of Athens* Overture and *Creatures of Prometheus* Overture. Rother & Berlin Sym. Orch. (Genesis)

†**Beethoven:** Symphony No. 3 (*Eroica*); *Coriolan* Overture. Colin Davis & BBC Sym. (Philips)

Delius: *Brigg Fair*; "A Song Before Sunrise"; "Marche-caprice"; "On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring"; etc. Sir Thomas Beecham & Royal Philharmonic Orch. (Seraphim)

Gerhard: Symphony No. 4 ("New York"); Concerto for Violin. Yfrah Neaman, violin; with Colin Davis & BBC Sym. (Argo)

Goetz: Concerto in B-flat (Op. 18). Paul Baumgartner, piano; with Erich Schmid & Beromünster Radio Orch. **Schoeck:** *Sommernacht.* Paul Kletzki & l'Orchestre du studio de Genève (Genesis)

Ives: Symphony No. 2. Bernard Herrmann & London Sym. Orch. (London)

Janacek: *Tema con variazioni*; *On the Street*; *On the Overgrown Path*; *In the Midst*; *Concertino*; *Capriccio.* Rudolf Firkusny, piano; with Rafael Kubelik & members of Bavarian Radio Sym. Orch. (DG)

Lutoslawski: *Concerto for Orchestra.* **Hindemith:** *Mathis der Maler* Suite. Paul Kletzki & l'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande (London)

Mahler: Symphony No. 4. Lorin Maazel & Orch. of the Berlin Radio; with Heather Harper, soprano (Nonesuch)

Mahler: Symphony No. 7. Georg Solti & Chicago Sym. Orch. (London)

†**Mahler:** Symphony No. 8. Georg Solti & Chicago Sym. Orch., 3 choruses, & soloists (London)

Martin: Concerto No. 2. Paul Badura-Skoda, piano. Violin Concerto. Wolfgang Schneiderhan, violin; with composer conducting Sym. Orch. of Radio Luxembourg (Candide)

Mennin: *Concerto.* **Yardumian:** *Passacaglia, Recitatives and Fugue.* John Ogdon, piano; with Igor Buketoff & Royal Philharmonic (RCA)

Mozart: Concertos Nos. 9 in E-flat (K. 271) and 27 in B-flat (K. 595). Rudolf Buchbinder, piano; with Karol Teutsch & Chamber Orch. (Telefunken)

Mozart: *Sinfonia concertante* (K. 297b); Clarinet Concerto in A (K. 622); Flute Concerto in C (K. 314); Flute Concerto in G (K. 313); Flute & Harp Concerto in C (K. 299); and Bassoon Concerto in B-flat (K. 191). Herbert von Karajan & Berlin Philharmonic & soloists (Angel)

Mozart: *Sinfonia concertante* (K. 364). **Stamitz:** *Sinfonia concertante* in D. Isaac Stern, violin; Pinchas Zukerman, viola; with Daniel Barenboim & English Chamber Orch. (Columbia)

Paganini: Violin Concerto No. 3. Henryk Szeryng; with Alexander Gibson & London Sym. (Philips)

†**Ravel:** "Five O'Clock Foxtrot." **Faure:** *Pavane.* **Honegger:** *Pastorale d'été.* **Satie:** *Gymnopédies* I & II. **Debussy:** "Clair de lune" (arr. Caplet); Valse "La plus que lente" (arr. Debussy). Bernard Herrmann & London Philharmonic (London)

Rossini: *Overtures.* Herbert von Karajan & Berlin Phil. (DG)

Scriabin: *Prometheus* (Op. 60); Piano Concerto in F-sharp Minor. Lorin Maazel & London Sym.; with Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano (London)

†**Strauss:** *Waltzes and Marches.* **Strauss, J. and J.:** *Pizzikato-Polka.* Herbert von Karajan & Berlin Phil. (DG)

Vlasov: Concerto No. 1. **Sauget:** *Mélodie concertante.** Mstislav Rostropovich, cello; with Gennady Rozhdestvensky (or *Sauget) & Moscow Radio Orch. (Angel)

Chamber and Instrumental

Bartok: Quartets (Nos. 1&2, 3&4, 5&6). Juilliard Quartet (Columbia)

Beethoven: Sonata in A (Op. 47). **Bizet-Sarasate:** *Carmen Fantasy.* **Sarasate:** "Andante" and "Finale" (Concerto in E Minor). Bronislaw Hubermann, violin; with Siegfried Schultze, piano. **Bazzini:** *La Ronde des Lutins.* **Gluck:** "Melodie" (*Orfeo*). **Paganini:** "La Clochette" (Concerto No. 2). Hubermann; with Paul Frankel, piano (Encore)

Beethoven: Sonata in B-flat (Op. 106, *Hammerklavier*). Rudolf Serkin, piano (Columbia)

Beethoven: Trios (Op. 70, Nos. 1&2). Henryk Szeryng, violin; Wilhelm Kempff, piano; and Pierre Fournier, cello (DG)

Beethoven: Variations in F (Op. 34) and E-flat (Op. 35); Six Variations on the "Turkish March" from *The Ruins of Athens.* Sviatoslav Richter, piano (Melodiya/Angel)

Chopin: Trio in G Minor (Op. 8). **Smetana:** Trio in G Minor (Op. 15). Beaux Arts Trio (Philips)

Debussy: *Préludes* (Books I & II). Jean-Rodolphe Kars, piano (London)

†**Dvorak:** Quartet in A (Op. 81). Artur Rubinstein; with Guarneri Quartet (RCA)

Granados: *Goyescas* (Parts I & II). Aldo

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Ciccolini, piano (Seraphim)

Joplin: *Treemonisha* (excerpts). Barbara Christopher, Clamma Dale, Michael Gordon; Dennis Moorman, piano; with chorus directed by John Motley. Also various piano pieces. All from concert at Lincoln Center, N.Y. (Nonesuch/Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center)

Liszt: *Douze études d'exécution transcendante* (excerpts); "Gortschakof-Impromptu"; "Mephisto Waltz." Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano (London)

Liszt: *Réminiscences de Don Juan*; *Tscherkessenmarsch*; *Réminiscences de Norma*; *Grand Concert Fantasy on Sonnambula.* Richard and John Contiguglia, pianos (Connoisseur Society)

Mendelssohn: Quartets in E-flat (Op. 12) and A Minor (Op. 13). La Salle Quartet (DG)

Messiaen: *Visions de l'amen.* John Ogdon and Brenda Lucas, pianos (Argo)

Mozart: Selections from *Die Entführung*, *Don Giovanni*, *Figaro*, and *Die Zauberflöte* arranged for wind ensemble. John Snashall & members of London Symphonic Band (Columbia)

Satie: *Piano Music*, Vol. VI. Aldo Ciccolini (Angel)

†**Telemann:** Trio Sonata in A Minor. **Bach, C. P. E.:** Duet in G. **Beethoven:** Serenade in D (Op. 25). Pinchas Zukerman, violin; Eugenia Zukerman, flute; Michael Tree, viola; and Charles Wadsworth, harpsichord (Columbia)

†**Vivaldi:** *Le Quattro Stagioni.* Günter Noris, piano, harpsichord, and organ; Charly Antolini, drums; Jean Warland, bass (Capitol)

†**Anthology of Spanish Folklore** (Everest)

Julian Bream and John Williams, guitars, in music of Lawes, Carulli, Sor, Albéniz, Granados, Falla, and Ravel (RCA)

Vocal

Argento: *Letters From Composers.* Vern Sutton, tenor; Jeffrey Van, guitar. **Mayer:** *Brass Quintet.* Iowa Brass Quintet. *Six Miniatures*; *Khartoum*; *Two News Items.* Catherine Rowe, soprano; with ensemble & Arthur Weisberg (CRI)

Beethoven (arranged): *Various Songs.* Frank Patterson, tenor; with David Parkhouse, piano; Hugh Bean, violin; and Eileen Croxford, cello (Philips)

Berg: *Altenberg Lieder.* Margaret Price, soprano; with Claudio Abbado & London Sym. Orch. *Lulu* (Suite). Abbado & LSO (DG)

Bernstein: *Mass.* Original cast for opening of John F. Kennedy Center, Washington, D.C.; with composer conducting (Columbia)

†**Brahms:** *Die schöne Magelone.* Dietrich Fisher-Dieskau, baritone; Sviatoslav Richter, piano (Angel)

†**Cornelius:** *Weihnachtslieder* (1-6); *Vater unser.* **Wolf:** "Auf ein altes Bild"; "Schlafendes Jesuskind." Hermann Prey, baritone; with orch. cond. by Leonard Hanson (DG)

†**Donizetti:** *Lucia di Lammermoor.* Joan Sutherland, Luciano Pavarotti, Sherrill Milnes, Nicolai Ghiaurov, Huguette Tourangeau; with Richard Bonynge and the Chorus and Orchestra of the Royal Opera House Covent Garden (London)

†**Mozart:** *Requiem* (K. 626). Sheila Armstrong, Janet Baker, Nicolai Gedda, and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau; with Daniel Barenboim & John Alldis Choir & English Chamber Orch. (Angel)

†**Mozart:** *Vesperae solemnes de confessore* (K. 339); *Kyrie* (K. 341); *Ave, verum corpus* (K. 618); and *Exsultate, jubilate* (K. 165). Kiri Te Kanawa, Elizabeth Bainbridge, Ryland Davies, Gwynne Howell; with Colin Davis & London Sym. Orch. & Chorus (Philips)

Mussorgsky: *Songs and Dances of Death.* **Rachmaninoff:** *Various Songs.* Irina Arkhipova, mezzo; with John Wustman, piano (Melodiya/Angel)

Puccini: *Il Tabarro.* Leontyne Price, Placido Domingo, Sherrill Milnes, Oralia Dominguez, et al.; with Erich Leinsdorf & John Alldis Choir & New Philharmonia Orch. (RCA)

†**Rossini:** *Stabat Mater.* Luciano Pavarotti, Hans Sotin, Pilar Lorengar, Yvonne Minton; with István Kertész & London Sym. Orch. & Chorus (London)

†**Satie:** *Mercure.* Pierre Dervaux & l'Orchestre de Paris. *Socrate.* Mady Mesplé, Andréa Guiot, Andrée Esposito, Danielle Millet; with Dervaux & l'Orchestre de Paris (Angel)

Sommer: *Vocal Symphony.* Nancy Williams, mezzo; Peter Ustinov, narrator; Ambrosian Singers; with Igor Buketoff & London Sym. Orch. **Klusak:** *First Invention.* **Fiser:** *Fifteen Prints After Dürer's "Apocalypse."* Buketoff & LSO (RCA)

†**Strauss:** *Capriccio.* Gundula Janowitz, Tatiana Troyanos, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Hermann Prey, Karl Ridderbusch, Peter Schreier, & David Thaw; with Karl Böhm & Orch. of the Bavarian Radio (DG)

Verdi: *I Lombardi.* Cristina Deutekom, Desdemona Malvisi, Placido Domingo, Jerome Lo Monaco. and Ruggero Raimondi; with Lamberto Gardelli & Royal Philharmonic Orch. & Ambrosian Singers (Philips)

†**Wagner:** *Ring* (complete). Various performers; with Wilhelm Furtwängler & Rome Sym. Orch. & Chorus of Radio Italiana (Seraphim, M)

Walton: *Façade* (Nos. 1-21). Neville Marriner & members of Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields; with Fenella Fielding & Michael Flanders, narrators (Angel)

Walton: *Façade* (Nos. 1-21). Composer & London Sinfonietta; with Peggy Ashcroft & Paul Scofield, narrators (Argo)

Weber: *Oberon.* Birgit Nilsson, Placido Domingo, Hermann Prey, Julia Hamari; with orch. cond. by Rafael Kubelik (DG)

Stuart Burrows in *Welsh Ballads.* John Constable, piano (L'Oiseau-Lyre)

Montserrat Caballe in scenes from Verdi operas; with Elizabeth Bainbridge, Thomas Allen; and Anton Guadagno & Royal Phil. Orch. (Angel)

†**Maria Callas** in scenes from Bellini's *Il Pirata*; with Alexander Young, Monica Sinclair; and Antonio Tonini & Philharmonia Orch. & Chorus; and various Verdi operas; with Nicola Rescigno & Paris Conservatory Orch. (Angel)

Deanna Durbin in a selection ranging from folk to opera (Decca)

†**Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau** in *Songs From the New Viennese School* (DG)

Tribute to **George Gershwin.** Various performers from national telecast (Daybreak)

Metropolitan Opera Gala in Honor of Sir Rudolf Bing. Various performers (DG)

Leontyne Price in scenes from *La Traviata* (with Ryland Davies, tenor), *Eugene Onegin*, *Don Carlos*, *Ariadne auf Naxos*, and *Fidelio*; with orch. cond. by Fausto Cleva (RCA)

Beverly Sills in a selection of Viennese music. **Strauss:** *Thunder & Lightning Polka* and *A Night in Venice* Overture. Julius Rudel & London Philharmonic Orch. (ABC/Audio Treasury)

†**Jennie Tourel** in songs of Stradella, Monsigny, Beethoven, Debussy, et al., from 1970 New York concert; with James Levine, piano; Gary Karr, bass

Ljuba Welitsch in scenes from *Salome*, *Don Giovanni* (with Richard Tucker), *Tosca* (with Tucker), *Fledermaus*, and *Zigeunerbaron*; with Fritz Reiner or Max Rudolf & Metropolitan Opera Orch. (Odyssey)

COMPILED BY BARBARA KING

JAZZ

Count Basie: *Super Chief* (Columbia, M)

Charlie Christian: *Solo Flight* (Columbia)

Kenney Clarke and Francy Boland: *All Smiles* (M.P.S.)

Duke Ellington: *Latin American Suite* (Fantasy)

Duke Ellington: *Piano Reflections* (Capitol)

Duke Ellington: *Togo Brava Suite* (United Artists)

Aretha Franklin: *Amazing Grace* (Atlantic)

Earl Hines and Maxine Sullivan: *Live at the Overseas Press Club* (Chiaroscuro)

John Lee Hooker: *Mad Man Blues* (Chess)

The JPJ Quartet: *Montreux '71* (Master Jazz)

Carmen McRae: *The Great American Song Book* (Atlantic)

McKinley Morganfield: *A.K.A. Muddy Waters* (Chess)

Jay McShann: *Going to Kansas City* (Master Jazz)

Charles Mingus: *Mingus* (Prestige, M)

Junior Parker: *You Don't Have to Be Black to Love the Blues* (Groove Merchant)

Artie Shaw: *Artie Shaw Featuring Roy Eldridge* (RCA, M)

Otis Spann: *Walking the Blues* (Barnaby)

Sonny Stitt: *Tune-Up!* (Cobblestone)

Lucky Thompson: *Goodbye, Yesterday!* (Groove Merchant)

Mary Lou Williams: *From the Heart* (Columbia, M)

The World's Greatest Jazz Band: *Century Plaza* (World Jazz)

Lester Young and Coleman Hawkins: *Classic Tenors* (Flying Dutchman, M)

Various Artists: *The Gospel Sound.* Blind Willie Johnson, Arizona Dranes, Rev. J. M. Gates, et al. (Columbia, M)

Various Artists: *The Great Blues Men.* Twenty-six blues singers (Vanguard)

Various Artists: *John Hammond's Spirituals to Swing: 30th Anniversary Concert, 1967.* The Count Basie Orch., the George Benson Quartet, et al. (Columbia)

B.K.

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SR REVIEWS Books

The Best of 1972-- for Giving & Getting

Barely through Thanksgiving and Christmas almost here—it's the season again for making lists and thinking Santa-like thoughts. Following, then, is SR*'s annual, year-end Christmas guide through slightly more than 200 new titles of adult general interest published during the year now ending and selected as being especially noteworthy by the editors of this section. The titles are arranged alphabetically under fourteen category headings—Art, Crafts & Letters; Biography & Autobiography; Education; Fiction; Food; History; Mysteries; Nature & Ecology; Poetry; Politics; Psychology; Society; Sports. (A list of recommended children's books for Christmas will appear in next week's issue of* SR/Education.)

"Chop Suey Dancers No. 2," etching, 1929, from Reginald Marsh

Art, Crafts & Photography

AMPHIGORY. By Edward Gorey (Putnam, $12.95)—Fifteen of Gorey's early works (from *The Unstrung Harp* to *The Remembered Visit*) are collected in a single volume, without the slightest cost to their more-otherworldly-than-Victorian, spooky delectableness.

ANDRE KERTESZ: Sixty Years of Photography, 1912–1972. Edited by Nicolas Ducrot (Grossman, $19.95)—A grand and superbly printed retrospective of one of the great masters of photographic art—224 pictures in all, including the famous Hungarian scenes, portraits (Colette, Tzara, Chagall), still lifes (the Mondrian series), distortions, and candid shots in many lands.

THE ART OF ANCIENT PERU. By Ferdinand Anton (Putnam, $25)—What is left of the Inca culture (as well as those preceding it), handsomely presented and simply described. Macchu Picchu makes its appearance, bafflingly, in black and white. There are 344 illustrations, 55 of them in color.

THE ARTS AND CRAFTS MOVEMENT IN AMERICA, 1876–1916. Edited by Robert Judson Clark (Princeton, $25; paperback, $7.95)—A generously illustrated survey of the movement that sprung up in reaction to the Industrial Revolution and became something of a craftsman's crusade to imbue functional, everyday design—inkwells and manicure cases, furniture, fabrics, opalescent glassware—with grace, style, and beauty.

BEHIND THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA: Photographs from 1870 to the Present. Edited by Cornell Capa (Metropolitan Museum of Art/New York Graphic Society, $12.50)—Impressions of China, both verbal and visual (with photographs by Robert Capa, Henri Cartier-Bresson, and others), in a modestly sized book that is immensely revealing.

BEN SHAHN. By Bernarda Bryson Shahn (Abrams, $42.50)—A positively sumptuous tribute to the late Ben Shahn, with an evocative text by his widow and 354 illustrations (154 in beautiful color) covering the full range of his work—paintings, mosaics, posters, murals, stained glass windows, etc.

DOWN HOME: Camden, Alabama. By Bob Adelman, edited by Susan Hall (Prairie House/McGraw-Hill, $16.95)—Outstanding photographs combined with candid comments by the citizens of Camden add up to a moving and telling portrait of a small southern town in the midst of change.

FRUEH ON THE THEATRE: Theatrical Caricatures, 1906–1962. Compiled by Maxwell Silverman (New York Public Library, $12.50; paperback, $6.50)—Great caricaturists are rare, and Broadway's Alfred J. Frueh (pronounced "Free") was one of the greats, as this welcome compendium of 150 drawings, mostly from *The New Yorker* in Frueh's easily recognizable style, amply demonstrates.

THE FOXFIRE BOOK. Edited by Eliot Wiggington (Doubleday, $8.95)—A delightful compendium of Appalachian crafts, folklore, and memories that is at once a how-to guide (quilt making, moonshining) and a portrait of a disappearing culture.

FROM THE SKETCHBOOKS OF THE GREAT ARTISTS. By Claude Marks (Crowell, $25)—280 drawings taken from the notebooks, sketch pads, letters, and even postcards of most of the West's major artists since the Middle Ages, with biographical profiles of each. The idea seems to be that work less known is more revealing; be that as it may, the volume

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presents an interesting and panoramic collection.

THE GREAT AMERICAN SHOOTING PRINTS. Selections and text by Robert Elman (Ridge Press/Knopf, $25)—Fifty-three artists, including Remington, Eakins, and Audubon, in seventy-two full-color plates of hunting and wildlife scenes from the 1820s to the present, each accompanied by an informative text and served up in one enormous (12 7/16″ x 15 7/8″) book. Much ado.

THE GROWTH OF INDUSTRIAL ART. Compiled by Benjamin Butterworth (Knopf, $20; paperback, $9.95)—A monster-sized (16″ x 20″) facsimile of a 2,000-picture celebration of American industrial development (everything from farm equipment and hydraulic motors to music boxes, boots, bottle stoppers, and beehives) originally published by the U.S. government in 1902. Wow.

GUSTAV KLIMT. By Werner Hofmann (New York Graphic Society, $27.50)—An homage to the turn-of-the-century Viennese artist, with biographical text, photographs, drawings, and reproductions of the paintings, both black and white (disappointing, given Klimt's style) and superb color.

HENRI MATISSE. By Louis Aragon (Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, $75)—One of the most beautiful art-book sets of this or any year, well designed and arranged in two volumes. The text, by the French poet Louis Aragon, is garrulous and self-indulgent almost beyond endurance; it attempts to present not only Matisse (whom Aragon revered) but the creative process as well. That process is better experienced through the lavish illustrations—541 of them, 155 in color—which make this what every good art book should be and so rarely is: a feast for the eye, a treasure.

THE JAPANESE GARDEN, AN APPROACH TO NATURE. By Teiji Ito, Takeji Iwamiya, and Yusaku Kamekura (Yale, $25)—The cultural and spiritual heritage of a people as reflected in sumptuous photographs of their tranquil, calculatedly understated gardens—gravel, sand, water, rocks, greenery—subtly and delicately ordered.

JEWISH ART AND CIVILIZATION. Edited by Geoffrey Wigoder (Walker, $75)—A handsomely produced and illustrated two-volume history of Jewish art and civilization from the Diaspora to the present.

A KING'S BOOK OF KINGS: The Shah-Nameh of Shah Tahmasp. By Stuart Cary Welch (The Metropolitan Museum of Art/New York Graphic Society, $35)—This magnificent reproduction of one of Iran's national epics, a monument to the country's sixteenth-century culture and heretofore available only piecemeal to scholars, is a major achievement in art publishing.

MAKING THE WORLD SAFE FOR HYPOCRISY. By Edward Sorel (Swallow, $10)—A collection of caricatures, many in color, of (mostly) political figures by a genius of the art; none are kind, most are lethal, all are brilliant.

MANDALA. By José and Miriam Argüelles (Shambala, paperback, $5.95) — All about the visual construct that serves as a Buddhist/Hindu meditational symbol of the universe — its meaning, ritual, and sometimes stunning art.

THE MOST OF JOHN HELD JR. (Stephen Greene Press, $19.95)—Flappers, sheiks, and shebas romp again in this loving and handsomely produced collection of the best of America's most popular cartoonist of the 1920s. In all there are 117 illustrations (thirty-two pages in color)—the pen and woodcut cartoons, the famous covers for *Life, Judge,* and *Vanity Fair,* the sculpture, and the later, more serious water colors. A joy.

PORTRAITS FROM NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN LIFE. By Edward S. Curtis (Outerbridge & Lazard, $25)—Eighty-eight gravure plates culled from the twenty portfolios Curtis published in 1907–8, still among the best photographic records of vanishing Indian life.

PREHISPANIC MEXICAN ART. By Paul Westheim, et al. (Putnam, $32.50)—A comprehensive illustrated book, complete with helpful charts and floor plans, of Mexican culture before Cortes: codices, figurines, architecture, pottery, sculpture, the lot. 418 illustrations, 193 in color.

REGINALD MARSH. By Lloyd Goodrich (Abrams, $42.50)—Marsh was an uncompromising realist as an artist, and few were more evocative in portraying teeming humanity—the Depression streets of New York, burlesque houses and dance halls, Coney Island. This gorgeously mounted, oversized, beautifully illustrated book covers his entire oeuvre, from the 1920s to the 1950s, and may be said to be definitive.

"A Gay and Lively Honeymoon: The Foolish Son of Colonel Sumpter, a Wealthy Politician of Hot Springs, Ark., Marries a Member of the St. Louis, Mo., Demi-Monde," 1892, from The Police Gazette

VICTORIAN INVENTIONS. Compiled by Leonard de Vries with Ilonka van Amstel (American Heritage/McGraw-Hill, $10)—An absolutely charming—and eye-opening—compendium of engravings and articles reproduced from popular scientific magazines of 1865–1900.

THE VISCONTI HOURS. Edited by Millard Meiss and Edith W. Kirsch (Braziller, $35)—This exquisite and expertly annotated reproduction (on heavy, specially treated paper) of a richly illuminated, fifteenth-century Milanese prayer book is at once an art-history "event," a new standard for quality printing (the fidelity of the full-color plates—including the golds—is, for a commercial book, hitherto unmatched), and the bargain of the season.

WINSLOW HOMER. By John Wilmerding (Praeger, $25) — A perceptive biography and reevaluation of one of America's most popular painters that also serves as a gallery for his work.

Arts & Letters

THE AGE OF KIPLING. Edited by John Gross (Simon & Schuster, $12.95)—Ninety-nine well-chosen illustrations and twenty essays—by Colin MacInnes, Leon Edel, Robert Conquest, Bernard Bergonzi, and others—add up to a superb portrait of Kipling and his times.

BERNARD SHAW: COLLECTED LETTERS, 1898–1910. Edited by Dan H. Laurence (Dodd, Mead, $25)—Few people ever wrote more outspoken, shrewd, and entertaining letters than George Bernard Shaw. This second volume of a projected four shows Shaw in stride; the letters are well annotated and two-thirds of them are previously unpublished.

BLACK MOUNTAIN. By Martin Duberman (Dutton, $12.95)—A long, warm history of Black Mountain College, at once a forerunner of counterculture education in America and the spawning ground for some of this century's most important artists.

CITIES OF LIGHT AND SONS OF THE MORNING: A Cultural Psychology for an Age of Revolution. By Martin Green (Little, Brown, $15)—A complex and richly stimulating study, both critical and personal, of the effects of place on the creators of literature, from Goethe's Weimar to Mailer's Manhattan.

THE COLLECTED PLAYS. By Lillian Hellman (Little, Brown, $15)—The definitive collection of dramatic works by one of this century's greatest American playwrights.

THE DE-DEFINITION OF ART: Action Art to Pop to Earthworks. By Harold Rosenberg (Horizon, $10)—A rigorous and stimulating argument for the interconnection of modern art and modern ideas and a critique (by no means all positive) of current trends in American art.

ENCOUNTERS WITH STRAVINSKY: A Personal Record. By Paul Horgan (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $7.95)—Engaging reminiscences of a fourteen-year friendship with the illustrious Russian-born com-

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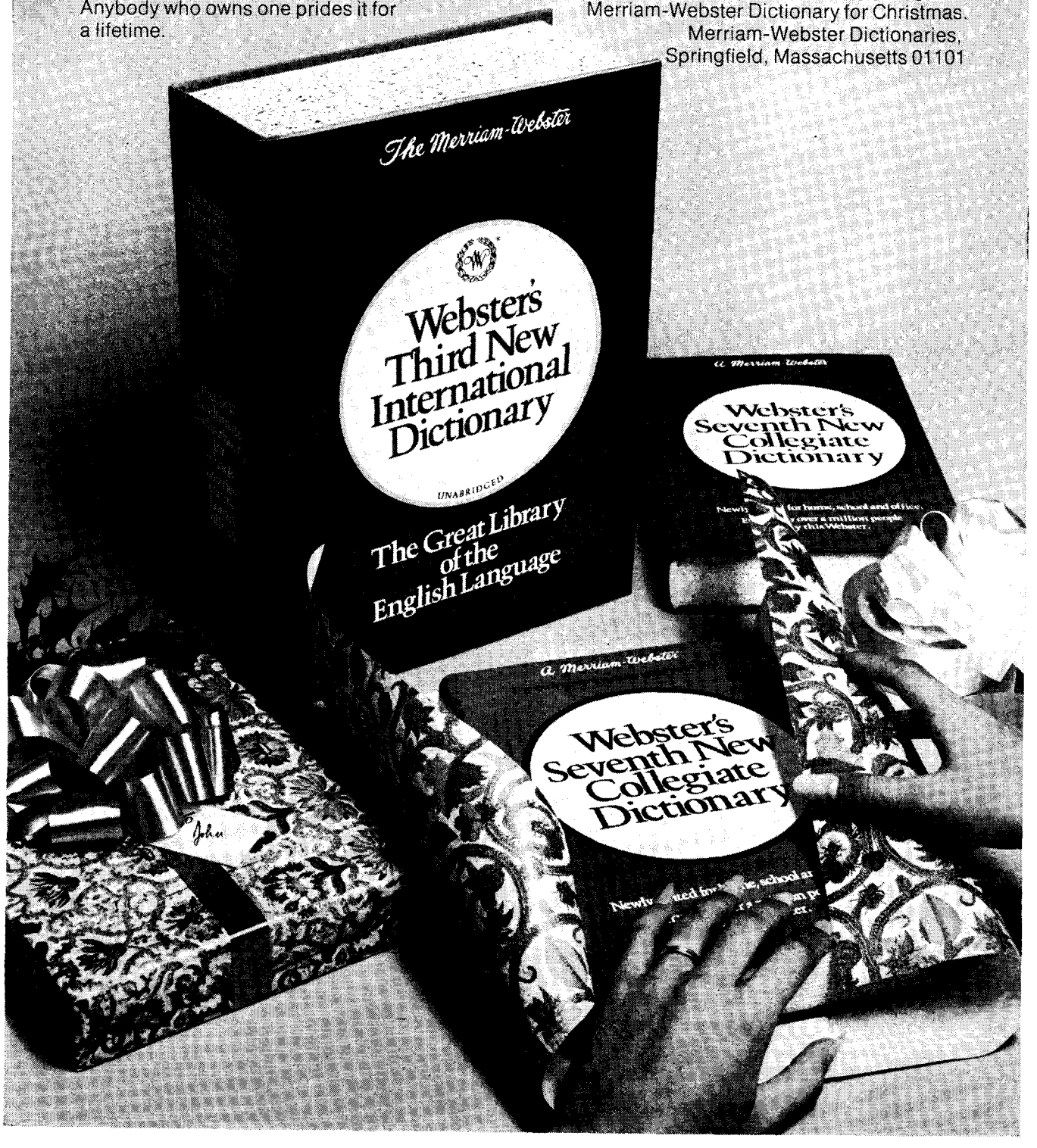

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HAPPY RURAL SEAT: The English Country House and the Literary Imagination. By Richard Gill (Yale, $9.75)—An engaging critical excursion into the role of the country house in the fiction of Henry James, John Galsworthy, E. M. Forster, Virginia Woolf, Aldous Huxley, Evelyn Waugh, and others.

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LITERATURE IN REVOLUTION. Edited by George Abbott White and Charles Newman (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $12.95; Tri/Quarterly paperback, $3.50)—Twenty-one original and provocative essays explore the relation of literature to political and social change. The subjects range from Thoreau to "underground" comics: the contributors include Noam Chomsky, Frederick Crews, Carlos Fuentes, Carl Oglesby, Harry Levin, Conor Cruise O'Brien, Aileen Ward, Raymond Williams, Sol Yurick, Leo Marx, John Seelye.

LITTLE PRAYERS AND FINITE EXPERIENCE. By Paul Goodman (Harper & Row, $5.95)—A moving interplay of poetry and prose, celebrating the wresting of small triumphs from a hard (but effective) life and difficult times. This book, a volume in the publisher's Religious Perspectives series, was completed shortly before Goodman's death in August.

THE MARVIN KITMAN TV SHOW. By Marvin Kitman (Outerbridge & Lazard, $5.95)—All about TV—perceptive, snide, and very funny—by *Newsday's* TV critic and author of *George Washington's Expense Account*.

MEMO FROM DAVID O. SELZNICK. Selected and edited by Rudy Behlmer (Viking, $15)—An overwhelming collection of memoranda—right down to details of Jennifer Jones's hairdos—from the producer of *Gone With the Wind, Rebecca,* and numerous other films.

NORMAN MAILER. By Richard Poirier (Viking, $4.95; paperback, $1.65)—This recent volume in the excellent Modern Masters series is a brilliant critical inquiry into both Mailer—artist, social critic, performer—and his impact on contemporary culture.

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OTHER CRITERIA: Confrontations with Twentieth-Century Art. By Leo Steinberg (Oxford, $17.50)—Exceptionally graceful and intelligent essays on Picasso, de Kooning, Pollock, Jasper Johns, and other artists and on the difficult relationship between current art and its public and on the need to rethink established esthetic criteria.

PARIS WAS YESTERDAY 1925–1939. By Janet Flanner (Viking, $8.50)—Collected columns by *The New Yorker's* Genet that make up a witty and intelligent portrait of a period and read like glittering love letters to a culture by one of its most sympathetic and perceptive observers.

THE POUND ERA. By Hugh Kenner (California, $14.95)—The distinguished critic's study of Ezra Pound and, by extension, the *Zeitgeist* of a whole literary generation.

THE SAVAGE GOD: A Study of Suicide. By A. Alvarez (Random House, $7.95)—A long, serious study of suicide, both historical and psychological, which uses as its points of departure a memoir of the author's friend Sylvia Plath and a frank account of his own suicide attempt.

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SOULS ON FIRE. By Elie Wiesel (Random House, $7.95)—Parables and legends of Hasidic masters delicately and exquisitely retold.

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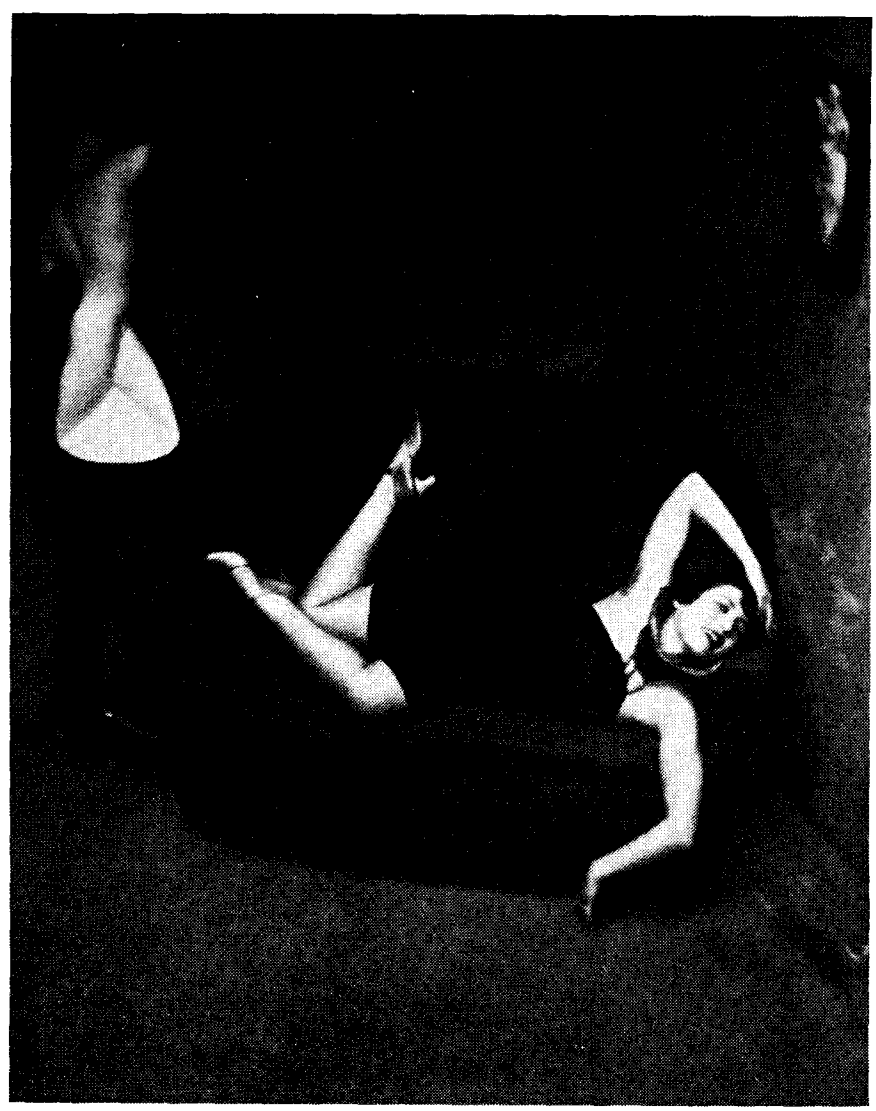
A UNIVERSAL HISTORY OF INFAMY. By Jorge Luis Borges (Dutton, $6.95)—A collection of entertaining stories, originally published in 1935, that blend fact and fantasy in tales of scoundrels and villains.

A WINDOW ON RUSSIA. By Edmund Wilson (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $7.95)—



"Satiric Dancer," 1926, from André Kertész

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The late Edmund Wilson's collected pieces on Russian language and literature, from Pushkin to Svetlana.

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ELEANOR: THE YEARS ALONE. By Joseph P. Lash (Norton, $9.95)—The continuation of Lash's successful *Eleanor and Franklin*; an account of Mrs. Roosevelt's widowhood and her triumphs as a valued citizen of the world.

FOR THOSE I LOVED. By Martin Gray with Max Gallo (Little, Brown, $8.95)—A harrowing story of the Warsaw ghetto, Treblinka, and desperate resistance fighting by a man who survived them all, only to face tragedy anew when a fire destroyed his family.

FREUD: Living and Dead. By Max Schur (International Universities, $20)—The physician who attended Freud during the last ten years of his agonizing illness searches for the key to the interlocking chambers between the young and the adult Freud and succeeds, in this superb biography, in demystifying and humanizing a rich and complex life.

FREUD: The Man, His World, His Influence. Edited by Jonathan Miller (Little, Brown, $14.95)—Twelve essays, with illustrations, add up to a fascinating portrait of Sigmund Freud and a reappraisal of his impact.

GEORGE, BE CAREFUL. By George Lois with Bill Pitts (Saturday Review Press, $7.95)—A lively memoir by one of Madison Avenue's most cantankerous innovators, from childhood street fighting in the Bronx to the more fashionable rough-housing downtown.

GEORGE S. KAUFMAN: An Intimate Portrait. By Howard Teichmann (Atheneum, $10)—A charming book, rich in anecdote, celebrities, and running gags, about the man whose caustic wit became a legend in his own time and who influenced the American theater for nearly four decades.

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HENRY JAMES: The Master 1901–1916. By Leon Edel (Lippincott, $12.95)—The fifth, and final, installment of Edel's monumental biography of the master, here in the later phase and decline.

LUCE AND HIS EMPIRE. By W. A. Swanberg (Scribner's, $12.50)—The life and time of Henry Luce in an overlong, slanted, but nevertheless interesting biography by the author of *Citizen Hearst.*

MIDNIGHT OIL. By V. S. Pritchett (Random House, $6.95)—A continuation of Pritchett's memoir, *A Cab at the Door*, this time dealing with his early years as a writer in the 1920s.

THE MORNING DELUGE: Mao Tsetung and the Chinese Revolution, 1893–1954. By Han Suyin (Little, Brown, $12.95)—The first volume of a massive, knowledgeable, and, be it said, extremely laudatory biography of Mao, from boyhood through the Long March to the ending of the Korean War.

NANCY: The Life of Lady Astor. By Christopher Sykes (Harper & Row, $10)—A long, engaging biography of the girl from Virginia who became the first female Member of Parliament and the celebrated hostess to a generation of statesmen and writers.

QUEEN VICTORIA. By Cecil Woodham-Smith (Knopf, $10)—This first volume of a full-scale biography, by the author of *The Great Hunger* and *The Reason Why*, traces Queen Victoria from her birth to the death of Prince Albert.

RINGOLEVIO: A Life Played for Keeps. By Emmett Grogan (Little, Brown, $7.95)—The adventures and misadventures, mostly illegal, of an early, semifugitive counterculture leader (best known as head of the Robin Hood-like "Diggers"), here told at exhaustive documentary length but with energy and a sense of authenticity.

TALLULAH. By Brendan Gill (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $25)—Gill's affectionate and lavishly illustrated portrait of the actress whose talent illuminated Broadway and whose voice launched a thousand parties.

THE UNKNOWN ORWELL. By Peter Stansky and William Abrahams (Knopf, $8.95)—The first volume of a major biography of George Orwell (né Eric Blair) recounts the first thirty years of his life—his lower-upper-middle class English background, his scholarship at Eton, his years in the Burma police, his "down-and-out" period in Paris and London in the early 1930s, and his struggle to become a writer.

VIRGINIA WOOLF. By Quentin Bell (Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, $12.50)—A revealing biography of Virginia Woolf by her nephew, offering the fullest account yet of the Bloomsbury novelist, her circle, and her troubled life.

Education

BLACK ENGLISH: Its History and Usage in the United States. By J. L. Dillard (Random House, $10)—An important study of the roots (from Africa), development, and style of Black English, showing it to be a living and sophisticated language, together with an argument for its recognition and acceptance, alongside Standard English, in our schools.

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INEQUALITY: A Reassessment of the Effect of Family and Schooling in America. By Christopher Jencks and Associates (Basic Books, $12.50)—An important three-year study, conducted at the Harvard Center for Educational Policy Research, that concludes, among other things, that greater equality of education will not necessarily result in greater equality of social and economic conditions.

THE IRRELEVANT ENGLISH TEACHER. By J. Mitchell Morse (Temple, $6)—A sparklingly articulate defense of coherency and precision in language and thought and its necessity for both art and political freedom.

ON LEARNING AND SOCIAL CHANGE. By Michael Rossman (Random House, $10)—Theories on higher education by a leading young counterculture activist.

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WORKING THROUGH: A Teacher's Journey in the Urban University. By Leonard Kriegel (Saturday Review Press, $6.95)—A professor compares his own education in the 1950s with the campus turmoil of the Sixties and attempts, with candor and good sense, to separate valid educational reform from the merely fadish in the present.

Fiction

AUGUST 1914. By Alexander Solzhenitsyn (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $10)—The battle of Tannenberg is the pivotal, if amorphous, event in this epic (but awkwardly translated) novel by one of Russia's greatest living writers.

THE BREAST. By Philip Roth (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $4.95)—"The story of the man who turned into a female breast," says, succinctly and accurately, the jacket copy of this brief, tightly controlled, very funny exercise in imagination

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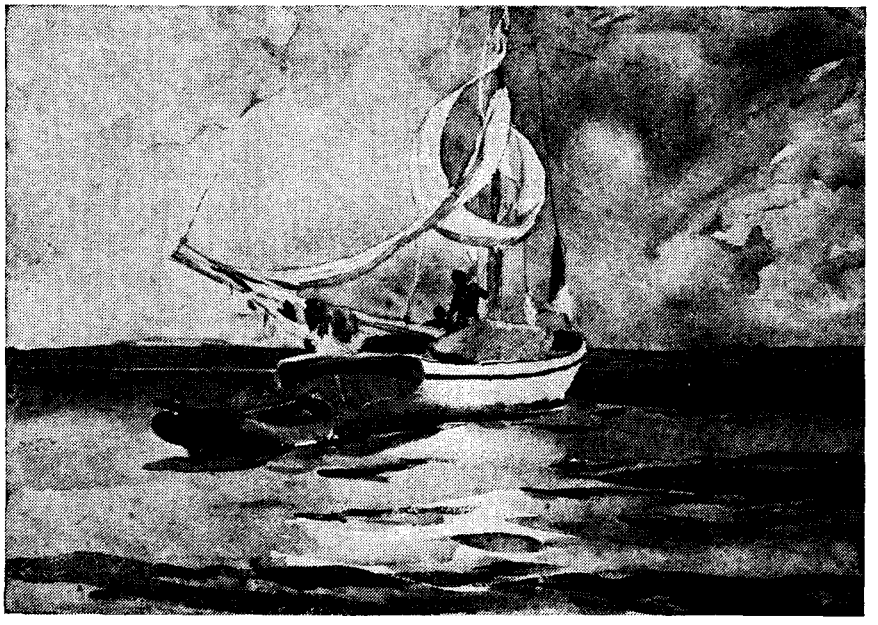
and cultural criticism by a writer whose small works are more provocative than most others' epics.

THE CAR THIEF. By Theodore Weesner (Random House, $6.95)—An excellent, often moving, first novel about growing up delinquent in the industrial Michigan of the 1950s.

THE CONFESSION OF A CHILD OF THE CENTURY, BY SAMUEL HEATHER. By Thomas Rogers (Simon & Schuster, $7.95)—A wonderfully energetic and funny romp through recent political history with an engaging but sorely tried young man who remains determined—in Kansas City, Harvard Square, Korea, Red China, and Washington (recruited by the CIA)—to be himself.

END ZONE. By Don DeLillo (Houghton Mifflin, $5.95)—A whacky, comic novel that appears to be about college football but, on the run to the end zone, draws some marvelously inventive parallels to the twilight zone of nuclear warfare.



"Sloop Nassau," watercolor, 1899, from Winslow Homer

ENEMIES, A LOVE STORY. By Isaac Bashevis Singer (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $7.95)—Survivors of the Holocaust become victims of their own country of the mind in this bittersweet, deeply moving novel set in New York in the 1940s.

FIRST BLOOD. By David Morrell (Evans, $5.95)—Fast-paced manhunt in the Kentucky hills—the hunter is a Korean-vet sheriff, the hunted a Vietnam-vet drifter—that is at once a superb adventure story and something more.

GORILLA, MY LOVE. By Toni Cade Bambara (Random House, $5.95)—Affecting and peppery short stories of the black experience, focusing especially on children and the aging.

HERMAPHRODEITY: The Autobiography of a Poet. By Alan Friedman (Knopf, $7.95)—An extravaganza of a first novel, both erudite and Rabelaisian, disguised as the memoirs of a tycoon-archeologist-poet who is both man and woman, mother and father, lover and loved one.

THE LAST FAIR DEAL GOING DOWN. By David Rhodes (Atlantic–Little, Brown, $6.95)—An impressive and wildly imaginative first novel about a Des Moines family trapped in a realized metaphor of a Middle-American nightmare.

LEAF STORM And Other Stories. By Gabriel Garcia Márquez (Harper & Row, $6.50)—Early, highly original stories by the Colombian author of *One Hundred Years of Solitude.*

THE LOST ONES. By Samuel Beckett (Grove, $4.95; paperback, $1.65)—A flattened cylinder, fifty meters around and eighteen high, is the setting of this compressed novella about human illusions, the first work of fiction by Beckett since he won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1969.

MARRIAGES AND INFIDELITIES. By Joyce Carol Oates (Vanguard, $7.95)—The fourth collection of short stories by one of the most prolific, and best, practitioners of the form; filled with tension, violence, and the dispiriting American present.

THE MASTER OF GO. By Yasunari Kawabata (Knopf, $5.95)—The challengers in a game of Go represent a competition between tradition and change in this finely wrought tale by the Japanese Nobel Prize winner.

MEMOIRS OF AN EX-PROM QUEEN. By Alix Kates Shulman (Knopf, $6.95)—Corsages die before the prom ends; jars of wrinkle-retarding creams cost more than any woman should have to pay—in short, the Great American Dream is a shuck is the somber message of this beautifully realized first novel.

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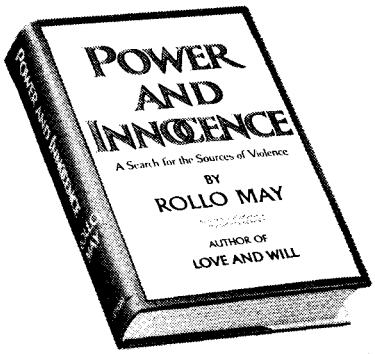

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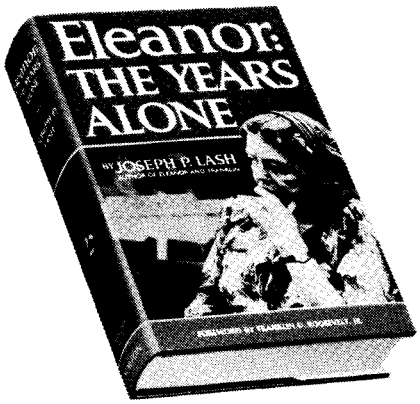

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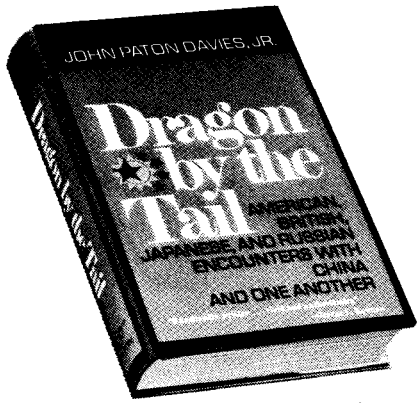

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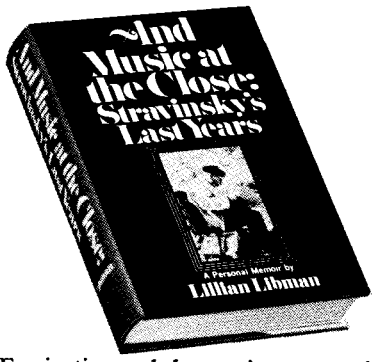

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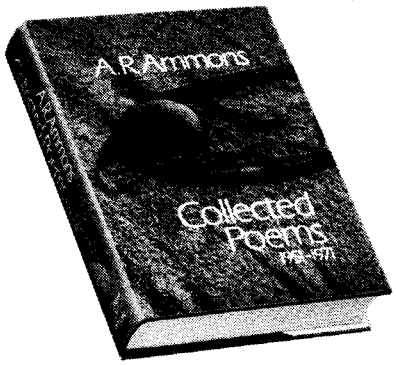

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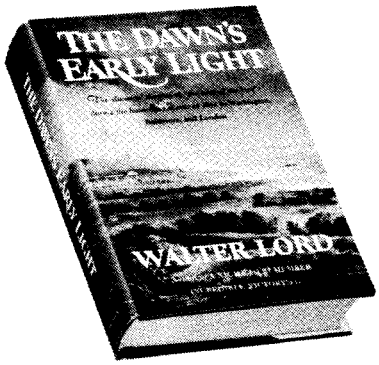

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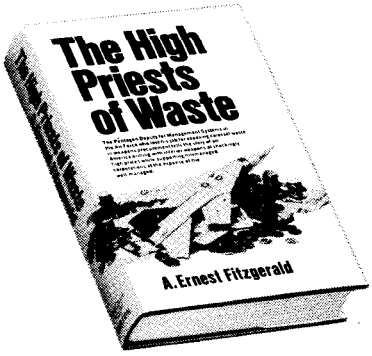

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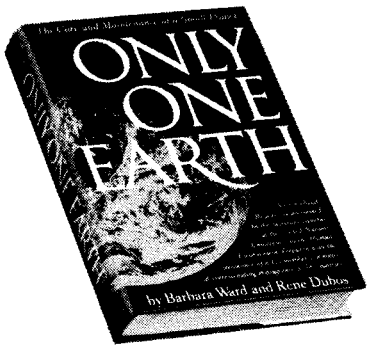

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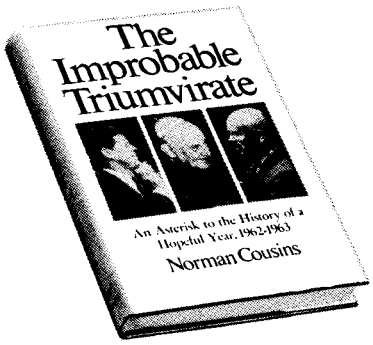

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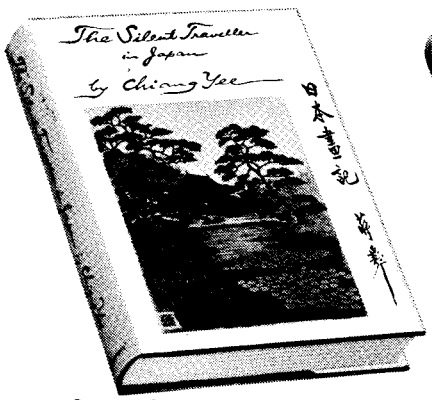

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SIMCA'S CUISINE. By Simone 'Simca' Beck (Knopf, $8.95)—The French coauthor of *Mastering the Art of French Cooking* shares personal family recipes and cooking *trucs* (secrets) with her characteristic attention to even the smallest details.

History

BEFORE THE DELUGE: A Portrait of Berlin in the 1920's. By Otto Friedrich (Harper & Row, $10)—An engrossing account of Weimar Berlin, whose culture seemed a renaissance (Weill, Brecht, Einstein, the Bauhaus) and whose politics were weighted with doom.

THE CATSKILLS: From Wilderness to Woodstock. By Alf Evers (Doubleday, $12.50)—A detailed and entertaining history of the Catskill mountain resort on the edge of metropolitan New York, from the Indians to Rip Van Winkle to Grossinger's to the Woodstock Nation.

THE CHILDREN OF PRIDE. Edited by Robert Manson Myers (Yale, $19.95)—The Old South and the impact on it of the Civil War is vividly portrayed in a collection of some 1,200 letters written between 1854 and 1868 by a large Georgia family.

THE COLUMBIA HISTORY OF THE WORLD. Edited by John A. Garraty and Peter Gay (Harper & Row, $17.50)—Just what it says (and reminiscent in intent of H. G. Wells's *Outline of History*)—an extraordinarily ambitious and ably carried out single-volume narrative history of the world.

THE DOUBLE-CROSS SYSTEM IN THE WAR OF 1939–1945. By J. C. Masterman (Yale, $6.95)—An astonishing "official" report, and a first-rate thriller, on the Nazi spy network in the United Kingdom and how British counterintelligence used it to its own advantage.

"Al and Beulah," from The Most of John Held Jr.

DRAGON BY THE TAIL. American, British, Japanese, and Russian Encounters with China and One Another. By John Paton Davies, Jr. (Norton, $10)—History and autobiography by a diplomat-adviser whose dissenting views on Cold War Asian policy made him a victim of McCarthyism.

THE DREAM AND THE DEAL: The Federal Writers' Project, 1935–1943. By Jerre Mangione (Little, Brown, $12.50)—A history, at once definitive and compellingly readable, of the New Deal project that involved many of the nation's most gifted writers.

FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED'S NEW YORK. By Elizabeth Barlow (Whitney Museum/Praeger, $12.50)—This handsome book of sketches and photographs pays tribute to the work of the man who, 115 years ago, conceived and designed Central Park, among other major urban greenbelts throughout the country, and serves, coincidentally, as a wistful reminder of palmier days in this era of the vest-pocket park.

GOING TO AMERICA. By Terry Coleman (Pantheon, $8.95)—A splendid documentary history of the great transatlantic British and Irish emigration to America between 1846 and 1855.

THE GREAT BRIDGE. By David McCullough (Simon & Schuster, $10.95)—The fascinating, rich story of the construction of the Brooklyn Bridge, whose dramatic engineering was matched only by the melodrama of political chicanery that attended it.

THE IMPOSSIBLE RAILWAY. By Pierre Berton (Knopf, $12.50)—The dramatic saga, full of adventure and scandal, of the building of the Canadian Pacific across 2,500 miles of largely uncharted territory 100 years ago.

LET HISTORY JUDGE. By Roy A. Medvedev (Knopf, $12.50)—Stalinism exposed by a native Soviet scholar.

MEMOIRS, 1950–1963. By George F. Kennan (Atlantic–Little, Brown, $12.50)—The second volume of the intellectual career autobiography, a classic of its kind, of the former diplomat and American foreign-policy expert. This volume has chapters on Korea and the effects of McCarthyism, as well as on his ambassadorships to Moscow and Belgrade.

THE MIND OF ADOLF HITLER: The Secret Wartime Report. By William C. Langer (Basic Books, $10)—A remarkably shrewd, prescient, and fascinating psychoanalytic study of Hitler written for the oss in 1943 and now published for the first time.

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OSS: The Secret History of America's First Central Intelligence Agency. By R. Harris Smith (California, $10.95)—The fascinating story—sometimes amusing, sometimes frightening—of our first small intelligence agency, established in the cloak-and-dagger era of World War II, and how, like Topsy, it jes grew.

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VICTORIA'S HEYDAY. By J. B. Priestley (Harper & Row, $15)—A highly readable and nicely illustrated journey through the England of the 1850s, when Victoria was on the throne, God was in His heaven, and a good many things seemed right with the world.

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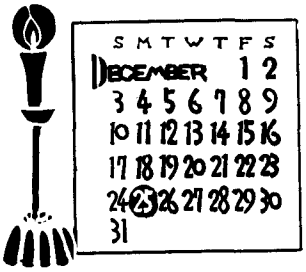

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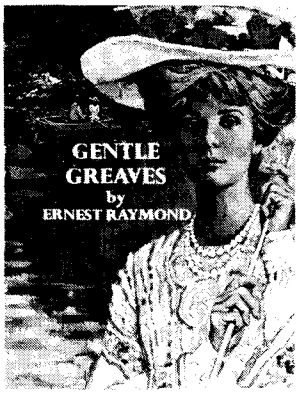

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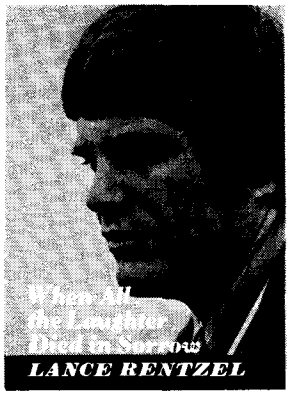

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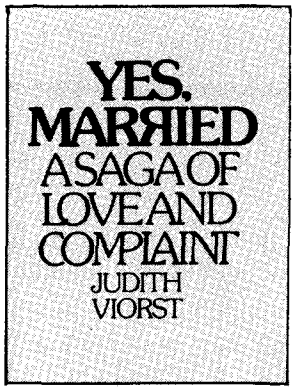

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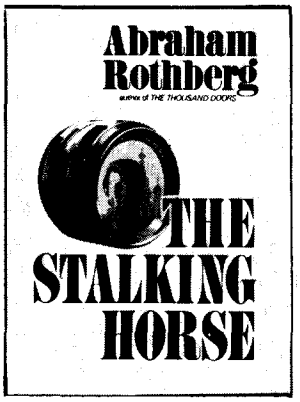

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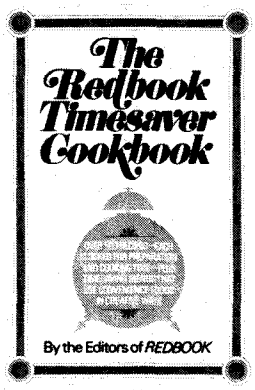

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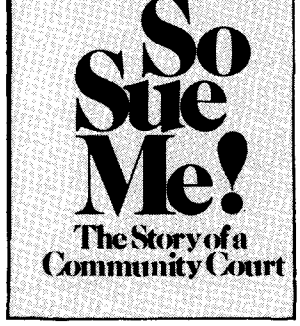

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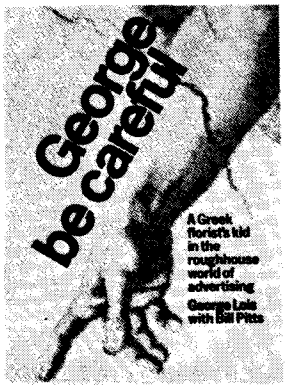

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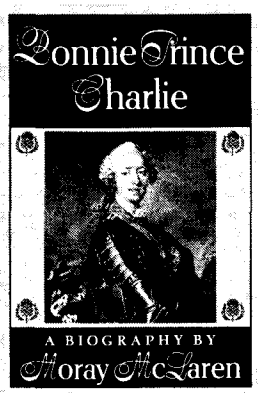

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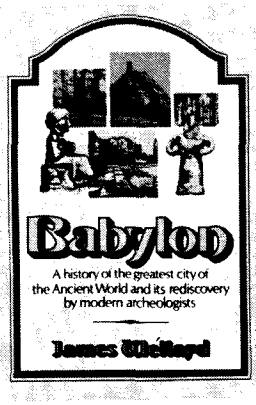

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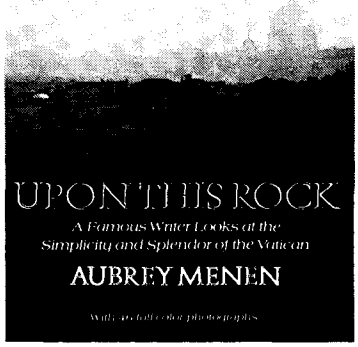

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put the race track on the literate mystery buff's map.

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THE STEAM PIG. By James McClure (Harper & Row, $5.95)—A vivid portrait of life under apartheid and possibly the best murder mystery of the year.

THE WILBY CONSPIRACY. By Peter Driscoll (Lippincott, $6.95)—A mystery suspense set in South Africa and handled with grand-slam finesse.

Nature & Ecology

THE BIRDS OF NORTH AMERICA. By Eliot Porter (Dutton, $21.95)—This "personal selection" contains close to 100 stunning photographs, most of them in color, together with an essay on birds and wildlife photography and preservation, by the contemporary Audubon-with-camera.

THE DOOMSDAY SYNDROME. By John Maddox (McGraw-Hill, $6.95)—The ecological alarm is dangerously misleading and not grounded in fact, flatly states a leading British scientist who clears the air of the doomsayers' cant and builds a case for technology as the route to egalitarianism and prosperity.

THE SERENGETI LION: A Study of Predator-Prey Relations. By George B. Schaller (Chicago, $12.50)—A major scientific study of the life and behavior of the East African lion and its predator-rivals and prey, by a leading zoologist and author of *The Year of the Gorilla* and other books. Some of this same material, plus color photographs by the author, appears in Schaller's new pictorial book, **SERENGETI: A Kingdom of Predators** (Knopf, $12.95).

THE TREE WHERE MAN WAS BORN/ THE AFRICAN EXPERIENCE. By Peter Matthiessen/Eliot Porter (Dutton, $17.50)—A lavishly produced, beautiful, and heartbreaking portrait, combining the talents of a superb naturalist-writer and an outstanding photographer, of the natural glories, wildlife, and human life of East Africa, trapped between past and future.

WORLD WITHOUT BORDERS. By Lester R. Brown (Random House, $8.95)—No nation is an ecological sanctuary, the author reminds us, and he sets out a strategy for global economic partnership, which he believes is essential in order to avert an environmental crisis.

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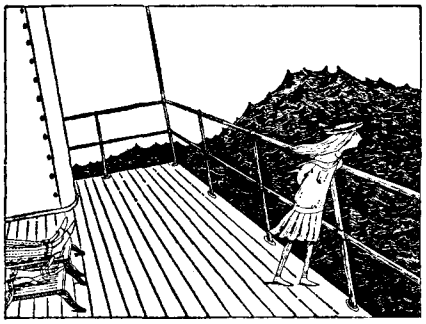

"The summer she was eleven, Drusilla went abroad with her parents," drawing by Edward Gorey, from Amphigorey

that confirm Ammon's reputation as one of our leading and most accessible poets.

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THE CRYSTAL LITHIUM. By James Schuyler (Random House, $5; Vintage paperback, $1.95)—Objects, natural and man-made, take on a life of their own in poems that appear less complex than they are.

DELUSIONS, ETC. By John Berryman (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $6.95)—Not as spectacular as the celebrated "dream songs," but commendable nevertheless, this collection is the last that Berryman put together before his suicide last January.

EPISTLE TO A GODSON. By W. H. Auden (Random House, $5)— This collection of poems—humorous, nostalgic, ironic and deeply affirmative of life—marks the sixty-five-year-old poet's leave-taking from this country, after thirty years, to return home to England.

THE NEW OXFORD BOOK OF ENGLISH VERSE, 1250–1950. Edited by Helen Gardner (Oxford, $10)—A totally new anthology—not an up-dated revision —presenting a more varied and comprehensive selection from the English poetic tradition than its illustrious predecessor.

OBSCENITIES. By Michael Casey (Yale, $5)—Winner of the Yale Series of Younger Poets award, this collection of fine, incisive poems deals with the Vietnam War, of which Mr. Casey is a veteran.

WINNING HEARTS AND MINDS. Edited by Larry Rottmann, Jan Barry, and Basil T. Paquet (McGraw-Hill, $1.95)—An anthology of war poems, written and edited by Vietnam veterans, whose horror, compassion, and rage are nothing less than living testimony.

WINTER TREES. By Sylvia Plath (Harper, $5.95)—The final collection of Sylvia Plath's work, taken mostly from the period of the harrowing *Ariel* poems.

Politics

THE BEST AND THE BRIGHTEST. By David Halberstam (Random House, $10)—A brilliant analysis of the uses and abuses of power by the extraordinarily able policy makers of the Kennedy and Johnson administrations, who came to Washington to build a Camelot and left behind a country trapped in a notorious war and divided against itself.

COVER-UP: The Army's Secret Investigation of the Massacre at My Lai 4. By Seymour Hersh (Random House, $6.95)—An account of the Peers investigation (still largely secret) into the army's behavior, official and unofficial, following My Lai. Depressing and invaluable.

FIRE IN THE LAKE: The Vietnamese and the Americans in Vietnam. By Frances FitzGerald (Atlantic–Little, Brown, $12.50)—With its intelligence, ability, and fine sense of Vietnamese culture and history, Miss FitzGerald's book becomes one of the best yet written about our involvement in Vietnam.

IN SEARCH OF NIXON: A Psychohistorical Inquiry. By Bruce Mazlish (Basic Books, $6.95)—A dispassionate study of President Nixon's character, both as a man and as a public figure, by a historian trained in psychoanalysis—easily the best book on any candidate of the past election year.

PAPERS ON THE WAR. By Daniel Ellsberg (Simon & Schuster, $7.95)—In this collection of essays, revised and updated, Daniel Ellsberg traces his own change of mind that led to the publication of the Pentagon Papers and argues that, far from being misled into a "quagmire" in Vietnam, successive American Presidents have acted knowingly and out of political expediency.

A POLITICAL EDUCATION. By Harry McPherson (Atlantic–Little, Brown, $10.95)—This autobiographical portrait of the Lyndon B. Johnson years in Washington by a former White House aide is one of the most insightful and compelling books recently written on the practice of politics and politicians.

THE POLITICS OF HEROIN IN SOUTHEAST ASIA. By Alfred W.

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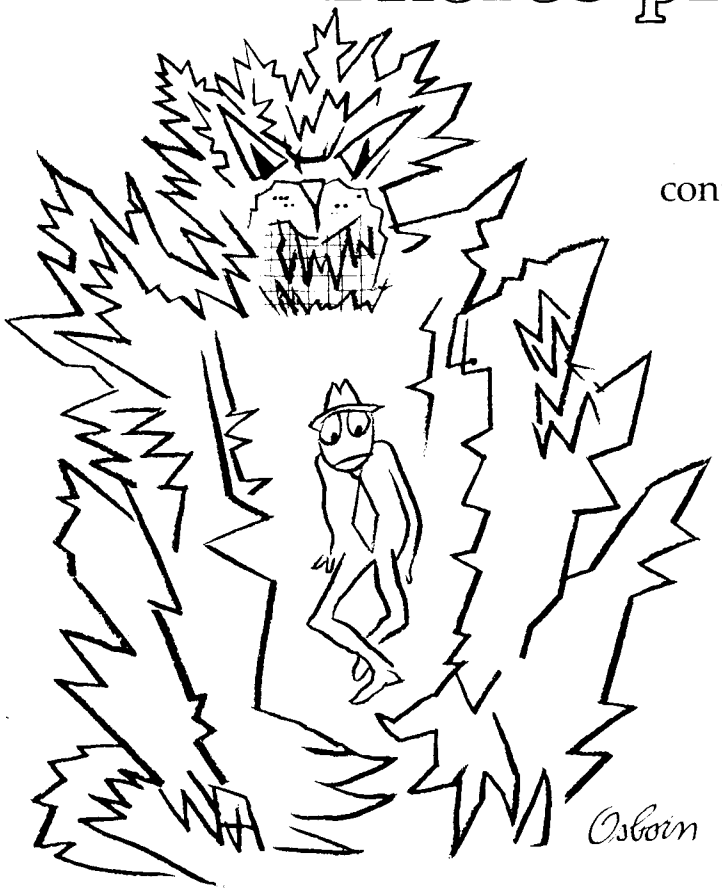

Here's one way to sort out the sense from the sound and sizzle of contemporary events. The New Republic. While we don't claim to have all the answers, our staff does ask many of the right questions, helps you to find out whether

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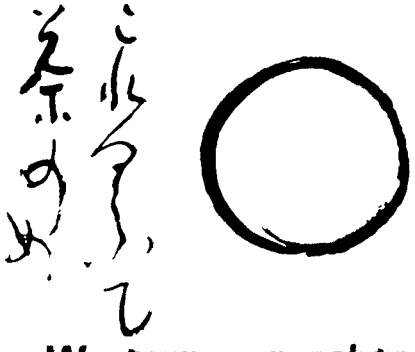
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VOICES FROM THE PLAIN OF JARS: Life Under an Air War. Compiled by Fred Branfman (Harper-Colophon paperback, $1.95)—Stories and impressions gathered from refugees of the American aerial bombardment of northeastern Laos in 1969: at once an implicit indictment of the war and a testimony to a civilian society now either displaced or destroyed.

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THE MAKING OF A PSYCHIATRIST. By David S. Viscott (Arbor House, $8.95)—An exceptionally candid, warm, and compellingly readable account of a young doctor's training and early practice in psychiatry.

A MINGLED YARN: Chronicle of a Troubled Family. By Beulah Parker (Yale, $7.95)—The case history of a golden family plagued by schizophrenia. No answers, but some thought-provoking questions.

ON DYING AND DENYING: A Psychiatric Study of Terminality. By Avery D. Weisman, M.D. (Behavioral Publications, $9.95)—An intelligent and humane investigation of our attitudes toward death, the psychological denial systems we create to avoid it, and possible approaches to more honest and dignified ways of confronting it.

RELATIONS IN PUBLIC: Microstudies in Public Order. By Erving Goffman (Basic Books, $7.95)—A brilliant study of the way we act in society, through both ritual and change, by the sociologist and author of *Asylums* and *Encounters.*

THE ROOTS OF COINCIDENCE. By Arthur Koestler (Random House, $5.95)—A report on the state of parapsychological research and the theoretical connections of certain of its findings to phenomena of quantum physics.

WOMEN & MADNESS. By Phyllis Chesler (Doubleday, $8.95)—A feminist psychologist explores, in a book with wide social implications, the double standard that exists in diagnosing mental illness.

Society

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BLOOD IN MY EYE. By George L. Jackson (Random House, $5.95)—The author of *Soledad Brother* writes about America from the viewpoint of a black man who was sentenced to from one year to life for stealing $70. Jackson was killed in prison one week after finishing the manuscript.

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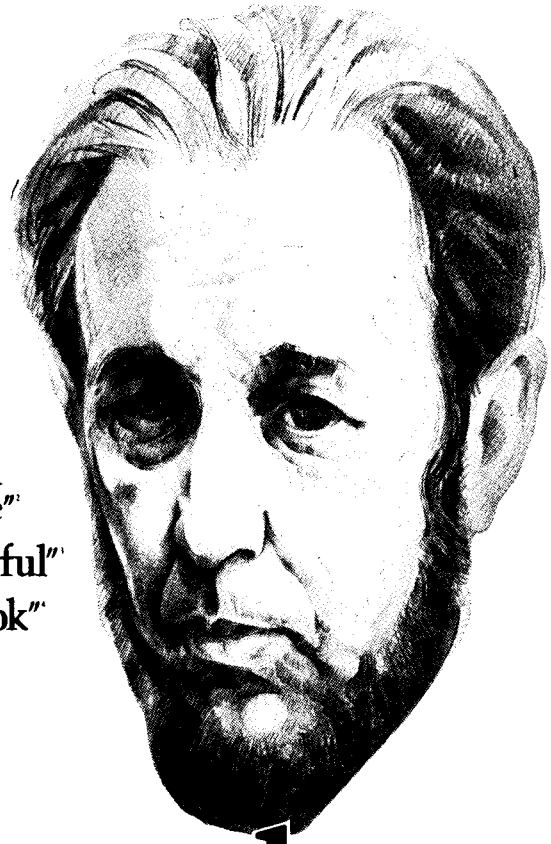

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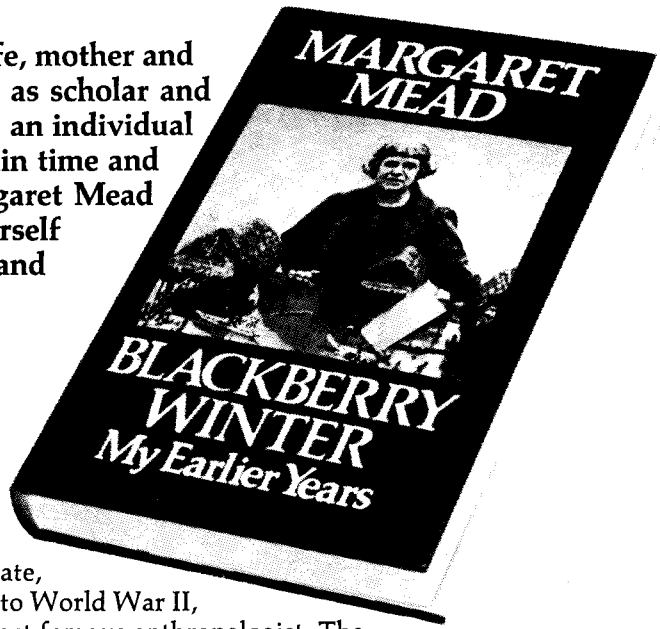

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**Kirkus Reviews*

MORROW

the alarm goes off—and the locker-room horseplay between-times that relieves the tensions.

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WHEN ALL THE LAUGHTER DIED IN SORROW. By Lance Rentzel (Saturday Review Press, $6.95)—A football celebrity's autobiography with a twist—an arrest for indecent exposure that nearly ended his career. □

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1527
The fixity of a habit is generally in direct proportion to its absurdity.
Proust

Answer to Wit Twister, page 14: amens, manse, names, manes, means.

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Recordings in Review

BY IRVING KOLODIN

Davis Mastercrafts Berlioz's *Cellini*

Berlioz: *Benvenuto Cellini.* Nicolai Gedda, Robert Massard, Christiane Eda-Pierre, Jane Berbié, and Roger Soyer; with Colin Davis conducting the BBC Symphony and Chorus of the Royal Opera House. Philips stereo, 6707 019, $27.92.

As the Colin Davis recording of Berlioz's *Les Troyens* was the eye opener of 1970, so Davis's treatment of the same composer's *Benvenuto Cellini* makes 1972 a good year in which to be alive and listening. In a way Davis has outdone his achievement with "The Trojans," for he has created a blend of the original version for Paris and its amended counterpart for Weimer to produce a Berliozian totality with the fiery, brazen, bravura splendor of the man it honors, Cellini himself.

It thus outmodes all scores in existence, but a running check with the one generally available—the Kalmus reproduction of the version published in Paris in 1863—leaves me with no doubt that Davis has honored his obligation as well as his opportunity.

The episode Berlioz chose to work with in 1838 concerns Cellini in Rome, about to achieve his magnificent Perseus. Needless to say, he cannot do it in peace and quiet, but against the background of a love affair, with a price on his head, and with the resolution hanging on his ability to do the impossible.

For all too long *Benvenuto Cellini* has been known to the wide public for the famous "Carnaval romain" Overture and the less famous but sometimes performed piece that precedes the curtain rise and bears the name of its Florentine hero. Here one discovers them in their proper relation to the concept of which they were originally two parts.

His principal abettor is the incredible, versatile Gedda, who is to the ear a remarkable embodiment of the picaresque Cellini. Hardly less good are the little-known Eda-Pierre of Martinique, a gifted soprano who fills the part of Cellini's momentary dream girl, Teresa, to coloratura perfection. Also excellent is Berbié, a French mezzo performing the role of an assistant to Cellini (put into a female context to provide vocal variety). Soyer, as the Pope who gives Cellini a day to finish Perseus or lose his life, is a thoughtful choice, as are those in the range of smaller roles. Philips's technicians have cast the whole in a golden glow of sonority.

The Karajan-Vickers-Dernesch *Tristan*

Wagner: *Tristan and Isolde.* Jon Vickers, Helga Dernesch, Christa Ludwig, Walter Berry, and Karl Ridderbusch; with Herbert von Karajan conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. Angel stereo, SEL 3777, $29.98.

Taking all things together, this is the nearest thing to a faultless *Tristan* yet recorded. A great orchestra immaculately disciplined is joined by a superb new pair as Tristan and Isolde, the best of living Brangänes, and a worthy supporting cast. The balance now and then leaves something to be desired, but at its best, as in Act III, the sound comes hurtling at the listener in torrential splendor.

Act III is, indeed, the furthest out in quality yet achieved in this work on discs for the simple reason that Act III is Tristan's act, and Vickers is the first Tristan since Melchior to *sing* it, rather than declaim, defame, or degrade it. Indeed, as Melchior rarely participated in an uncut *Tristan* and recorded it only in abridged form, Vickers permits us to hear the act as Wagner meant it to be heard. Whether he can reproduce in the theater what he does in a studio remains to be demonstrated, but the record is there for all to enjoy.

As for Dernesch, she is certainly a great Isolde, full and rich in the middle register, secure and brilliant at the top. She has improved steadily as a singer since her first recording (the *Siegfried* Brünnhilde) and is now second only to Nilsson. Christa Ludwig is once more a peerless Brangäne (as she was in a Bayreuth recording of 1966), Berry a sympathetic Kurvenal. Only Ridderbusch, a light-voiced bass-baritone, is an instance of undercasting. At the outset, the voices are too distant from the microphone and the atmosphere is all too plainly that of an oversized studio. Act III resolves all problems masterfully.

The Fleet Fingers of Michel Beroff

Debussy: *Estampes*; *Pour le piano*; *Images* (I and II). Michel Beroff, piano. Angel stereo, S-36874, $5.98. **Stravinsky:** *Capriccio*; *Mouvements* (1958); Concerto for Piano and Wind Instruments. Beroff, piano; with l'Orchestre de Paris conducted by Seiji Ozawa. Angel stereo 36875, $5.98.

Hardly has the ink dried on last month's salute to Jean-Rodolphe Kars's talent for interpreting Debussy's preludes than another new performer of the same literature clamors for recognition. Michel Beroff is several career-leagues ahead of Kars, for he has already made an acclaimed American debut.

In that performance with the New York Philharmonic, Beroff challenged all known standards for the performance of Bartók's Second Concerto. So he is far from a one-composer interpreter. Nevertheless, his comprehension of "Pagodes" and "Jardins sous la pluie" (in *Estampes*), or "Reflets dans l'eau" and "Poissons d'or" (in *Images*), shows the rise and fall, the flow and fulfillment of phrase that are the marks of the born Debussyite. Such works as the Stravinsky *Capriccio* and concerto are relatively easier to play.

Mozart's Quartets Before Hadyn

Mozart: Quartets No. 5 (in F), No. 6 (in B-flat), No. 7 (in E-flat), and No. 8 (in F). Quartetto Italiano. Philips stereo, 6500 172, $6.98.

There is so much to hear in the ten great quartets that Mozart wrote after being exposed to Haydn's masterworks in 1773 that little attention is directed to the fourteen he had written previously. The Quartetto Italiano is embarked on the laudable project of recording all of them. That they command admirable means for doing so is self-evident in this sequence (three of the four were written in Milan). For the most part the container is more impressive than what it contains, but what a beautiful shape and design Mozart imparts to it! For variety No. 7 has a slow movement so remarkable from Mozart at seventeen that it sounds as if he were at least twenty-three. □

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Theater

Butley's Day; Pippin's Quest

BY HENRY HEWES

The Broadway production of Simon Gray's play *Butley* is brighter and funnier than its London original (*SR*, Sept. 11, 1971). At the same time, it remains an absorbing character study of a once brilliant professor caught in the final throes of simultaneously resisting and bringing on his own destruction.

Alan Bates is again a superb combination of rumpled futility and malicious humor. If memory serves, the oozing shaving cut under his chin has now been enlarged and moved to his cheek; his constant dabbing at it becomes the major physical activity in Butley's horrible day. It is a day in which an apparent hang-over makes him incapable of facing students or interfaculty politics, a day in which he learns that his ex-wife plans to marry a bore. But most devastating of all is the discovery that his domineering relationship with a younger effeminate colleague is over. (Butley's roommate is moving out to establish a sexually active homosexual ménage with a successful but mediocre publisher.)

The play ends with the desperate and defeated Butley meeting an inferior replacement but refusing to get involved because he is too old, he says, to "start again." On the other hand, his rejection of this new relationship may constitute a moment of fidelity to the person he used to be and to his standards of literary taste. Thus the audience has its choice of a "down" ending or an "up" ending. The fact that it doesn't really matter which you choose can be attributed both to Bates's rigorously self-centered portrayal and to a delineation of character so successfully realized that Gray seems to have decided not to risk spoiling what he had already accomplished by writing more of a play. Perhaps we should be happy that he did not, for the unlikable Butley and his nasty sarcasm emerge as an accurate and witty piece of theater.

If *Butley*'s success depends upon its striving to be nothing more than it is, the new musical *Pippin* overwhelms its audience by working very hard at being more than it is and by defying us not to appreciate all the extra skill and effort. Not that Roger O. Hirson's tale and Stephen Schwartz's lyrics about one of Charlemagne's sons are without merit. The concept of a naïve young man coming to terms with a real world, as conjured up by a troupe of traveling actors, is dramatically promising. And any composer who can write a show stopper like "No Time at All" must be rated as above average.

Yet *Pippin* ends up as a not very interesting story about a genial but dull young man. Except for "No Time at All," the generally pleasant songs that decorate the landscape of his quest seem bland and characterless. How can *Pippin* be such a hit? Well, choreographer-director Bob Fosse has shrewdly understood not only that a con job was called for but that he could make theatrical capital out of openly admitting that he and his performers are being as shameless as any sideshow barker.

Accordingly, this "anecdotic revue" begins with a choreographed ballet of the disembodied hands of the acting troupe. Then, a highly charged master of ceremonies, played like a hysterical rattlesnake by Ben Vereen, steps forward and promises us "a stunning example of magic and merriment" and "a climax never before seen on a public stage." He explains that we will follow the story of Pippin without worrying about historical authenticity—which is wise, for Pippin's adventures don't have much to do with the little that is known about Charlemagne's oldest son, who predeceased his famous father early in the ninth century.

Pippin, played attractively but not very passionately by John Rubinstein, naïvely wanders about searching for self-fulfillment. He tries war and doesn't like it. In despair he turns to his grandmother, portrayed with engaging candor by Irene Ryan, who sings us her philosophy, inviting us to join her in the refrain of "No Time at All," projected on a bouncing-ball screen in Old English type. She tells Pippin that, when he is older, he will wonder how "he could squander away or sequester/ a drop of a precious year./ For when your best days are yester/ the rest are twice as dear."

Granny advises Pippin to live it up. His experience at a medieval massage parlor is boldly presented by a bevy of voluptuous dancers, who vividly hint of orgies without ever stooping to licentiousness. However, Pippin is ultimately exhausted and repelled by these sexual athletics and turns to politics—where he learns that his radical idealism is impractical. Finally he is snared by a young widow. His failure in his first attempt to make love to her is amusingly indicated by a romantic *pas de deux* that climaxes when the lover drops his mistress. His second attempt registers successful on the balletmeter, but Pippin is still not sold on family life. At the end the master of ceremonies offers him a more incandescent alternative. But if, after two intermissionless hours of searching, we feel disappointed, it is because the results have been so obvious, so unremarkable, and so relatively joyless.

Even though *Pippin* founders, Fosse's choreography, Tony Walton's clever sets, Patricia Zipprodt's sprightly costumes, and the performances of Ms. Ryan and Mr. Vereen manage to hold our attention. Thanks to their hard work, *Pippin* hovers above boredom but beneath enchantment.

The Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center's revival of Maxim Gorky's 1910 play, *Enemies,* is not without a certain contemporary relevance. We see two business partners, one permissive and the other inflexible, as they try to deal with an uprising by their militant workers. Director Ellis Rabb has staged the drama in overscaled settings so that the characters are seen as small figures swimming against the current of historical inevitability. While this approach tends to make the play's personal confrontations less significant, there is beauty and unequivocality in Rabb's large-canvas statement. □

Mailbag Note

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Films

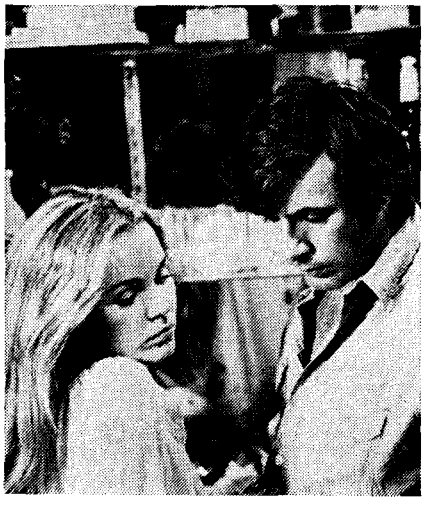
The Sweet Life in L.A. and Paris

BY THOMAS MEEHAN

Frank Perry's *Play It as It Lays* is all about *Angst* in L.A. The film is a relentlessly gloomy chronicle of existential despair among *La Dolce Vita* West movie-colony Beautiful People who loll glumly about $200,000 beach houses at Malibu asking themselves questions like, "What is the meaning of life?" Then they leap into $12,000 Mercedes Benz sedans and drive off across the desert to spend a few days in Las Vegas. Meanwhile you sit in the theater muttering to yourself, "Everybody should have *their* problems."

Play It as It Lays—which has been adapted for the screen by Joan Didion and her husband, John Gregory Dunne, from Miss Didion's brief novel of the same title—is told from the viewpoint of Maria (Tuesday Weld), a battered ex-model and sometime B movie actress of about thirty who, while catatonically strolling about the grounds of a mental hospital, remembers the painful events of her life. God knows, Maria has had her troubles, everything from alcoholism to hang-ups on pills, drugs, and extramarital sex. Miss Didion has also contrived for Maria to have a washed-up career, an unfaithful husband (Adam Roarke), and an autistic daughter, too. In fact, Maria could scarcely have been dealt a worse hand in life from Miss Didion's stacked deck. In that bleakest of bleak worlds Maria hasn't even a friend, except for BZ, a homosexual movie producer (played with admirable cool and restraint by Anthony Perkins). BZ informs Maria that he has discovered the meaning of life to be absolute zero; ultimately, it is his suicide that causes her to slide over the edge into madness.

Weld and Roarke playing it as it lays.



Earlier, near the beginning of the picture, Maria becomes pregnant as the result of one of her extramarital flings and is forced by her husband, a pseudointellectual director of low-budget motorcycle movies, to have an illegal abortion; we get to see the dead fetus dropped into a waste basket. There are shots of Maria driving aimlessly about the L.A. freeways in an expensive sports car, a couple of visits to her autistic daughter, a few dead-souled Hollywood parties, and then a long sequence of Maria in despair, camped in a desert motel, near which her husband is making a movie—all beautifully shot and modishly cut by Perry. If *Play It as It Lays* is nothing else, it is *Vogue*-ishly chic in its vision of L.A. and environs as contemporary Hell, in the manner of Antonioni's *Zabriskie Point*.

Joan Didion's novel was praised by a number of leading critics for a starkness of style that I find to be mannered, pretentious, and annoying. Still, it was often chillingly effective in a way that the movie never is—much of what at least depressed you on the printed page seems all but ludicrous on the screen. In any event the novel had a basic flaw that is also the basic flaw of the movie: its leading character, Maria, is profoundly uninteresting. Essentially, like most real-life movie actresses, Maria is a bore, without emotional or intellectual depth, and in consequence her problems are bores, too. So why the hell should we sit through an entire movie about Maria and her *Angst*?

By the way, Tuesday Weld gives a fairly impressive performance as Maria. Although no one could conceivably have predicted it on the basis of her early appearances in such pictures as *I'll Take Sweden* and *Return to Peyton Place*, she has lately emerged as an actress of authentic, if limited, talent. Nonetheless, I don't agree with the judges at the Venice Film Festival who last summer named her the best actress of the year for performance in *Play It as It Lays*. Next year, I suppose, the Nobel Prize for Literature will go to Jacqueline Susann.

If *Play It as It Lays* is the most humorless movie of the year, *The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie*—a French film in which Luis Buñuel deals with another crowd of jaded Beautiful People—is one of the funniest. At the age of seventy-two, Buñuel, who has not previously been known as a director of light comedy, to say the least, has revealed the prankish, mischievous side to his otherwise dark and brooding Spanish nature. *The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie* is a cheerful grabbag of comic surprises.

The basic situation of the film is quite simple. Three men and three women, amiable but rather dull upper-class Parisians, keep meeting to dine together but then fail to get beyond the first course because of some outrageous and unexpected event (for example, a gang of machine-gun-toting terrorists who burst into the room just as the soup is served).

As the movie begins, four of the crowd arrive in a chauffeured limousine to attend a dinner party. Their hosts are their closest friends. But uh-oh, the four have arrived on the wrong evening—the dinner party is scheduled for the following night. So, off they all go in the limousine to dine at a nearby restaurant, which is mysteriously deserted of other customers and where the waiters and waitresses are exceedingly jumpy. Why? Because the manager of the restaurant had dropped dead that afternoon of a heart attack, and his corpse is laid out on a table in the next room. Our crowd retreats in horror, without having eaten, and decides not to dine together that night after all.

This opening sequence is later revealed to have been dreamed by one of the six characters. Or perhaps not. As the picture goes on to combine increasingly bizarre dreams with almost equally bizarre reality, you begin to lose your grasp on which is which. You don't really care, either, because the picture is so funny. Finally, *The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie* might be understood as an amusing dream that Buñuel himself chanced to have and has brilliantly told us about in film. □

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Kingsley Double-Crostic

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Janet Elliott Cameron

No. 2017

DEFINITIONS

A. Deteriorated

B. Bare

C. Musical melodic embellishment

D. Extreme (slang; comp.)

E. Property of having a definite location at any given time

F. Basic

G. Slow

H. Style of printing type with *firm hairlines and stubby* serifs

I. Oleander

J. A kind of cinch (comp.)

K. One of the two divisions of *the canton of Unterwalden*

L. Gluttony

M. One who lives on the fat of the land

N. Group of American painters whose genre paintings were derived from city life (2 wds.)

WORDS

37 73 161 105 55 88 185 84

60 74 182 94 38 208 155

71 152 68 131 86 61 205

89 39 129 97 99 91 69 188

191 56 40 9 62 136

216 63 193 167 75 70 130

64 168 138 111 221 80 187 153

95 151 104 137 41 76 209

77 108 66 42 207 92 57

220 173 132 81 149 141 202 183

181 82 218 186 102 93 135 65

100 96 133 184 78 206 67 83

178 139 134 101 58 190

140 72 110 90 203 192 87 98 172 59 170 79

DEFINITIONS

O. Dark-brown or blackish, somewhat foxlike marten

P. Chief

Q. Changing

R. Provoke

S. Hollyhock (2 wds.)

T. Notional

U. Supporting (3 wds.)

V. Kind of storm (slang)

W. Bread or wafer consecrated in the celebration of the Eucharist

X. Volume or satisfaction

Y. Sigmund _____, composer of *Desert Song*

Z. One of the Hesperides, who transformed herself into an elm tree (classical mythology)

Z^1. U.S. novelist: *Look Homeward, Angel* (2 wds.)

Z^2. Commonplace

WORDS

21 159 124 147 47 162

115 33 144 196 112 118 48 22

163 1 51 158 179 28 200 109 116

150 180 145 125 103 43 128 156 52

44 2 126 120 25 219 15 142 114 146

49 23 197 34 204 107 7 211 16

17 217 121 35 3 45 8 148 164

165 199 122 176 212 4 160

117 215 166 106

214 143 18 10 26 36 194

53 213 127 30 11 123 19

113 31 24 177 157 54 210 12

171 195 20 13 27 119 174 32 5 189 154

14 46 175 198 6 29 50 201

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

		1 Q	2 S	3 U	4 V	5 Z^1	6 Z^1		7 T	8 U	9 E	10 X	11 Y		12 Z	13 Z^1	14 Z^1
15 S	16 T	17 U	18 X	19 Y		20 Z^1	21 O		22 P	23 T	24 Z	25 S	26 X		27 Z^1	28 Q	29 Z^2
	30 Y	31 Z	32 Z^1	33 P	34 T		35 U	36 X	37 A		38 B	39 D	40 E	41 H	42 I		43 R
44 S	45 U	46 Z^2	47 O	48 P		49 T	50 Z^2	51 Q	52 R	53 Y	54 Z	55 A		56 E	57 I		58 M
59 N	60 B	61 C	62 E	63 F	64 G	65 K		66 I	67 L	68 C	69 D	70 F	71 C	72 N		73 A	74 B
75 F	76 H	77 I	78 L	79 N	80 G	81 J		82 K	83 L		84 A	85 B	86 C		87 N	88 A	89 D
	90 N	91 D	92 I	93 K	94 B	95 H		96 L	97 D		98 N	99 D	100 L	101 M	102 K	103 R	104 H
105 A	106 W	107 T	108 I	109 Q		110 N	111 G	112 P	113 Z		114 S	115 P		116 Q	117 W	118 P	119 Z^1
120 S		121 U	122 V	123 Y	124 O	125 R		126 S	127 Y	128 R	129 D	130 F		131 C	132 J	133 L	134 M
—	135 K	136 E	137 H	138 G		139 M	140 N	141 J	142 S	143 X	144 P	145 R		146 S	147 O	148 U	
149 J	150 R	151 H	152 C	153 G	154 Z^2	155 B		156 R	157 Z	158 Q	159 O	160 V		161 A	162 O	163 Q	164 U
165 V	166 W		167 F	168 G	169 B	170 N		171 Z^1	172 N	173 J		174 Z^1	175 Z^2	176 V	177 Z	178 M	179 Q
180 R		181 K	182 B	183 J	184 L	185 A		186 K	187 G	188 D		189 Z^1	190 M	191 E	192 N	193 F	
194 X	195 Z^1	196 P	197 T	198 Z^2		199 V	200 Q	201 Z^2		202 J	203 N	204 T	205 C		206 L	207 I	208 B
209 H	210 Z	211 T		212 V	213 Y		214 X	215 W	216 F	217 U	218 K	219 S	220 J	221 G			

Solution of this week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 89 of this issue.

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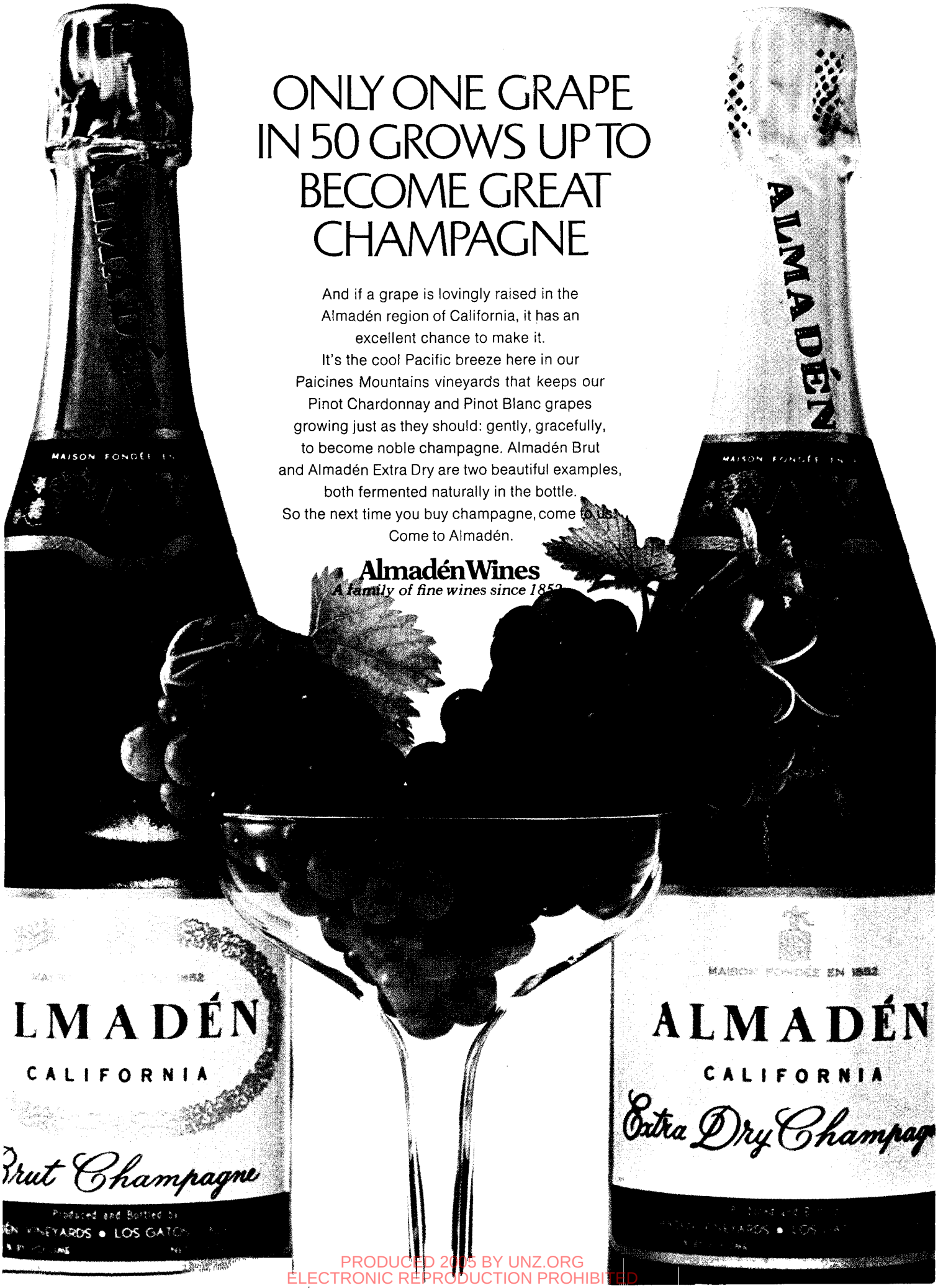
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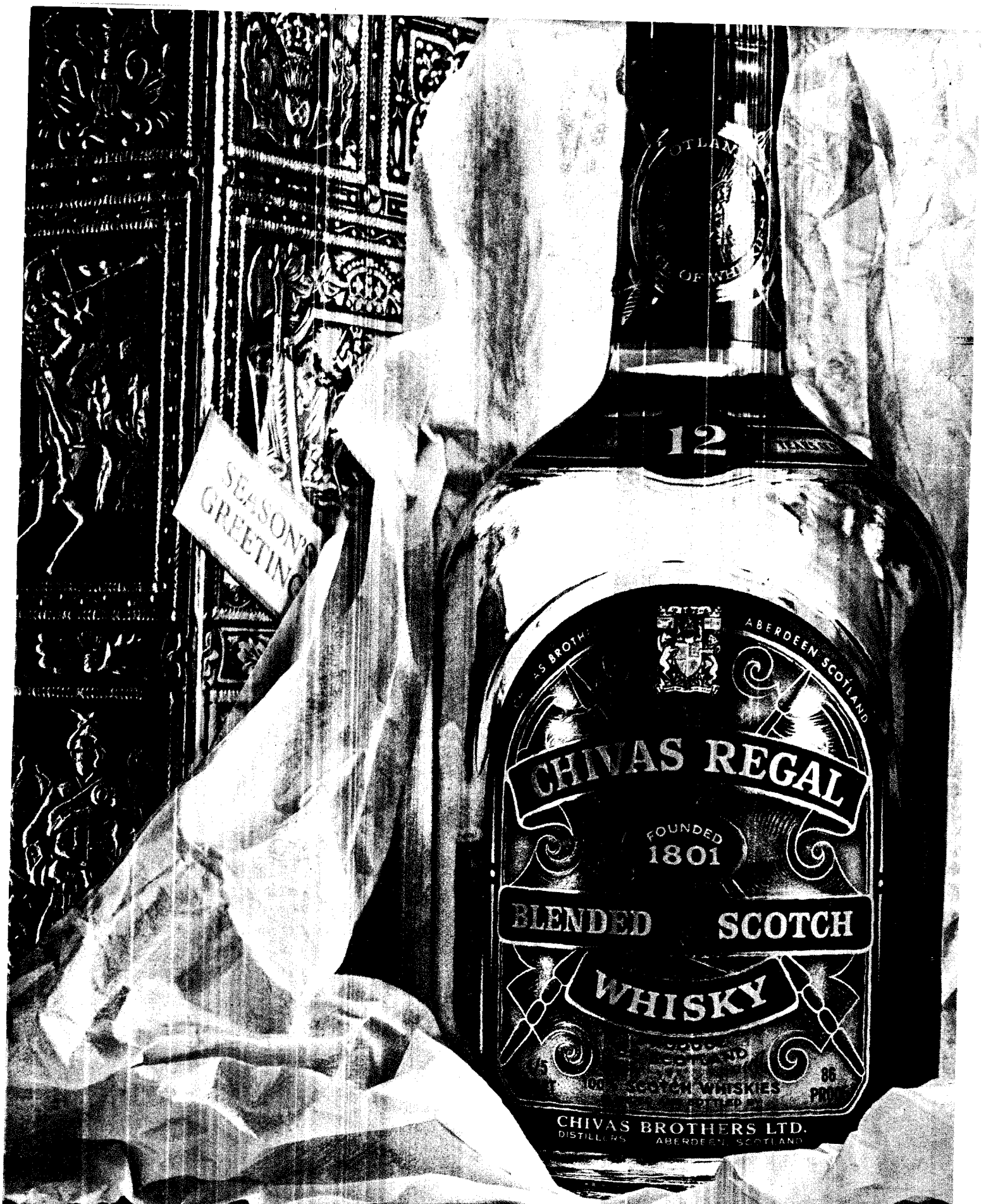

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